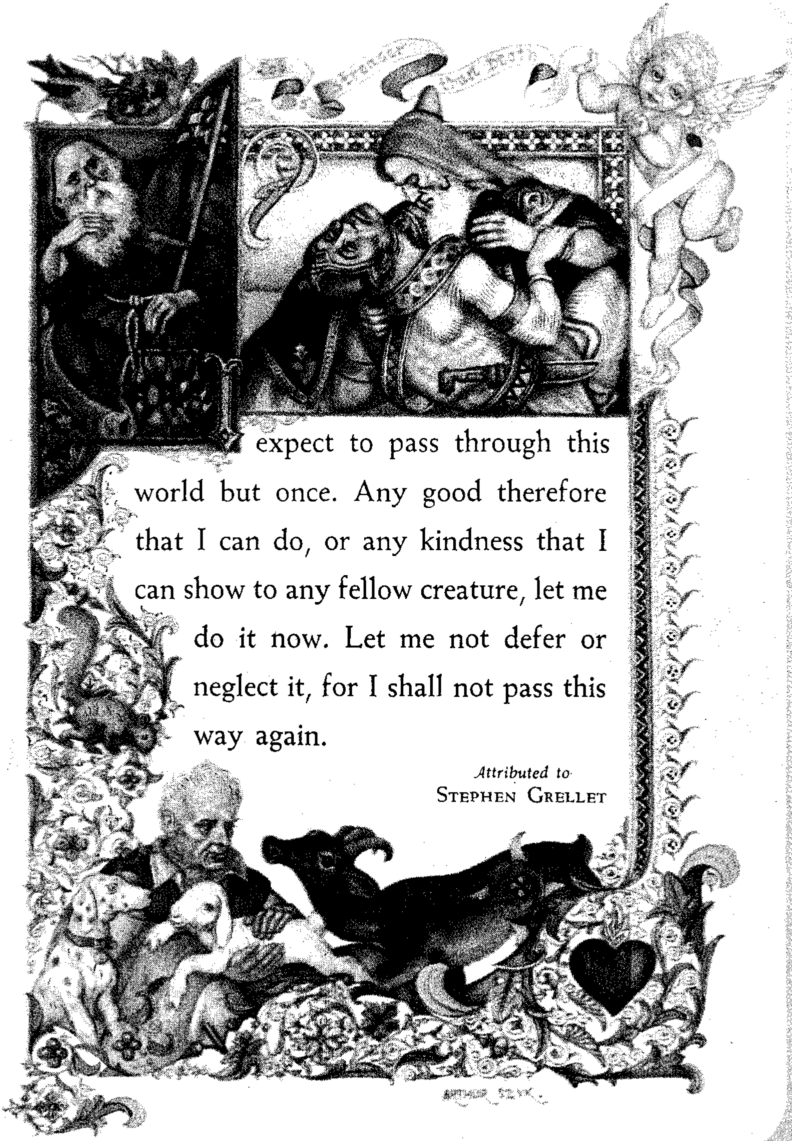
SEPTEMBER 25c

Coronet

In this issue: **THE TRAGIC FAILURE OF AMERICA'S WOMEN**

A shocking indictment by a noted woman physician



I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Attributed to
STEPHEN GRELLET

Father Time, at upper left, and the Good Samaritan, at upper right, are the principal figures in this distinctive illumination by Arthur Szyk. The animals below represent man's "fellow creatures" and the heart in the lower right-hand corner symbolizes the "heart of kindness."

Vol. 22, No. 5 September, 1947

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

The Tragic Failure of America's Women

by MARYNIA F. FARNHAM, M. D.

A CLEAR MAJORITY of all adult American women are engulfed today in emotional difficulties. They come to me complaining about their "nerves," and generally confide that they feel everlastingly ill at ease, empty, and out of step with the world.

Unhappy and neurotic, they may confess to breathlessness, heartburn, muscle twitching, spells of faintness, phobias, and continual fatigue. And the more they are involved in careers, the more they are idle, the more they are childless, the more they are fashionably dressed and elaborately made up, the longer is the list of their troubles.

A large proportion of the patients who consult me about emotional disorders are the feminine careerists, women who have invaded the "big league" of male competition and have held their own successfully. Behind their chic facades, they are usually a sorry sight—a bundle of nerves, frustrations and anxieties. If they have married at all, typically they have at least one divorce behind them.

Then there are the women who have no careers—but wish they did. Apologetically they explain to me that they are "just housewives." They lament the "boredom" and "drudgery" of their lives; they fiercely resent the fact that they are women. To occupy themselves, they gamble away their husbands' money at bridge, fritter it in aimless shopping, or listen hour after hour to silly soap operas.

Both these groups of women—the careerists and the non-careerists who wish they were—usually have no more than one child (if any) although physically capable of bear-

Vol. 22, No. 5, Whole No. 131, Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A.

ing more. When I ask them why, they give all sorts of reasons. They blame their husbands, their "figures," their incomes, their landlords, their health—anything, in fact, but themselves.

Obviously the plight of these neurotic and frustrated women presents one of the great social challenges of our times. Until these millions of unhappy creatures stop "masculinizing" their lives and begin to fulfill their traditional feminine functions, they will continue to spread havoc among the nurseries, homes and communities of America.

THERE IS ONE TYPE of woman rarely seen in a psychiatrist's office. That is the woman who is *glad she is a woman.* Although now a minority in our female population, she honestly enjoys homemaking, and more than anything in the world wants to raise a family of healthy, normal youngsters. During 20 years of listening to distressed patients, I have never met her in my office—*because she doesn't need help.*

Typically, this woman is serene, sure of herself, and at peace with the world. She doesn't understand when other women talk bitterly about the privileges of men or question the advisability of having children. To her, bearing children and raising them to maturity is the most natural and wonderful thing any woman can do.

Yet such an all-out woman does not necessarily have to be a "homebody." I know one, for example, who was a secretary while she marked time before marriage. Today she is active in school and community affairs, and has a part-time career as an interior decorator. But her interests are overwhelmingly centered around her children and her home. She does not wish she were a man, and she does not try to compete with men or act like them.

It is constantly becoming harder, however, for a woman to be glad she is a woman. There is a widespread notion today that being a woman amounts to little and being a man amounts to everything. Propaganda of the feminists and stories about famous career women have convinced most of the public that motherhood is an untidy and bothersome breeding process that carries no prestige whatever.

Acclaim goes to the woman who acquires two college degrees, becomes a foreign correspondent, emerges from three marriages as from train wrecks, brings *one* neurotic brat into the world, and sounds off regularly on current affairs, just like a man.

Despite such propaganda, the fact is that a woman who succeeds in rearing several normal, well-adjusted youngsters to maturity is actually accomplishing a feat of much greater difficulty, intricacy and importance than most men accomplish in their lifetimes. No one thinks to give such a woman credit if one son becomes a judge, another a great engineer, a third a scientist. Yet certainly such an achievement requires vastly more skill and ingenuity than being a high-powered female sales-executive.

It is time that we recognize motherhood as our most vital—and one of our most highly skilled—professions, and exalt it as such. We should all respect and honor the women who are serving society most fully as women, rather than those who are trying to compete with men or serving as men's lackeys. There are many new worlds for women to conquer *if* they will only stop envying and aping men long enough to face their own challenging problems.

A FEW WEEKS AGO one of my patients lamented, "I always wanted to be a man, anyhow." Another, trying to justify her unhappiness in a career, sighed and said: "It's a man's world, so what can you expect?"

By nature, man's special sphere has always been that of exploitation. Typically, though not always, he is aggressive, self-assertive and adventurous. Of tougher grain and simpler structure, he is better able to thrive on competition than a woman, who has a vastly more complex nervous system. The special genius of woman has always been that of nurture, for which men have no talent whatever.

For centuries, woman's citadel was the home. Her present troubles began several decades ago when her citadel was destroyed and many of her traditional functions were torn from her. Instead of striving to recapture them, she flocked to the banner of the feminists, who promised her "equality."

Before the Machine Age, women did not agitate for "equality." They ruled as queens over large households, where the whole family lived and worked together. The mother was responsible for the children's education, and led the family in singing and games. Her kitchen was the counterpart of the modern living room.

But today the home is no longer the family center. Husbands travel miles to offices and factories; mothers have been relieved of their role as teacher by an elaborate school system that takes children most of the day, from kindergarten onward.

Today, the typical home is becoming an empty shell. People rarely stay home to have their "fun." There are now a multitude of outside diversions: movies, dance halls, taverns, night clubs, bowling alleys, golf courses. The home, an efficient yet dreary hole-in-the-wall, has morning and evening rush hours, but during most of the day it is either vacant or practically so.

With the destruction of the self-contained, traditional home, woman's inner balance was disastrously upset. Her framework for emotional security was wrecked. But instead of seeking to build a new life for herself in the areas of her greatest talents, she decided that her only salvation lay in winning "equality" with men. The result was that she began ferociously emulating him,

---

Dr. Marynia F. Farnham is an outstanding New York psychiatrist and co-author of the current best-seller, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex.* She received her medical degree from the University of Minnesota and did graduate work at the Children's Hospital of Harvard Medical School, and in London and Vienna. On her return to the U. S., Dr. Farnham became attending physician at the women's and children's infirmary of New York's Bellevue Hospital, and for three years was research assistant in an investigation of childbirth mortalities for the New York Academy of Medicine. Her views about "the lost sex" are based on first-hand experiences as a practicing psychiatrist and the mother of two children.

particularly in aggressive striving.

Today, we have thousands of career women competing on a theoretical equal footing with men. But they are paying a frightful price, because the successful career woman is usually called upon to sacrifice her most fundamental instincts. The more wrapped up she becomes in her career, the harder it becomes for her to make the transformation back to homemaker. Few men like a masculinized wife, and few children can thrive under a masculinized mother.

RECENTLY I BECAME familiar with the case of a woman who is the manager of a large store. She was the first child born to parents who had hoped for a boy. When, several years later, a brother did arrive, he immediately became such a favorite that the girl felt inferior and envious. She decided that the only thing in the world that counts is maleness, and set out to win admiration through male achievement.

She was a tremendous success in school, and later in business. Finally, in her thirties, she married. A couple of years later she decided in an abstract way that it would be nice—and would make her husband happy—if she had a baby, though the idea of pregnancy appalled her.

She stayed at work as long as possible, trying to "cover up" her condition. Then she felt ashamed and took a year's leave of absence. The whole business of child-bearing irritated her. During labor, she was furious because she had to submit to the fierce ministrations of the baby. Later she told me:

"I was never so mad in my life. Oh, how I cried! I even tore the sheets apart."

This woman had at last met her fate. She was being subjected to the will of another human being. No longer master, she hated and rejected the baby. Then her rejection took a more subtle form.

Feeling guilty because she loathed the baby, she became panic-stricken for fear she might somehow kill it. Consequently she held one finger on the guide book, and kept the nursery as sterile as an operating room. When the baby refused to take prescribed food, the mother sobbed to the pediatrician that it would starve to death unless something was done instantly.

As the child grew up, he sensed the rejection and quite naturally was terrified over his prospects of survival. Soon he became a "problem child," misbehaving in order to punish his parents. He staged hysterics, refused to eat properly, even went so far as to fail deliberately in school. His case was typical of children who feel they are not wanted or loved.

So let us face a grim fact. The spawning ground for most neuroses in our civilization is the home nursery. And the principal agent is the rejecting, or otherwise emotionally disordered, mother. It is she who is largely responsible for most of our 750,000 confirmed alcoholics, for millions of other neurotics, for our increasing number of criminals, delinquents and truants.

In contrast, the fully feminine woman—the woman who is glad she's a woman—normally raises alert, well-balanced youngsters, and gets a great deal of fun from the process. Pregnancy for her is a period of pleasure. As the months advance she becomes a picture of contentment and serenity. She feels she has achieved a perfect trinity because she has in a sense her husband, her child and herself, all within her own person.

To the fully feminine mother, the hours of childbirth are a triumphant climax rather than a dreaded Golgotha. The pet fantasy of the feminists is that childbirth is a period of horrible agony to which women must submit while their carefree husbands pass out cigars. Actually, the entire process is as natural as breathing. The healthy, normal young woman feels little pain, even without anesthesia, unless she has had her wits scared out of her by the warnings of emotionally unstable female acquaintances.

In rearing the child, this normal, feminine mother is not bothered by the guilt feelings that afflict the rejecting mother. For example, since she has no guilt phobia about germs, she casually sets her baby down on the butcher's shelf while ordering meat. If Junior refuses spinach, she says: "Okay, I don't like spinach either. Try these peas." And thus the child eats normally.

Furthermore, if the mother feels that Junior is taking advantage of her good nature, she has no qualms about wielding the switch because she knows she is acting objectively, instead of venting secret hostility toward the child.

Such a mother finds child-rearing satisfying because she honestly likes children. They seem interesting, strange and unaccountably captivating. The children know that Mother likes them. They also know that she likes herself and likes Father. And they know in turn that Father likes Mother and likes them. That combination is unbeatable for building a sound America!

The problem right now is how to get more mothers like her, for this type of woman represents one of the nation's most acute shortages. It is no solution simply to "get women back into the home," if the home is a mechanized and empty shell. Our young women must be *attracted* into reconstructing the home as an institution that will give the female sex a sense of importance again.

How can this be done? First of all, I believe, we must give public recognition to the tremendous importance of mothers as transmitting agents, good or bad, of the character of our people. For example, when colleges grant honorary degrees every spring, they might well make regular awards to women who have successfully raised a well-balanced, respected family. Certainly a woman like Mrs. Eisenhower, who reared five sons, all outstanding in their fields, should merit as much recognition as the political figures who are honored with awards each year.

Furthermore, I think the government should help to underwrite the cost of rearing children, now that they are an economic liability until about the 18th birthday. Cash payments could be made to families with more than one child, the subsidy increasing with each additional child. Such payments might serve in a spectacular way to focus national attention on the crucial enterprise of motherhood.

Some mothers, however, may contend that there is not enough work in the modern home to keep them occupied. This may be true in some instances, but on the other hand consider: how many wives today serve their families even moderately well-cooked and imaginative meals? I would say very few. Duncan Hines, the surveyor of America's culinary skills, estimates that four out of five wives are downright incompetent as cooks.

Or how many mothers are satisfied that they provide their children with enough companionship? Again the answer is, very few. Thousands of mothers are so lazy that they toss comic books to their youngsters, or tell them to listen to crime shows on the radio so that they won't have to bother reading to—or playing with—them.

And yet, I am *not* suggesting that all women remain in the home, especially on a full-time basis. There are many splendid careers for married women to pursue, which may make them even better mothers, if they are pursued on a part-time basis and if the home remains the primary interest.

Such careers are those which do not require antagonistic virtues, but in which feminine skills or viewpoints are urgently needed; for example, nursing, social-service work, child guidance, catering, decorating, play-direction—and, above all, teaching.

I think it is essential that mothers go into the public grade-schools and reassert their old-time educational influence over children up to 18 years of age. As matters now stand, married women are widely barred by law or school-board ruling from teaching. Present vacancies in public schools should be filled as much as possible by married women having at least one child.

In addition to teaching, mothers might well insist that schools remain open after 3 o'clock, so that women could organize adult night-classes on subjects of interest to mothers in the community, such as child psychology, problems of retail buying, medicine, anatomy, handicrafts and dietetics. In fact, there are countless studies that women could take up if they would only stop imitating men long enough to consider their own best interests.

Why, for example, have housewives never bothered to set up qualitative standards for the domestic workers who invade their homes? As it is, even the worst types of incompetents are tolerated. How many men would put up with the same incompetence among their office help?

Women gained the right to vote, but what have they ever done about it, aside from enlarging the electorate? No one has yet seen a "women's vote"! In the quarter-century that we have enjoyed suffrage, we have simply fitted ourselves into the prevalent male political patterns and have brought about no significant changes.

Why, for example, don't women organize and demand that our male-dominated society provide us with better homes in which to rear the rising generation? Mothers lament that Junior has no place to play. But what do they do about it? Nothing! If they weren't so busy envying men, they would insist that all new apartment houses have indoor communal playrooms, plus fenced-off areas on the roof. And they would never let apartment-house owners get away with barring married couples who have children.

Finally, they would not tolerate our millions of so-called "efficient" one-bedroom apartments, which require that children sleep on a day-bed in the living room, or else in the room with the parents, and grow up into the world feeling that they are excess baggage.

If young women are looking for challenges today, they need not turn to college catalogues, aptitude tests and career consultants. They can turn directly to the home. They have no excuse for being bored, or for wandering off into masculinized careers, until they have restored the home to its traditional warmth, comfort, and dignity.

Once they have achieved this objective, they will again know that peace of mind and soul that is enjoyed only by those women who really *are* women, and are everlastingly glad of it.

Animal Crackers

RITZY, A PUP belonging to a family in St. Louis, feeds himself with a milk bottle by lying on his back and holding the bottle in his four paws.

* * *

THERE'S ONE resident of New Castle, Pennsylvania, who doesn't need an alarm clock. Every morning at 8:30, a hen dutifully lays an egg on the back porch, then pecks at the door until some member of the family comes out and picks up the egg.

* * *

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy in Jackson, Mississippi, posted a reward of 20 pieces of rare, hard-to-get bubble gum for the return of his English setter puppy, which had strayed away from home.

AT A DIETITIAN'S exhibition in Detroit, two rats, Moe and Joe, caused a scientific stir when Moe, despite a deficient diet, gained weight, ounce for ounce, with Joe. Later it was discovered that a young girl worker who felt sorry for Moe had been slipping bits of food into his cage.

* * *

REFUSING TO be disturbed by the letters and magazines shoved in beside them, bluebirds made a nest and hatched four babies in a mail box in Augusta, Georgia.

* * *

EVERY MORNING for the last ten years a dog named Minnie has met the 7:45 at the Mason City, Iowa, depot. The train cooks always have a morsel for her.

—HAROLD HELFER

The TRUTH About Your AIR FORCE

by GEN. CARL A. SPAATZ

(Commanding General, U.S. Army Air Forces)

This exclusive report, especially prepared for Coronet, reveals the threat to America's security; here is "must" reading for every American

WITH NOTHING BETTER than the aerial weapons developed during World War II, an aggressor nation could strike at America without warning. Its air forces could pass over all the geographical barriers and "first-line defenses" on which we have previously relied and blast our large cities, industrial areas, power sources, communications centers and the heart of Government itself.

This is not a pretty picture. Neither is bomb-destroyed Germany or Japan. Yet continent-to-continent aerial warfare is no longer a fanciful subject but a grim and realistic possibility.

The size and range of aircraft of the B-29 Superfortress type, with which we concluded World War II, permit one-way attacks across the Polar regions. But already our famous Superfortress is dwarfed by the B-36, now in production. This six-engined giant, three times the size of the B-29, has sufficient range to bomb any target in the world from existing bases!

But does this mean that America has, today, an air force capable of winning victory in the event of another war? The answer is "No." The same thing is now happening to our Air Forces that happened after 1918 when, despite the warnings of experts, we let our military aviation decline. Unless something decisive is done to preserve our dwindling strength, and unless we maintain air power in offensive readiness, we stand to lose in another global conflict. The handwriting in the skies is all too clear that any future aggressor will direct his first and heaviest blows at us.

A few well-placed bombs, conceivably atomic missiles *against which there is no known defense*, could paralyze the economic heart of the U.S. Yet if tomorrow our Air Forces were to be called upon to stage a smashing *retaliatory* attack upon an aggressor, we could not deliver a decisive blow. Even more disturbing is the fact that the absolute minimum requirement for our nation's air *defense* could barely be met with existing forces!

Nevertheless, with the right kind of planning and development, we can build a powerful protective air force to give us security and help to establish world peace as well. But we can do it only with the coordinated approval and support of every U.S. citizen. Here is a challenging public responsibility that must be met—not in some vague tomorrow but *today!*

FORTY YEARS AGO, on August 1, 1907, a memorandum signed by Brig. Gen. James Allen, chief of the Signal Corps, created an aeronautical division in that branch of the armed services. Although our air strength at the time was comprised of only one officer and two enlisted men, and we had no planes, our present Army Air Forces grew from that nucleus.

Yet for all our pre-eminence in the development of air power since the Wright brothers sold our government the first military flying machine, the military air strength of the United States on December 7, 1941, totaled 3,000 war planes, of which less than half were fit to fly and fight. Of those that could get off the ground, 526 were in Hawaii and the Philippines. In a matter of hours, 350 were destroyed.

Then began a race against time, requiring the close collaboration of science, industry and the armed forces. New weapons were forged, old ones were strengthened. Then we struck back, and the industrial hearts of Germany and Japan were shattered; air power was a potent if not decisive factor in every major surface engagement. Yet despite this historic achievement of 1941-45, it is a shocking fact that, at this moment, we have neither the hard-hitting offensive air power nor the protective defense force essential to national security.

Our shortcomings in aircraft and personnel cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of American air power, which shapes itself along these lines:

1. Maintain a properly equipped and manned Air Force of sufficient strength to ward off any attack and at the same time to strike a decisive retaliatory blow. Present planning indicates that the minimum force needed to satisfy these requirements is 400,000 officers and men and 225,000 civilians, comprising 70 combat groups with supporting establishments and services.

2. Keep well-equipped air bases at strategic points between any potential enemy and our homeland.

3. Support a strong National Guard air organization and an Air Reserve with planes and equipment, plus incentive pay, to keep personnel abreast of changing technical developments in aviation.

4. Insure close cooperation—including financial and engineering assistance—between the Army Air Forces and the commercial airlines to sustain an air-transport system whose pilots and planes would be immediately available for transporting armies and equipment to distant bases.

5. Maintain a working cooperation and interchange of ideas between the Air Forces and our aviation industry, including "pilot" production lines to turn out latest types of equipment.

6. Promote research and development facilities to explore long-range aeronautical problems, through establishment of a national research foundation staffed by highly qualified scientists.

7. Use to capacity the resources of our civilian educational institutions and provide courses that will train American youth to meet the challenge of the Air Age.

Study this program, and you can readily see that the tasks of the Air Forces are becoming increasingly complex. The Air Force, for example, is responsible for all research, engineering, development and service-testing of piloted and pilotless aircraft and related equipment, together with the vast quantities of accessories required by an efficient stand-by Air Force.

A recent directive has charged us with responsibility for all War Department research and development in the field of guided missiles, including associated equipment and corresponding countermeasures. We have therefore begun (in collaboration with the Atomic Energy Commission and private industry) an investigation of all possible applications of nuclear energy, both in offensive and defensive weapons as well as its possible usage in the propulsion of aircraft.

Another program which demands increasing attention is that of making our entire Army air-transportable and air-borne. Army Ground Forces equipment is being redesigned to meet aircraft loading requirements; air transports are being made to conform more closely to Ground Forces demands.

Because of the possibility of transpolar bombing, we are currently placing great emphasis on reinforcing our outlying Arctic bases; any threat to this country must come from above the 30th parallel of North Latitude, as south of that line there are no potential enemy powers. If the bases we now occupy are properly equipped to

---

In 30 years of active military service, Carl Andrews Spaatz has risen through the ranks from aviation student to Commanding General, U.S. Army Air Forces. Now, at 56, he can glance back over a career dedicated to faith in air power as the supreme factor in modern warfare. Born in Boyertown, Pa., Spaatz was graduated from West Point in 1914, served in France as a pursuit pilot in 1918, then returned home to share in the pioneer work of building America's air strength. Soon after Pearl Harbor, he was named chief of the AAF Combat Command, and eventually saw the vindication of his faith in big bombers as the decisive factor in the war. Today, General Spaatz favors an American military establishment of three coequal forces under a single civilian head. About the role of air power in this setup, he says: "It is going to play the most important part in our national security requirements."

handle bombers like the B-36, our air power could cover any potential danger spot in Europe or Asia.

We are seeking on the ground in Alaska and in the polar air under severest conditions, better solutions to the problems of cold weather operation, to the new "winterization" problems created by the advent of jet planes.

NOTWITHSTANDING the emphasis on supersonic (faster-than-sound) aircraft studies, there is still much to be done in the subsonic sphere. Our combat aircraft, for an interim period at least, will remain in the subsonic range.

So far as power plants are concerned, the reciprocating engine is still best for long range, substratosphere flight. But any increase in the performance of propeller-driven aircraft will require engines, both reciprocating and turbine, of higher horsepower. For subsonic operation, the trend is toward propellers of much larger diameter, with eight and even twelve blades, because they create greater thrust force which can easily be translated into greater speeds.

Consequently, we have not abandoned propeller-driven craft. Each, however, is scheduled for trials with gas turbine engines driving the propellers, in the hope that we will get increased performance without adding weight.

Though the public has heard much about supersonic rocket-propelled aircraft traveling at 1,500 miles an hour at 80,000 feet, or of radio-controlled planes or missiles going through the upper air at 3,000 miles an hour, let me say forcefully that *we do not have such aircraft or missiles flying today.* They are, however, objectives which science, industry and the Air Forces are confident can be attained in the predictable future.

To develop a guided missile with a 5,000-mile range will require years of experimentation at tremendous cost. If the first test article is successful, and we then want to go into assembly production, the first *production* missile may cost only a possible $7,000,000. After that, we can have them for a small fraction of this figure.

At present, the gratifying performance of the S-1 rocket-propelled plane has provided us with the first of a series of experimental aircraft with which we hope man can fly through the transonic wall and invade the upper-air regions. But this possibility interposes its own difficult problems. For example, the radar early-warning range of 200 miles must be extended to several thousand; high temperatures due to air friction at supersonic speeds must be overcome.

Then, too, we are faced with unsolved problems in the physiological phases of high-speed flight. Man is not built to withstand the severe accelerations and decelerations of supersonic flight. He cannot exist in a vacuum, or in the bitter cold of the outer atmosphere, or in the high temperatures caused by friction. Therefore, we are conducting tests to determine man's limitations and to provide means of overcoming them.

The present deterrent to development of supersonic power plants is fuel economy. All the new types of engines—turbo-jet, ram jet, the rocket motor and possibly even propeller-driven turbine—meet the power requirements but, as yet, high fuel consumption limits the useful range of flight.

Whereas the best of our conventional engines produce a maximum rate of climb of a mile a minute, we contemplate pilotless aircraft which will climb in excess of 20 miles per minute. They will be able to take off, climb to altitude and contact an enemy formation 500 miles away in a matter of minutes.

IN RECAPITULATING OUR research and development program, it is clear that its success depends upon the availability of three ingredients: manpower, money and facilities. A shortage of any one of these can stall progress.

Recent financial retrenchment has already compelled us to modify the program drastically, with the result that development work is being retarded. Our specialized-personnel structure is being weakened. Many highly competent men recruited during the war have already been released. Others are left in discouraging financial uncertainty, despite a sturdy patriotism which is motivating them to see the job through.

Estimates for our present program, which we consider sound and well-balanced, call for $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year for research and development alone. Admittedly, these figures are high: they are even greater than the wartime appropriations we received during 1945, *before* final victory. But when it is recalled that our air power at the time of Pearl Harbor was substantially the product of the 1937-38 development program, which had to operate on less than $5,000,000 annually, our present budget seems cheap insurance against another such a half-billion-dollar disaster and the war it would bring

Research and development costs are higher today than ever. Wages and cost of materials have skyrocketed. Moreover, during the war we had the support of the independently financed National Defense Research Council, which included on its payroll 13,000 scientists and engineers. At our request this organization in a single year spent some $50,000,000 in the field of electronics alone. But with war's end the NDRC and similar groups were disbanded.

During the war, we were able to charge development funds to huge supply contracts. Take for example the B-29. We spent $3,750,000 on the design and construction of three prototype planes. All the re-engineering and redesigning required to improve that plane and make it the superior combat weapon that it proved to be—all that *development*, and there is no other word for it—was paid for as an item on the big supply contract.

Today, with no big contracts, the burden is put squarely on Research and Development. We had to spend almost ten times as much money to develop the first six-engined B-36 as was spent on the first three B-29s. And yet the B-36 embodies no revolutionary design factors other than its size. The cost of building a supersonic aircraft of such dimensions is inestimable, because we have no slide rule to measure the expense of evolving fundamental formulas that would tell us intelligently where to begin.

A young engineer summed it up nicely the other day. "How," he asked, "are we going to carry out our work in the supersonic field with subsonic funds?"

One answer is that we have blue-penciled every possible project down to the barest essentials—and beyond. In recent months we have cut our manpower program by more than 30 per cent, and reduction is still going on.

To raise the training level of personnel suddenly called upon to perform new tasks, we have established the nation's first Air Institute of Technology at Wright Field, to school our pilots and practical engineers in a common understanding of the basic scientific and applied research problems.

More than ten per cent of our regular Army Air Force officers are taking advanced study courses at leading civilian institutions throughout the country. Our Air University at Maxwell Field, Alabama, has a bulging enrollment. We are working closely with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and its three laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia; Moffett Field, California; and in Cleveland, Ohio. Even now this organization is carrying on intensified wind-tunnel research, to aid in solving transonic problems.

But since future requirements call for facilities far beyond those we have today, plans are being formulated for badly needed research and development laboratories to be used by the government and the aviation industry in their continuing conquest of the sky. Our present estimate of what such an installation would cost over a period of ten years is $2,000,000,000.

The large power and water demands, together with the hazardous nature of certain kinds of testing activities, require that it be placed at a reasonable distance from any major city, and preferably near a government-owned hydroelectric plant, for it is estimated that we will need 2,000,000 horsepower to run the various laboratories.

The plan also calls for a minimum of 100 square miles of land and additional extensive uninhabited areas for rocket-testing and radar-ranging; at least five wind tunnels of various sizes for producing air speeds ranging from just below the speed of sound to 7,000 miles an hour; and engine test stands that can handle rocket motors delivering thrust power from 5,000 to 1,000,000 pounds.

SUCH IS THE PATTERN of our program as the Army Air Forces this year observes the 40th anniversary of its founding.

Equipment-wise, we have made considerable progress since V-J Day. With the prototypes we have, we could build a strong air force capable of adequate defense and decisive retaliatory action. *But we do not have enough manpower or money to put it in the air.*

As far as we know, we now have the largest bomber in the world in production, with an order for 100 Consolidated B-36s capable of flying a 10,000-pound bomb load 10,000 miles.

The first successful flying-wing bomber, the XB-35, which promises excellent performance and maneuverability, is ours, and flying. Jet-propelled versions of the XB-35 are being built in the hope of equaling the speeds of the fastest fighters in use at the end of World War II.

In addition, three new jet bombers are ready for testing. One of them is a six-engined craft, representing a striking example of the progress we have made in adapting the war-born jet engines to new designs. Increased power and cleaner aerodynamic lines have made these new planes 100 miles-an-hour or more faster than the speediest bombers of two years ago.

The fighter picture is about the same. The fast jet-propelled Lockheed P-80 is in service with several squadrons. By September, we will have a similar number of units equipped with the Republic P-84, a slightly faster craft with a more powerful engine.

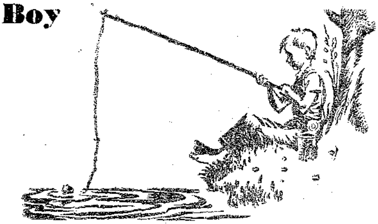
Still newer designs, which are either in the drawing-board stage or moving along toward flight trials, show promise of meeting long-range requirements for fighters capable of exceeding 600 miles an hour in level flight.

Likewise, our pilotless aircraft program is progressing as rapidly as possible, with a dozen or more companies contracting for exploration of the design, manufacture and utility of surface-to-surface, surface-to-air, air-to-surface and air-to-air-missiles.

One last and vital point must be made clear. Air power today is not just the Air Forces' business—*it is everybody's business.* Air war is potentially in every American back yard—if we do not act decisively to keep it out.

The Army Air Forces is ready to accept the burdens that the present and the future have placed upon it. But first, the American people themselves *must decide whether they want the kind of air power that will give our nation real security and peace.*

Just Boy

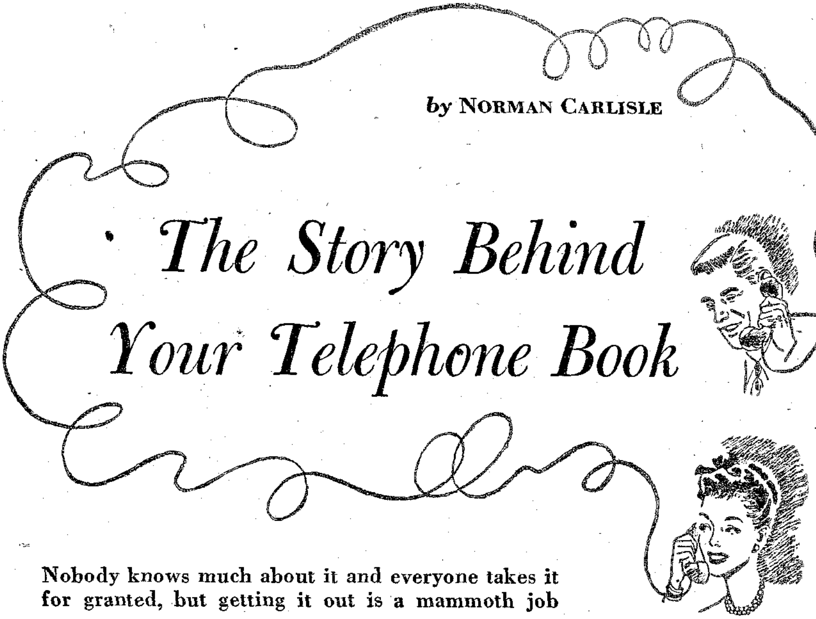


After a male baby outgrows long dresses and triangles, and acquires pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives don't dare to kiss him, he becomes a boy.

A boy is nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy is a growing animal of superlative promise who can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

A boy, if not washed too often and kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, hornets, measles, fights and nine helpings of pie.

A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite; a noise covered with smudges. A boy is the problem of our times, the hope of the world. Every boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged with men.



by NORMAN CARLISLE

The Story Behind Your Telephone Book

Nobody knows much about it and everyone takes it for granted, but getting it out is a mammoth job

THE EMERGENCY TELEPHONE rang urgently in the fire department office at Manchester, Connecticut. A fireman sprang to answer it.

"Hello! Is Henry there?" asked a voice at the other end.

The fireman groaned. "For the seventeenth time, no! This is the fire department! Why don't you look up Henry in the phone book?"

"I have. It says 'Henry H. Miller, 5432'."

"Then somebody's crazy—and I don't think it's the book!"

With that, the fireman slammed down the receiver. Then—just out of curiosity—he picked up his own phone directory.

A moment later he was dialing the telephone company. The fire station number was 5432. Henry Miller's number was 5452, but the second numeral 5 had been so poorly printed that it looked like a 3. Naturally, the company took the blame for a situation which was hardly calculated to give the Manchester firemen a peaceful life.

The company officials in Manchester did not need to be told that everybody takes the directory for granted until he finds something wrong with it. Nobody ever calls to praise the colossal job of preparing 35,000,000 directories a year for the nation's telephone subscribers, with a record of only 19 errors in every 100,000 names.

But ask a directory compiler "What's in a name?" and he will answer "Dynamite!" Through sad experience, he has learned that names are something to be handled with profound respect. Oddly enough, the worst difficulties occur with common names. A name like Herman Katzenellenbogen, which is the longest in the New York directory, does not give nearly as much trouble as plain Smith.

In Des Moines, a woman subscriber gave the listing as "Smithe." Just to make sure, an investigator called and got Mr. Smithe—or Smith—on the phone. He threatened dire things if the company added an "e" to his name. The only solution, the company decided, was to print it plain Smith unless the family could reach agreement.

Next day Mr. Smith called to say—a bit sheepishly—that it would be all right to add the "e." But when the next directory was made up, it was Mrs. Smith who asked that the "e" be dropped.

A name like Wilson presents no difficulties—until somebody spells it with two "l's." Then the proofreader wonders: is it a typographical error? The only thing to do is to check with the subscriber personally.

Scandinavian names ending in "en" or "on" are another problem. Olsen or Olson? It is easy to make a mistake with one letter, which might not seem important yet is enough to bring angry denunciations from subscribers.

When it comes to abbreviating long first names in order to save space, compilers have to wield their pencils with caution. Even such standard abbreviations as Patrk and Fredk may arouse wrath. The standard rule is to use only those abbreviations approved by the subscriber. If he insists on having his name written out in full, that is the way it appears in type.

Most abbreviations describing subscribers' businesses are masterpieces of brevity. There are, for example, bty sln, lthr, flwrs, perfums, ventlatg, lds tlr, undtkr, whol flrst, clk and phystyrpst. Attorney, of course becomes atty, but in the case of rarer titles, difficulties arise.

One bothersome problem concerned the Catholic title of Monsignor. First it appeared as mgr, but this brought a flood of comments from people who thought it meant manager. So the abbreviator tried mnsr. This, too, brought puzzled queries, so it is now going to be changed to mnsgr.

Through long experimentation with type, the telephone company has produced a style for large books which permits a maximum number of letters per line and yet has a high degree of readability, thus putting an end to complaints of subscribers who used to argue that the type was too fine. Appropriately, the new style is called Bell Gothic, and is a regular Gothic type which has been chiseled out so that the letters are thinner, giving more white space without taking more room.

As for the paper used in phone books, it cannot be too bulky yet must be tough enough to stand the roughest handling. Only by using a durable, dual-purpose sheet is the company able to issue giant volumes like Chicago's alphabetical book, which has 1,904 pages and is the largest in the world. Washington, D.C., boasts of a thumping big book, too, the combined classified, alphabetical and suburban directory numbering 1,794 pages.

New York City falls behind these figures only because its directories are divided into seven books, which contain some 1,600,000 listings and 6,400 pages.

ALTHOUGH COMPILING the ordinary alphabetical directory is a difficult task, the job of putting together the classified, whether a separate volume or simply a section bound into the regular book, is even more complicated. In cities like New York or Chicago, the classified may contain more than 1,000 pages. Space is sold to clients, just as in a magazine; but no magazine has to worry about the headings under which advertisements are grouped. That job, for compilers of the classified, is a special headache.

Suppose you are planning a banquet and want a company to handle the details. Where do you look in the classified? Most people would turn to "Caterers," but the telephone company has found that many subscribers are not familiar with the word. So the compilers have simplified matters by listing names under both "Banquets arranged" and "Caterers."

You want to rent a dress suit? Perhaps you would look under "tuxedo," but by experience the classifiers have found it best to list the sources under "Dress suit rental." And when undertakers indicated that they did not care for the terms "undertaker" or "mortician," the company grouped them under "Funeral directors."

Since people who don't find what they want in the classified listings deluge the telephone company with calls, the companies in self-defense have set up buyers' services in some cities. Usually the patrons are told to look under such-and-such a heading, but sometimes baffling questions are posed. A typical day's calls to the New York City buyers' service included these puzzlers:

An advertising photographer who wanted an ice cube that would not melt was referred to a firm that makes plastic cubes.

A man asked for the name and address of a female jiu-jitsu instructor. His wife was anxious to learn the art, but the husband didn't want a teacher of the opposite sex. Although no female wrestler was listed in the classified, the buying adviser was able to locate one.

Another man was seeking someone to train white mice to waltz. A hunter wanted to buy a pair of falcons. And a politician wanted to rent an elephant for use in an election parade.

The company's job is not ended with the compilation of the directory. There still remains the task of distributing it, which involves getting the old books back before the subscribers receive the new ones.

Many people have a curious tendency to regard a telephone book as their property, and reluctance to give up the old one sometimes approaches downright stubbornness. To soothe the feelings of subscribers, the collection men are trained in the art of gentle firmness. But since they are paid on the basis of the number of books they distribute and collect, the company also has to make sure that overzealous collectors do not become too firm.

People hang on to old books for a variety of reasons, one being that various notes and numbers have been written on the covers or inside. But the commonest cause of reluctance is the fact that the directory is used as a family catchall for the storage of papers.

Some people, however, turn in the old books too blithely, and thereby lose something of real or fancied value. The company keeps a corps of searchers on hand to handle such complaints. You can take your choice of visiting the office and searching through mountains of directories yourself, or paying for the services of the searchers on an hourly basis.

In one city a businesswoman reported that she had left $1,500 in $100 bills in her telephone book. Would the company please ask its searchers to look for the money? They looked, and found $300 in $20 bills. The woman admitted that she had exaggerated a little, in hopes that the searchers would do a more careful job.

Very often, people can't or won't give an accurate description of what was left in the book. One man paid for a search to locate his will, but the only paper found in the book contained a list of recent repairs made on his car.

Old phone books come back in varying stages of repair. Some are only slightly used, others are battered and torn. Worst of all are those collected from public phone booths. Two cigar stores in New York's Times Square district probably wear out more books than any other two pay stations in the country. Their patrons, in fact, are so hard on the telephone directories that it is necessary to replace the books every 48 hours.

The classic story of old books concerns the New England storekeeper who rushed into the company offices to announce that his Saturday receipts had been placed in his home directory on Saturday night, a fact which slipped his mind when he left for the store Monday. During the day, the collector had called for the old book, which was obligingly given up by the storekeeper's wife.

The company showed him a staggering mountain of books, totaling 100,000 copies. The storekeeper set to work riffling pages. That afternoon he brought his wife to help in the search, and next day they were joined by a sister, her husband and two nephews.

For three full days they searched before finding the storekeeper's $1,500. It was tucked away neatly in the 75,000th book.

No Rough Stuff, Now!

In a phone call to the editor of a local newspaper, a man explained that his uncle had been a regular subscriber for half a century. "He's always been a model of propriety—doesn't smoke or drink; never uses strong language and hasn't ever been to a theater or the cinema," the nephew explained. "In fact, my uncle has absolutely no vices or excesses. And he's going to celebrate his 80th birthday tomorrow."

"How?" asked the editor.

—*Weekly Telegraph*

by HENRY LEE

Can the Mind Pierce TIME and SPACE?

The weird experiences of ordinary people suggest strange and breath-taking discoveries when the dark horizons of the human mind are finally explored and forced to yield their secrets.

IN A SLEEPY OHIO village far from World War II battlefronts, Mrs. Mary Duff sat on her front porch one spring night, chatting with her family. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a vision came to her.

Clear as a movie close-up, she saw an Army hospital cot. Lying on it was her brother, Edward, a B-24 bombardier. He was dead. With heart-twisting finality, Mrs. Duff *knew* that. She told her husband and another brother, Bill, what she had seen. Then she ran to her room and cried her heart out.

Two days later, a telegram from the War Department verified her vision. Edward had died overseas the same day she had "seen" him.

The story, except for names and location, is true. The American Society for Psychical Research got corroboration from Mary's husband and from her surviving brother. Like most ordinary folk, they expressed a puzzled mixture of awe and embarrassment when something from another world brushed their lives.

"I can't explain it," Duff said stoutly when questioned. "But if Mary saw it, that's that."

"I saw it," said Mary. "Would anybody lie about seeing her dead brother?"

From its scholarly little office within the shadow of the Empire State Building in New York, the Psychical Society investigates hundreds of such strange happenings every year. Oddly, most of them are reported by plain, stolid persons who have no reason to lie, no incentive to cheat. In fact, many are pathetically eager to have their experiences explained away in natural terms.

Sometimes the society can do this, but often it is as puzzled as the victim by seemingly genuine psychic phenomena. Then it files the case against the day when this last, strange frontier of the mind will be penetrated.

Today, the society has the largest collection of *true* ghost stories in the country—stories that are tragic, droll, sometimes meaningless, occasionally terrifying. All of them come from that shadowy "X" dimension which has fascinated men since the time of ancient Greece.

Right now, psychic investigation is turning into dozens of exciting new avenues, with breath-taking possibilities opened before the researchers. Can we communicate with others through dreams? Can we see a future event? Can we project our perception through space beyond the range of telescope or radar?

The findings of the society and of independent university investigators—double-checked in every possible manner—tentatively answer "Yes" to these questions. Yet even before psychic phenomena were given recognition by some scientists, such celebrities as Luther Burbank, William Lyon Phelps, Chauncey Depew, Carl Schurz and President Obregon of Mexico testified to first-hand experiences that rejected normal explanation.

But it is the strange experiences of ordinary people which seem most impressive. If they are chronic worriers, their premonitions are discarded by the society. If corroboration is lacking, their stories are filed with reservations. Of all the cases received, the society publishes only one per cent. But they are enough to make a skeptic pause.

From its parent British organization, the society obtained a well-attested case of a train of premonitions. The wife of a naval officer stationed at Malta in World War I dreamed that the Admiral there would soon be given a sea command far from England. Unexpectedly, the Admiral was ordered to the Eastern Mediterranean Fleet.

Again, though there was no reason to expect it, the woman rightly predicted that her husband's submarine fleet would be sent to the Dardanelles, and that if he accompanied the fleet, she would never see him again. He went.

Later, he wrote her of plans for a landing, without implying that he was to participate in it. Misty-eyed, she put the letter down—convinced in her heart that the landing had already been made and that her husband was dead. Three days later she received official verification of her fears.

OFTEN, CORROBORATION entails a long process of exchanging letters with Mrs. Laura Dale, research associate, or on-the-spot investigation by some of the society's 600 members scattered all over the country. As the only American organization of its kind, the society brings refreshing scientific objectivity to a field cluttered with crackpots, mystics, parlor-game dabblers, self-deluded "mediums" and unblushing fakers.

Here, for example, is a weird story which, after investigation, was accepted for publication by the society. It concerns the strange thing that visited Mr. Hendricks, a man with a dispassionate mind whose hobby was astronomy.

After teaching an astronomy class at the local Y.M.C.A., Hendricks came home dog-tired one midnight. His wife was asleep, and the street light shone softly into the room as he tumbled into bed. Next thing he knew he was roused by a rattle on the door-knob.

Then his father walked into the room, wearing work clothes—a greasy cap, tan trousers, rough shirt and brown suspenders. A fountain pen, pencil and rule protruded from the shirt pocket. Hendricks hadn't seen him dressed that way in years.

His father came to the bed and shook hands with a hard, affectionate grip. Wordlessly, he nodded his head for a moment, then disappeared. Hendricks lay there, his right hand still extended.

A moment later a delivery boy rang Hendricks' bell. A telegram from his brother said that their father had died at 8:30 P.M. Hendricks turned to his wife.

"How could he be dead?" he asked blankly. "He was right in this house, shaking my hand, not five minutes ago."

When he went to console his mother, Hendricks told her of what he had seen. Silently she opened a closet door and showed him a greasy cap, tan trousers, rough shirt and brown suspenders. A pen, pencil and rule were in the shirt pocket. His father wore such clothes only when he was repairing the family car. He had been wearing them shortly before he died.

Hendricks was badly shaken. Finally he sought out a member of the Psychical Society. His wife and mother confirmed his story, and the society accepted it as genuine. Hendricks told the society he would always cherish the apparition as evidence of affection that had somehow reached beyond the grave.

Most of the society's investigation is directed by Dr. Gardner Murphy, professor of psychology at City College of New York. President of the society is Dr. George H. Hyslop, prominent New York physician. Among the trustees are Dr. Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the New York *Times;* Dr. Margaret Mead, anthropologist of the American Museum of Natural History; Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, head of the parapsychology laboratory at Duke University and pioneer researcher in extra-sensory perception, and Dr. B. F. Riess of Hunter College, New York.

These are hard people to fool. When they admit the validity of investigation and experimentation in this field, it is difficult for the layman to remain skeptical. Take the curious experience of Mrs. Muller, who acted as intermediary between the ghost of a man she had never known and his two wives.

It reads like a fiction plot, but it was very real to Mrs. Muller, her friend, Hortense Bradley, and the second Mrs. Bradley. The two Mrs. Bradleys confirmed the story, as did Mrs. Muller's husband and another friend.

After learning that Hortense's ex-husband had died, Mrs. Muller saw him one night. Though she had never met him in real life, she was able to describe him clearly the next day to Hortense.

The apparition commanded Mrs. Muller to tell Hortense to "look in the mahogany chest of drawers with the brass handles." A black leather wallet was hidden there among his handkerchiefs.

Before getting in touch with Hortense, Mrs. Muller told her husband

and a friend about the episode. Then, with Hortense, she visited the second Mrs. Bradley. After a search the women located the chest and the wallet. In it was a photograph of Hortense, taken years before, which she did not know her ex-husband had saved.

If ghosts do come back, why do they visit strangers? Why are seeming miracles worked merely to locate a photograph? The society doesn't pretend to know the answers. It only knows that psychic experiences are often teasing, fragmentary, sometimes trivial. It suspects the glib, well-rounded ghost story.

"You develop clinical judgment about the stories," says Mrs. Dale. "The clanking ghost who writes a message for the poor widow telling her where the gold is hidden—that's too good to be true."

During 1944, a teacher reported that one morning he awakened and paced the floor, fighting the thought that something had happened to his son, an Army flier. He tried to describe his feeling—"perhaps anxiety and restlessness, and depression in a numb kind of way."

Then he noticed his father's watch, which had been given to him and which he, in turn, had handed down to his son. He set it at 8:17 o'clock. That afternoon, he received a telegram that his son had died in a plane crash at 8:17 the same morning.

Setting the watch at the death hour might have been coincidence: because of the difference in time zones he actually set it an hour before his son's death. But he is convinced, he told the society, that his son roused him at approximately the moment of death, and that his deep, unusual feeling of depression was a psychical experience.

Often, this lifting of the veil occurs once in a person's lifetime. For others, the experience is repetitive. There is apparently no pattern of age, occupation or background especially congenial to extra-sensory perception. The society has worked successfully with a New England housewife, a Park Avenue dowager, a book publisher and a trained nurse. And the visions do not follow earth-bound logic.

AMONG THE CELEBRITIES testifying to psychic experience, there is the same variety of report. Luther Burbank believed that he, his mother and sister were all telepathic. During his mother's long illness, Burbank said that he always successfully summoned his sister in this manner, rather than by letter or phone.

Chauncey Depew told an eerie story of a prophetic dream. Shortly before he was to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for Governor of New York, Depew sat on a country-club veranda at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, New York, idly enjoying the view. Suddenly the scene faded, and instead he saw a convention hall, with delegates milling about. The presiding officer called the convention to order, the temporary chairman spoke, a Mr. Quigg made the motion for nomination of candidates and then he, Depew, delivered his own nominating speech. As the vision ended, he wrote down the speech he had just heard himself deliver.

At the convention itself, the scene, the men, even the temporary chairman and a Mr. Quigg whom

Depew had never known were exactly as he had seen them in his vision on the club veranda.

Often, the Psychical Society tries controlled experiments. One of the most fascinating was conducted with Mr. Veray, a sedate, 40-year-old businessman who not so long ago would have been burned at the stake as possessed of the devil.

From her desk Mrs. Dale took a sealed package marked in code. It had been left there by another member. Mrs. Dale unwrapped it and handed it to Veray. Inside was only a man's tie-pin.

Solely from this unpromising stimulus, Veray quickly told a stenographer his impressions of the pin's owner. He was a man of great intellectual power who was equally fascinated by the out-of-doors, Veray said; a man in middle life, vigorous, with professional and academic connections, an author. He had a wide face and good coloring, and particularly loved the water, sailing and fishing. The description, it subsequently developed, was closely accurate.

Then Veray's face clouded as he piled fact on fact. The man had been killed instantly in a mishap near water. Veray had the impression of a terrific swish of air, and then darkness. A doctor was at hand when the accident took place, and the phrase "Mac" and "L" somehow came into Veray's mind. He couldn't place the tragedy, but a foreign language was connected with it. He sensed that the victim had five letters in his name.

So he did—and he had been killed by the propeller of his hydroplane, which pitched him into a lake. The accident occurred in Quebec—a French-speaking region—and the victim's son-in-law, a doctor, was present. His name? it begins MacL—.

Are such things credible? So careful a science editor as John L. O'Neill, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, says "innumerable tests" have demonstrated that the mind receives knowledge through other than ordinary sensory means. Telepathy, one result of extra-sensory perception, enables one mind to read another mind. Clairvoyance, the other result, is the case in which the subject somehow gets in touch with the stimulus material itself, and not with another mind.

Incredible as this seems, it has made advanced students like Dr. Rhine question the apparently less-complicated process of telepathy. Granting clairvoyance, they argue, any telepathic experiment which involves written data now may be questioned—since the material itself and not the telepathic sender may have broadcast the message!

In his own experiments, Dr. Rhine placed a subject and an experimenter in separate buildings. Their watches were synchronized, and 30 seconds after the experimenter put a card face down on a table—without looking at it—the subject in the other building called it. The results could not be explained by mere chance.

Dr. Riess heard Dr. Rhine speak, but remained skeptical. A student persuaded him, however, to experiment with a young music teacher. While the teacher sat in her home a quarter-mile away, Dr. Riess exposed cards and she listed them as she "saw" them.

Over a period of months, they

made 74 runs of 25 cards each. Chance would indicate an average of five correct guesses in 25. The teacher averaged 18.24 per run, and once called all 25 cards. Four times, she got 24 of 25, and in 31 runs, recorded 20 or higher.

In the past year, Mrs. Dale has made exhaustive efforts to substantiate the findings of Dr. Rhine in yet another psychic direction—psychokinesis, or the power of "mind over matter." According to Rhine's experiments with dice throwers, some people can *will* their number to come up more times than chance would allow. But after Mrs. Dale had made corroboratory tests, she reported:

"No conclusive evidence for the operation of psychokinesis was found in our experiments."

But the work will go on. The society is steeled to more-than-occasional failures. It may be another 500 years before the shadowy "X" dimension is fully staked out. But meanwhile the evidence seems clear that strange, unknown forces are at work about us, and that, sometimes, love defies death and distance to say good-bye.

* * *

Short Short Story

FROM THE PERSONAL account book of an unidentified businessman—one who would obviously prefer not to be identified:

Dec. 1	Adv. for girl steno.	$ 0.50
Dec. 2	Violets for new steno.	.80
Dec. 7	Week's salary for steno.	30.00
Dec. 9	Roses for steno.	3.00
Dec. 11	Candy for wife.	.75
Dec. 13	Lunch with steno.	7.50
Dec. 14	Week's salary for steno.	35.00
Dec. 17	Picture-show tickets for self and wife.	.80
Dec. 18	Theater tickets, self and steno.	6.50
Dec. 19	Candy for wife.	.75
Dec. 21	Lillian's salary.	45.00
Dec. 22	Theater and dinner with Lillian.	21.00
Dec. 23	Miscellaneous.	102.13
Dec. 24	Fur coat for wife.	765.00
Dec. 26	Adv. for male steno.	.50

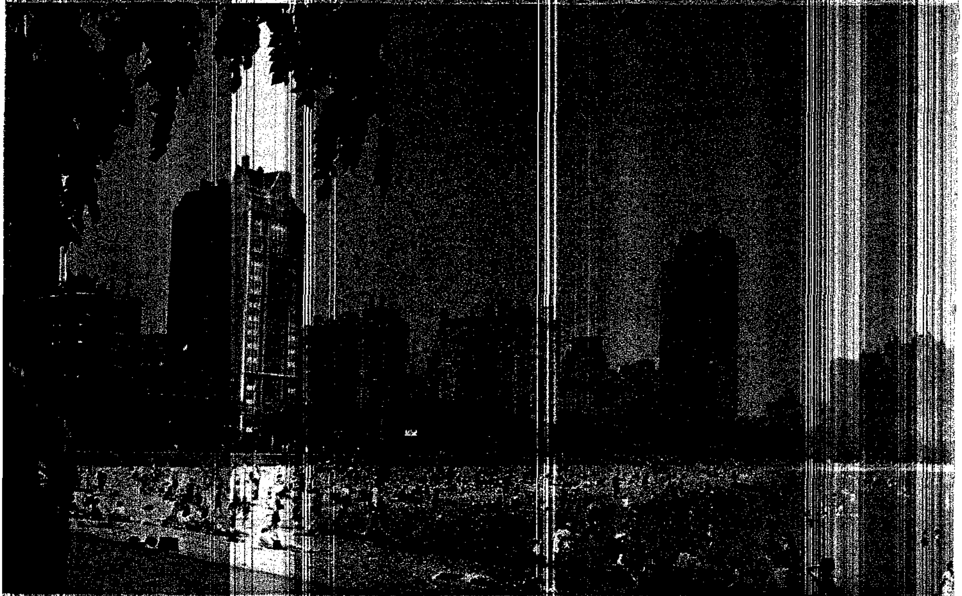
—C. B. ROBINSON

[illegible]

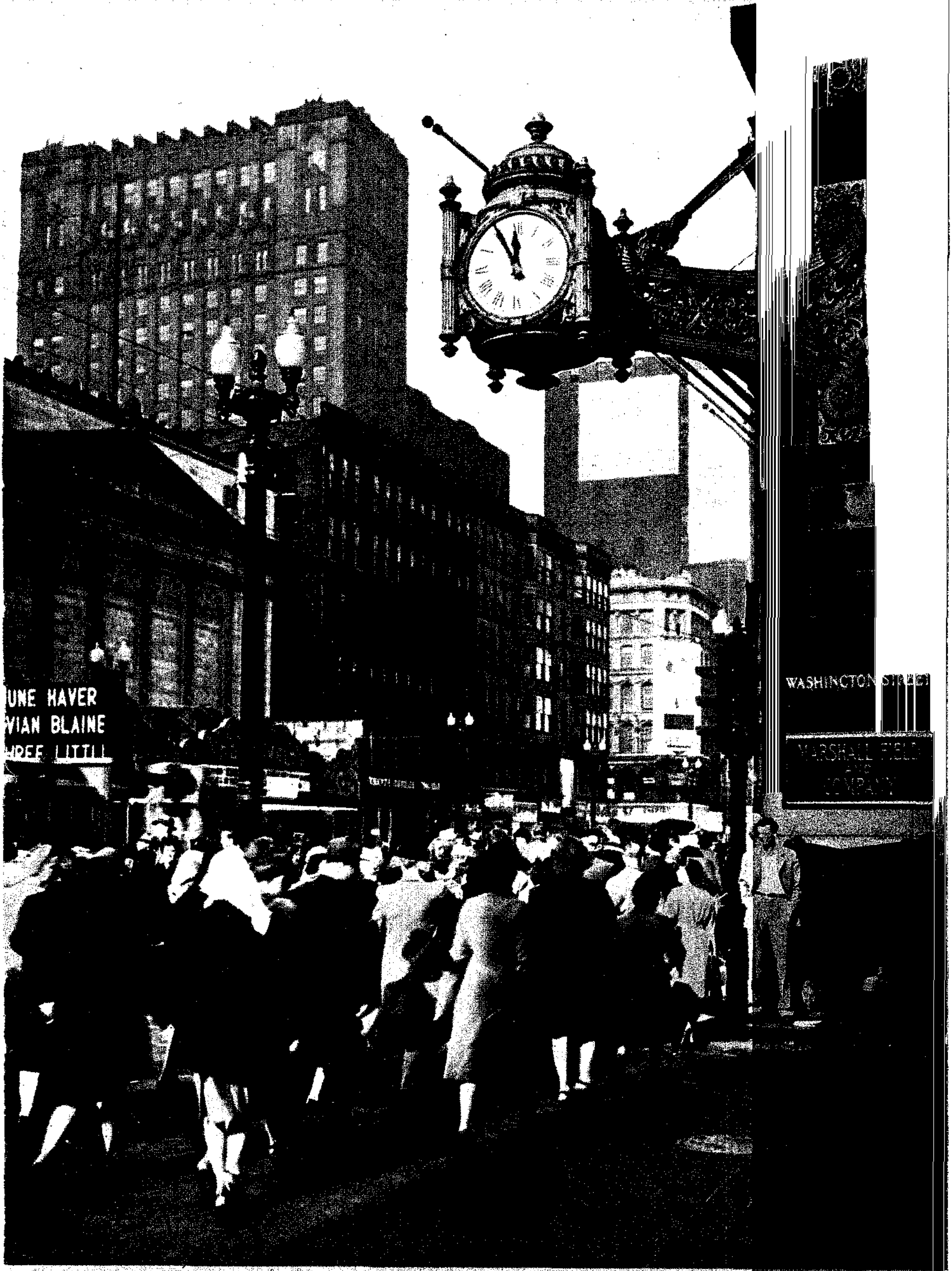
CHICAGO—Queen of the Lakes

YOUNG AND ROBUST, rich and ambitious, Chicago, Illinois, says "America" probably louder and clearer than any other city in the nation; for Chicago was built the way America was built—on coal and iron, on railroads and factories, on grain and livestock—on courage and optimism. Chicago today is still growing, still tough and big-boned, but standing above the roar of its industries, the grime of its railroad yards, and the shadow of its slums, there are the beginnings of things which may someday make this city one of the most beautiful in the world. For those who know the paradox of Chicago—the city where ugliness and beauty stand side by side—as well as for those who have heard of it only as a windy giant, Coronet presents the photographs on these pages. Here is Chicago—the pride of America's great Midwest.

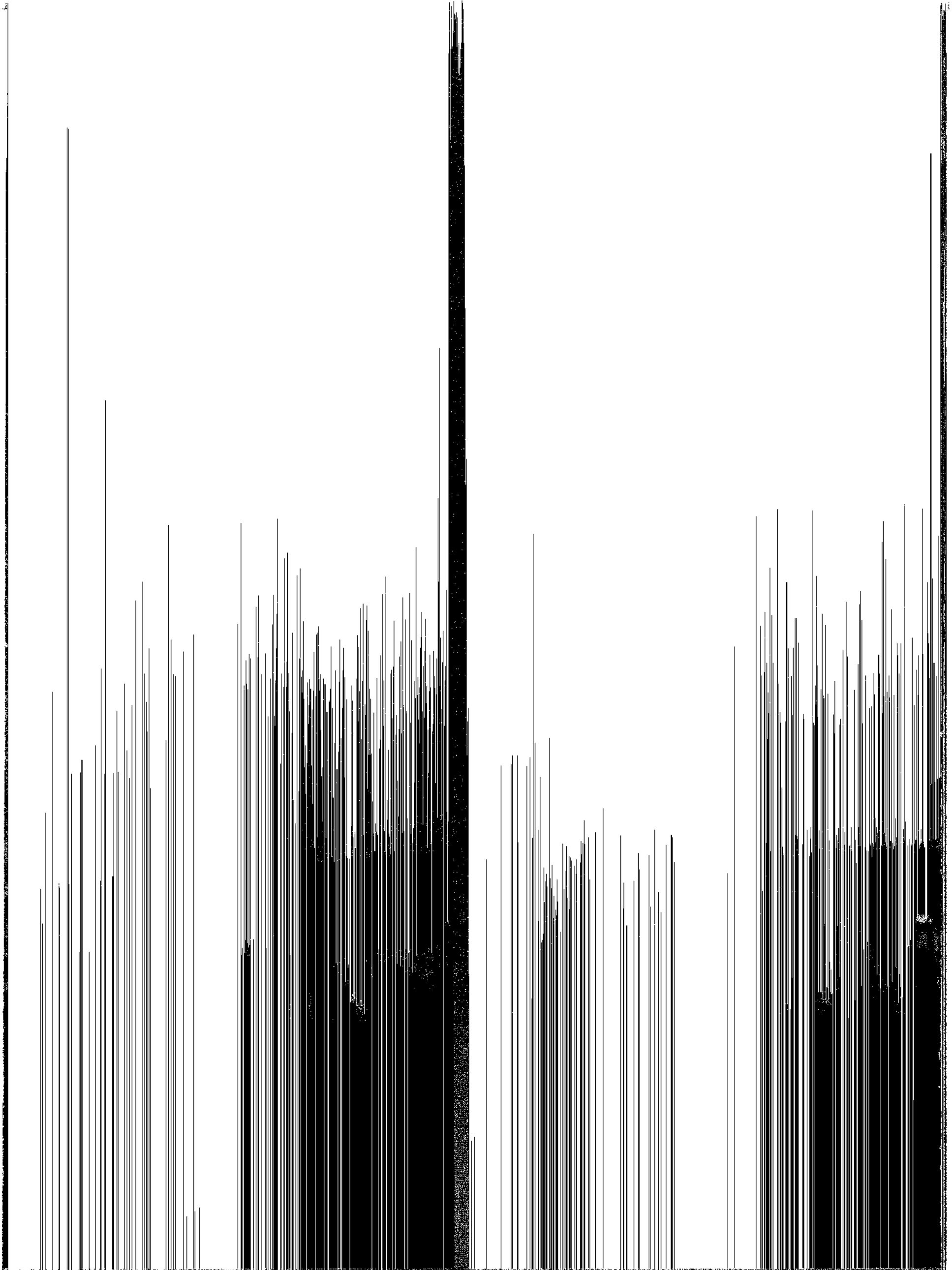
Brash and dingy, smoky and dismal as some streets of Chicago may be, the city can be proud of its Lake Michigan shore—a glorious world of sunny homes and skyscrapers, parks and highways; a waterfront with few equals in America.



Along the lake shore [illegible] beaches [illegible] of Chicago [illegible] the *Gold Coast* [illegible] vacation [illegible] a back[illegible] mansions.

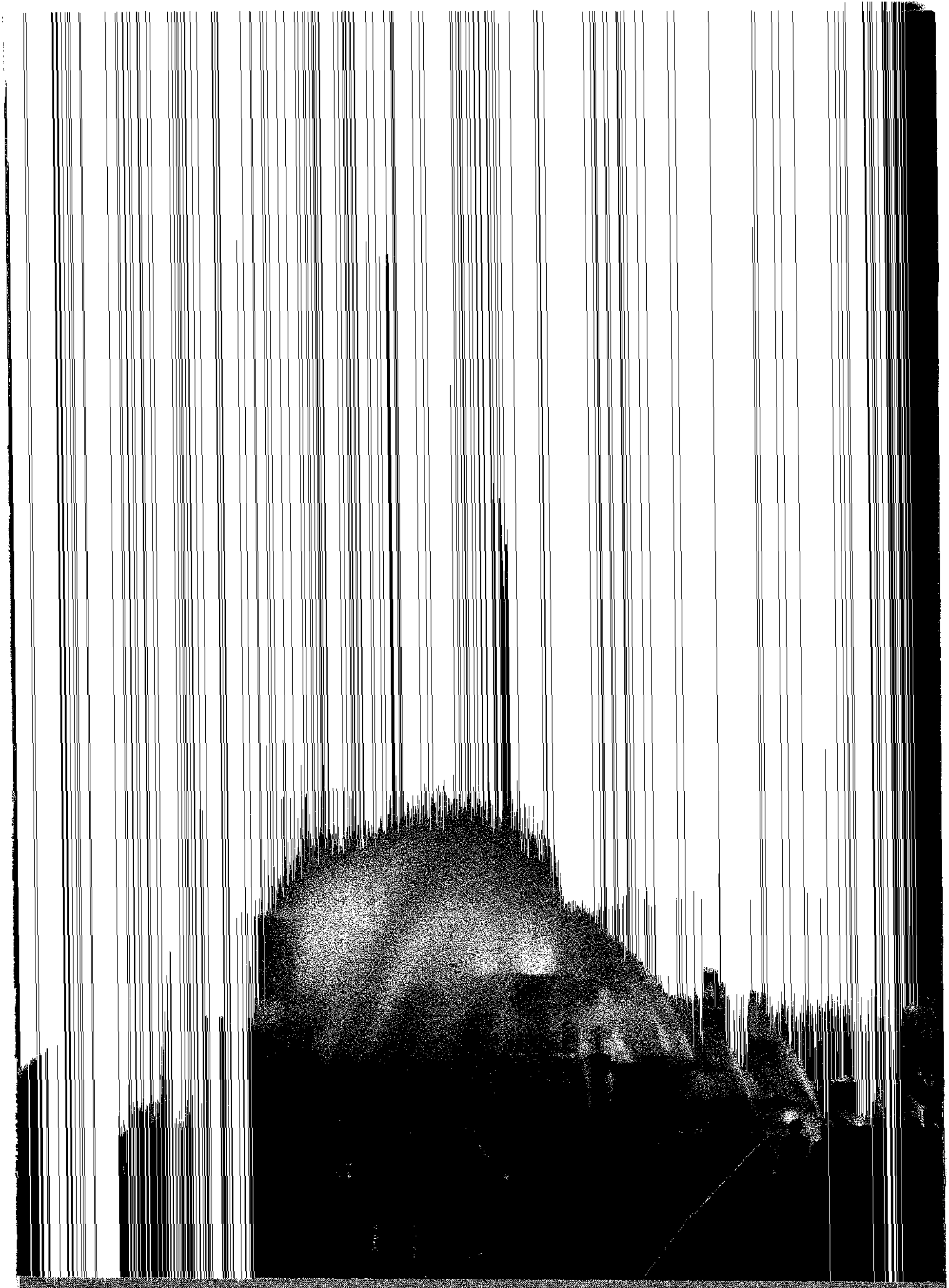

UNE HAVER
VIAN BLAINE
HREE LITTL
WASHINGTON STREET
MARSHALL FIELD AND COMPANY

Behind its lake front, Chicago is a crowded commercial city. On only eight blocks of State Street—from Marshall Field's to Sears, Roebuck—more than [illegible] stores sell everything from diamonds and lingerie to coal stoves and tractors.

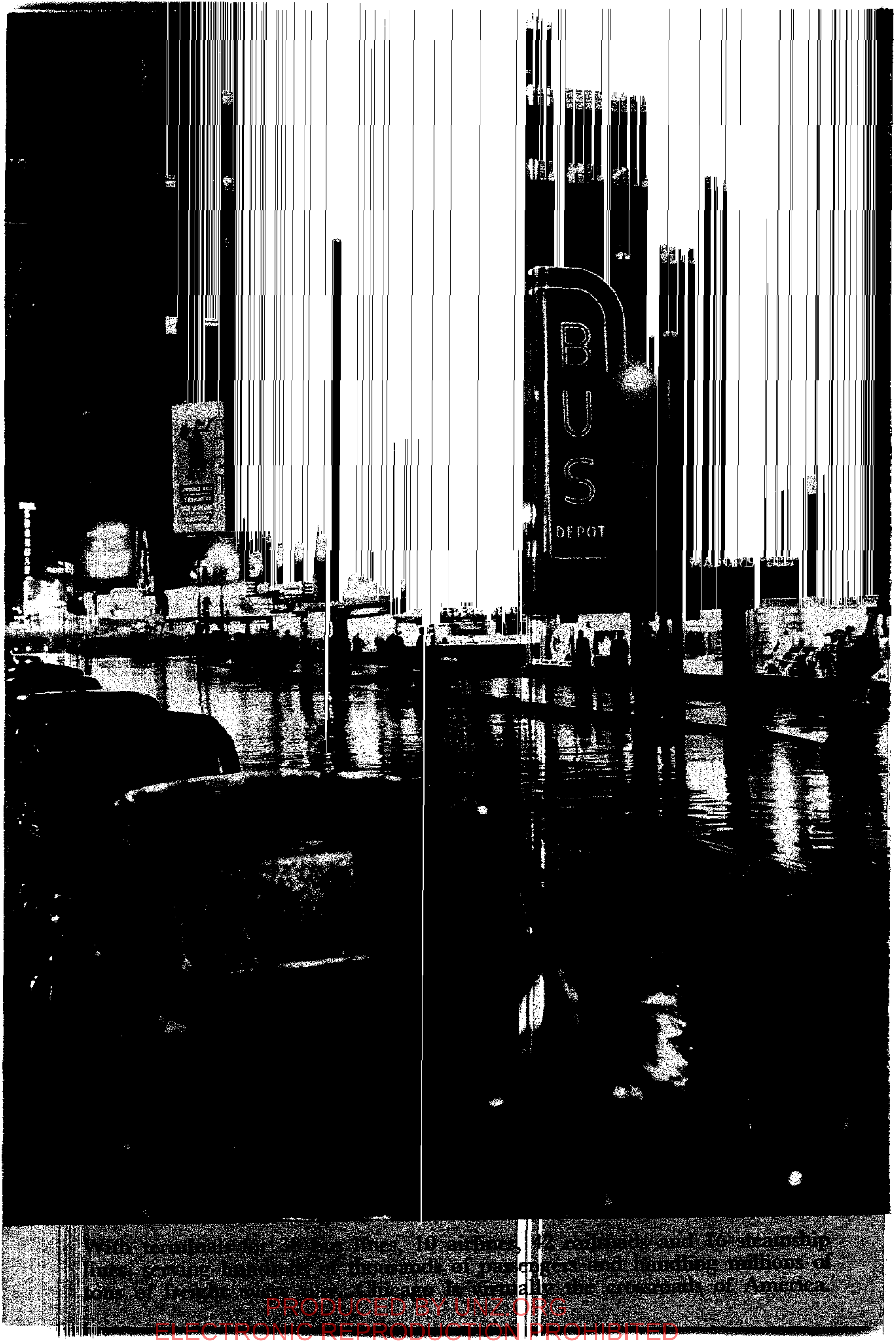


[illegible] an ever-changing display of [illegible] magnificent Buckingham Fountain is the pride of Chicago's lakefront.

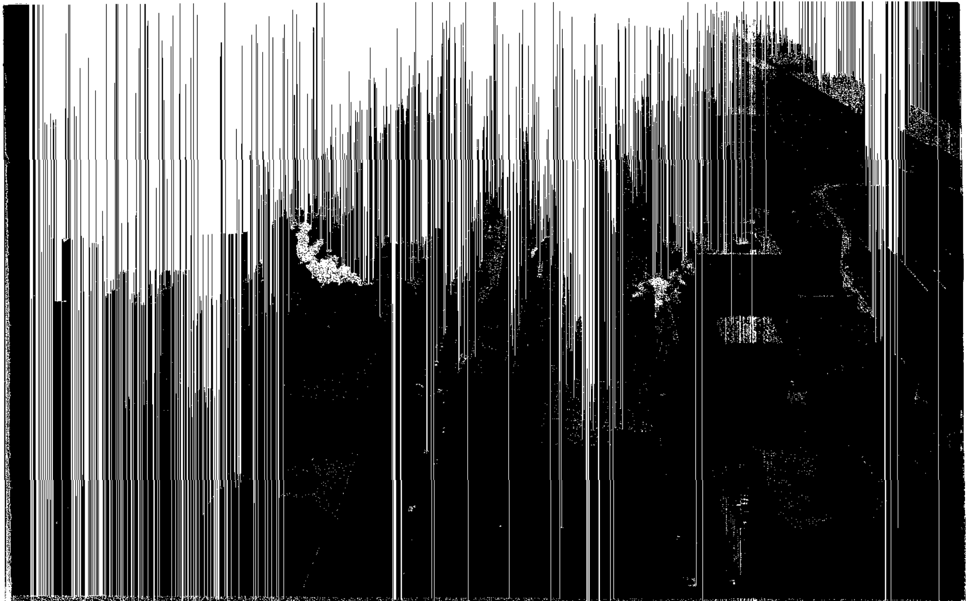
Red, blue, green and amber floodlights make Buckingham's shimmering waters a unique spectacle of inspiring beauty.



For Chicagoans flocking to Grant Park on summer evenings, Buckingham Fountain is a refreshing oasis. Said to be the finest fountain of its kind in the world, it seems a symbol of the tireless effort to dress up this teeming city.



With terminals for [illegible] bus lines, 10 airlines, [illegible] railroads and 16 steamship lines, serving hundreds of thousands of passengers and handling millions of tons of freight every year, Chicago is literally the crossroads of America.



Scenically, cities make [illegible] area [illegible] valley [illegible] the business [illegible] the [illegible] one of the world's most productive industrial and agricultural areas.

[illegible]

ride, will someday lead the world.

by **J. IRVING CRUMP**

A Monument to Scotty

There's an inspiring lesson in this story of a brave boy who by his death helped countless children

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS and fathers would be willing to contribute to the building of a monument to Scotty, if only they knew how much they owed to that courageous little boy of seven. They would be the fathers and mothers of other children who are fighting the long, slow battle against undulant fever, and the adult sufferers from Brucellosis, which is the medical name for that infection.

Scotty, by his months of illness, his many visits to the hospital and his unhappy death, contributed tremendously toward a better understanding of the disease and the ways of ultimately curing it.

His story was told to me by Dr. Austin Joyner of New York, and in these days of eye banks and blood banks and all the other unselfish efforts of human beings to help each other, it adds more heartening evidence to the contention that the world is indeed becoming a better place in which to live.

Scotty was a smiling, bright-eyed, tow-haired youngster when he came to a Southern university hospital where Dr. Joyner, as a young physician, was conducting research work on blood. The boy liked to hear stories about Indians and cowboys; he wanted to grow up so that he could go camping; hoped to become a Boy Scout when he was old enough. But he couldn't do much about that now because of the trouble in his knee.

It hurt a lot. Last month it had been in his shoulder. And often he'd feel terribly hot and weak. But it was all part of his sickness. And his mother told him that by staying in the hospital for a while, with doctors and nurses to help him, he'd soon get well.

When Dr. Joyner first saw Scotty, the boy's condition was not bad. In fact, the youngster was well enough to put up quite an argument against having a needle stuck into his fingers to secure a specimen of blood. He sat on his hospital bed and, each time the physician came to take another sample, he would advance unique reasons why it shouldn't be done. But always he would submit and manfully fight back tears while the drops of blood were taken.

Scotty's malady was not necessarily fatal, although it was one of those unpleasant diseases that frequently disable a person for months and even years with recurrent bouts. Scotty would seem to improve and his parents would take him home, only to return to the hospital a few months later with the boy a little worse than before.

Dr. Joyner's contact with Scotty grew more and more frequent during the three years the young physician worked at the hospital. Later he became Research Fellow in Medicine at the same hospital, then assistant staff member at Rockefeller Institute, then medical adviser of Lederle Laboratories, where he is today.

At the Southern hospital, Dr. Joyner and the boy learned to like each other tremendously. But Scotty wasn't above trying to take advantage of their long acquaintance.

"Say, Doctor," he would protest, "why can't we forget this finger-sticking business?"

Then again Joyner would explain why it was necessary to watch the peculiar variations in his blood cells as part of the task of keeping track of the disease. Sometimes the doctor had to stick his own finger first; at other times Scotty would submit to the finger-sticking if the doctor promised to tell a story. But always he was quite manly and brave for a little boy.

Besides his research work, Dr. Joyner had the responsibility of caring for certain patients in the big hospital—and Scotty was one of them. The boy was getting the best possible attention for his baffling case of undulant fever.

Far less was known about that disease in Scotty's day than is known now, some ten years later. Yet despite progress in research, even today undulant fever is a stubborn customer, responding to no cure. The most common source of the disease is the cow, which distributes bacteria through milk. Sulfa drugs are only partially effective, and penicillin has no effect whatever. A real hope on the medical horizon appears to be the perfection of a vaccine, a problem on which researchers are working right now.

Dr. Joyner spent many spare minutes watching Scotty and learned a lot about the disease and, needless to say, a lot about the boy for whom he began to have a deep affection. One day the physician brought Scotty an old hunting compass. The youngster was delighted. It became the most valuable treasure of all the things a sick child like Scotty collects.

He pictured himself using it as a Boy Scout camper or an explorer—sometimes in the jungle, sometimes in the Arctic. It gave him a tremendous lift, and this time he went home from the hospital smiling and happy. Scotty's mother was also happy, and grateful for the pleasure the compass had brought into the life of her little boy.

SCOTTY'S LAST TRIP to the hospital came months later, when Dr. Joyner's duties kept him in another section of the institution. He got the news of Scotty's return from a nurse. Stealing time from his own pressing duties, the physician hurried to Scotty's room.

Scotty was a very sick lad. Dr. Joyner picked up the thin, white hand he had pricked so often. Scotty's eyes opened, the ghost of a smile wrinkled his lips, but he was too weak to say anything.

Fighting back a lump in his throat, the young doctor put the hand back on the sheet and silently returned to his duties in another part of the hospital.

Scotty died the next night. The news came to Dr. Joyner with a message that the boy's mother wanted to see him. The doctor, deeply grieved himself, was not anxious to go. Despite statements to the contrary, it is a rare man in the medical profession who feels capable of talking with a grief-stricken relative. Yet Dr. Joyner had learned to know and like Scotty's mother, and he wished deeply that he could find the right words to console her.

Then, on his way to the children's ward, he was stopped by an intern. He sensed what the man wanted. A post-mortem permit. This made matters even worse.

"Good heavens, man, why do I have to ask her?" demanded Dr. Joyner.

"She has refused us once," said the intern, "but you were the kid's friend. We thought you might be able to persuade her."

The whole thing came like a blow to the young physician. His heart was heavy and his mind in a tumult as he walked down the long, half-lighted corridor to a bench where he found the woman sobbing softly.

Without a word he sat beside her. He didn't know what to say. His professional front had vanished. He was just a man, completely unhappy in the face of a woman's overwhelming grief.

Silently she reached into her pocketbook, handed him something. The physician took the broken parts of Scotty's cherished compass from the mother.

"He dropped it," she said between sobs, "but he said you'd be able to fix it. Please take it. I can't bear to see it again."

The young man mumbled something intended to be consoling, then fumbled for his own handkerchief, meanwhile trying to think of words to use in asking her permission for the post-mortem.

Happily he was spared the difficult task, for the mother looked up and stopped sobbing for a moment.

"They want to examine Scotty. Oh, Doctor, I can't . . ."

Instantly he became the professional man.

"You might help to spare thousands of mothers the grief you have gone through . . ."

"I know," she agreed. "But to cut Scotty up . . ."

"You have the wrong idea," protested the physician. "We make surgical incisions, yes. But nothing more than would be done in an ordinary operation."

She was silent. Dr. Joyner waited hopefully.

"Will you be there, Doctor?" she asked.

"Yes," he assured her.

"In that case, I'll agree," she said simply.

THE PERMIT WAS SIGNED and the examination made. Dr. Joyner put the pieces of broken compass in his trunk, and soon moved on to another hospital where his days and nights were as busy as only days and nights can be around a big-city institution. There was no time for grief, no time for looking backward. Now and then poignant memories of a little boy and his mother would come back to him, and less frequently he would wonder about the work of the two scientists who were studying bits of tissue obtained from Scotty's body.

Months later, in the hospital library, Dr. Joyner picked up a copy of the *Archives of Pathology*, featuring an article entitled "Morbid Anatomic Changes in Cases of Brucella Infection in Man." It was an extensive review of studies of Brucellosis, with many new findings. Then came case reports, one of them conspicuously labeled: "Case S. Boy 7." In medical language, too technical to repeat here, it told of what Scotty's post-mortem had revealed.

That was about a decade ago. The broken compass has been lost. Recollections of Scotty and his mother have been dimmed, but Dr. Joyner has a reprint of that article from the *Archives of Pathology*. It has been read and quoted countless times by him and scores of other scientists in their search for new weapons in their battle against undulant fever.

Dr. Joyner considers it a living and useful memorial to a little boy who was his friend. It is, he believes, the kind of monument that Scotty would have wanted.

Conversation Stoppers

A WOMAN WAS HELPING her husband pick out a new suit, and the two were in violent disagreement over the one he should purchase. Finally she gave in and said, "Well, go ahead and please yourself. After all, I guess you're the one who will wear the suit."

The man looked up meekly and said in a quiet voice, "Well, dear, I did figure that I'd probably be wearing the coat and vest, anyway."

—MRS. ELIJAH CALDWELL IN The Louisville *Courier-Journal*

A MINISTER ACCOSTED one of his parishioners on the street and asked him why he hadn't been to services lately.

"Reverend," sighed the man, "I've been working hard and I don't have the time. I've got to work hard to pay off my debts."

"But don't you think you owe the Lord something, too?" the minister reminded him.

"Oh, that I do," agreed the man, "but He isn't pushing me like my other creditors!"

—THE REV. C. W. FOSTER

DR. CARLETON SIMON, a psychiatrist, attended a party at which a young lady asked him: "Is it possible, doctor, for a person to be vaccinated so that the mark doesn't show?" Dr. Simon studied her very revealing gown for a monent, then replied: "If she dresses like you, I'm afraid the only solution is to swallow the vaccine!"

—SPENCER HARE

I Am a Minister's Wife

ANONYMOUS

For 20 years, I have been married to a devout and hard-working minister in a typical American small town. For 20 years, I have had to stand by silently while friends, parishioners and even strangers whispered amongst themselves about what goes on behind the scenes in a manse. Now that I am a matured woman with a grown family of my own, I think it's time to speak up in my own behalf, even at the risk of offending some of my husband's gossiping flock, who may recognize themselves or me.

I'm tired of hearing people talk about ministers' wives as though they were to be pitied, when actually they have unique and enviable joys. I'm tired of hearing ministers' wives called "drips," because they lack the time and energy to keep themselves well-groomed, smartly dressed and sparkling. I'm tired of the popular idea that a minister's wife cannot have a "career" of her own, when being a minister's wife is a 24-hour-a-day career in itself.

Yes, it is true that a minister's wife leads a "difficult" life, but I wouldn't exchange my job for any other in the world. Life at the manse can be hectic, irritating and wearying; it has its times of tragedy and comedy, of exhaustion and exhilaration. But one thing it never is: dull.

I became engaged with my eyes open. If I had had any illusions about leading a roseate life, they had been dispelled by my parents. Though churchgoers themselves, they were not happy about my marriage to a minister. It would sap my spirit, they warned me; I would never have a life of my own.

Since then, my daughters, whom I shall call Ruth and Natalie, have also expressed sympathy. Both of them swear they will never marry a minister. Ruth says I'm an "endless grind," and Natalie has nicknamed me "oil can," because I spend all my time making things run smoothly at home.

Yet from the beginning, I determined to put all my energy into keeping our home a place of peace and quiet for my husband. This was easier said than done. There is no private life in a manse; as much as the church, it belongs to the congregation. People call in person or by phone at any and all hours. Sometimes this is because of lack of consideration, but usually it is for good reason.

One of the many times we have opened the door late at night was to let in a sobbing bride and her young husband. The girl had come to us before, when her parents had opposed the marriage because the boy was still in college, and John (as I shall call my husband) had told her to go home and talk it over with her folks. Instead, the two had eloped and been married by another minister.

When they returned to the girl's home, her father had turned them out. We put them up overnight, and after a cheery breakfast we called her parents over and succeeded in mollifying them.

OTHER MEN, EVEN DOCTORS, do the greatest part of their work away from home. But a minister's office is wherever he happens to be, and his hours have no limits. Around the clock, the whole family lives with the church.

Yesterday Natalie was late for a date because she had to run over to the church to get my pitchers, which had been borrowed but, as usual, not returned. I had not discovered they were missing until I was hurriedly preparing for an evening gathering of churchwomen at the manse.

"Oh, can't we ever talk about anything else but church!" Ruth sputtered when John, at the dinner table, cut off her account of a local dance to ask my advice about a church committee he had to announce that night.

We do not know what it is to have uninterrupted meals. The phone always rings during dinner when people think John is most likely to be at home.

I can never indulge the average housewife's prerogative of not answering the doorbell when my hair is in curlers, since the bell ringer may be someone in trouble. There was, for instance, the frantic father of four, who wanted us to help find his wife. After a quarrel she had walked out saying: "I'm going to kill myself!" I don't know what he would have done if John hadn't gone back with him and waited until the wife showed up a few hours later.

Of course, the caller might be Mrs. Jones, come to find out why she hadn't been elected an officer of the Women's Society, or Miss Smith to express indignation at not having been given a solo in the choir. But these are chances that I have to take!

In any family, plans are subject to cancellation by sickness or death, but for us such hazards are multiplied endlessly, because everybody's troubles are our own. Sometimes weeks will pass before we can carry out such a simple project as all four of us going to the movies together. Only during a blessed month of annual vacation can John really devote himself to being a family man. Even then, it has been hard for our children to plan excursions, since John's schedule often goes awry. Still harder is the way they have been earmarked as "a minister's daughters."

At high school, Natalie once complained: "When the other girls are introduced, nobody says, 'Her father's a doctor, or lawyer, or store manager.' Why do people always have to say my father's a minister? It makes me something funny and special!"

On the whole, however, I believe Ruth and Natalie have gained more than they have lost by being a minister's daughters. They are socially well-adjusted, because all their lives they have been meeting different kinds of people in different circumstances. They have had the cultural advantages of living surrounded by books, and of coming in contact with foreign missionaries who have broadened their knowledge of the world. I know that they have grown steadily in understanding, and I hope they have learned tolerance.

Now that they are of college age, I simply ignore what anyone says about them. I am determined that they shall be free to choose their own way of life. When Ruth wanted to study acting, I made no objection, despite the free advice I received about the idea being "unwise." And I allow the girls to smoke at home, even though I know many of the church members disapprove of women smoking, especially in a manse.

INANIMATE THINGS, as well as children, can cause trouble for a minister's wife. When I was a bride I inherited some lovely antique dining-room furniture, and to the attic I happily relegated the golden-oak suite that had been donated by an elder's wife. She was so offended that she left the church.

Then there was the wisteria vine. It smothered the porch and made the whole manse dismal and damp, so I had it removed. Loud were the outcries against my "vandalism" in having the vine cut down.

Our first manse was an eight-room house, and members of the congregation had selected a small and poorly lighted room to serve as John's study. When we held a housewarming, everyone was shocked to find that we had moved John's desk and bookcases to the largest, brightest bedroom.

I often wonder what people think a minister's study is for. They don't seem to realize the vast amount of reading and contemplation that must go into the preparation of some 80 sermons a year, about 150 midweek addresses, talks to Bible and communicants' classes and speeches at civic celebrations, to say nothing of the modern clergyman's need to keep abreast of current events!

People also seem to forget that conducting Sunday services is the smallest part of a pastor's work. There is the complex business of church administration; officiating at weddings and funerals; social calling and spiritual counseling. And in addition to these regular duties, John performs such diverse services as coaching juvenile orators, criticizing literary effusions and drawing up wills.

I know how inhumanly hard he works, so I take as much off his shoulders as I can. Mornings, when he is in his study, I act as a secretary, answering phone calls. I make arrangements for weddings and baptisms; I discourage salesmen who pester us to indorse their wares so they may canvass the congregation. And insofar as I am able, I soothe those pillars of the church who are peeved and bitter over some little thing.

Besides being an understudy for John, I play roles of my own. Young mothers ask me about everything from budgets to babies, from recipes to how to hold a husband. Other women, ashamed to go directly to John, weep to me over the discovery of their husbands' infidelity or drinking.

At church affairs I pinch-hit for anyone who is ill. I read book reviews, coach schoolchildren, teach a Sunday School class. I hold tea parties for various church committees, and am active in the many women's and young people's organizations connected with the church. Yet I am often criticized for not attending local community meetings. "You can't be *that* busy!" people say.

Withal, I suffer a certain loneliness, because it is impossible for me to have that feminine solace, a "best" friend. People resent a minister's wife becoming intimate with any person; they fear undue influence in church affairs. So I have to be very careful not to see too much of this one or that one, just as I have to be very careful to call on Mrs. A. if I have called on Mrs. B.

Also, I regret that my social contacts are mostly limited to the cross section of humanity that makes up a congregation. But though my day-to-day experience does not go wide, it goes very deep. I have seen the carefully concealed yet terrific personal tensions that underlie the smooth, respectable surface of our average, middle-class community. I have learned how brave and wonderful people are when they bear intolerable burdens, hidden from everyone but their God, their pastor and his wife.

I have discovered that often those who are pettiest about trivial church matters are the most heroic in the face of real suffering, or those most narrowly critical of others' small misdeeds are magnificently tolerant of their large ones.

That is why, despite the frustrations, annoyances and wear and tear of being a minister's wife, I feel rarely privileged. Surely if I am burdened more than most women with others' sorrows, I am amply compensated by the fact that I share their joys as well.

It All Adds Up

A MAN WHO DOES a little more than he is asked to do, who takes a little more care than he is expected to, who puts the small details on an equal footing with the more important ones, is the man who is going to make a success of his job. Each little thing done better is the thin end of the wedge into something bigger.

—*Sunshine*

Our human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

THE SOVIET FOREIGN minister, Molotov, didn't speak English fluently, but in one of his sessions with British and American representatives he coined a perfectly understandable word.

He caught on when approval was indicated by nodding and saying "Okay." Then, when the Russian wanted to signify his disapproval, he shook his head vigorously and said: "Nokay!" —EDWARD FRANK ALLEN

AN ACTOR CAME into a little money and bought six acres of land to plant his long-coveted fruit orchard. Painstakingly, he planted one acre of peach trees, then skipped an acre; an acre of plum trees, then skipped another acre; an acre of cherry trees, and left another acre empty.

A neighbor came along as he finished, and remarked: "I don't mean to be nosy, but I'm curious to know why you left so much empty ground between your fruit trees."

"Well, I gotta have some place to throw the pits, don't I?"

—IRVING HOFFMAN in *The Hollywood Reporter*

ONE OF THE FORGOTTEN stories about Babe Ruth concerns the time Marshal Foch, the gallant Allied leader of World War I, was visiting this country in the early '20s as a civilian. He watched the mighty Bambino perform on the diamond and asked if it would be possible to meet him.

Naturally, Ruth was rushed over to the famous Frenchman, and introductions were made. The Babe, noting Foch's military bearing, saw fit to put a question.

"Were you," he inquired, "in the war?" —MAJ. GEOFFREY L. ADAMS

WHILE GENERAL Metaxas, the one-time Greek dictator, was inspecting a Mediterranean station, he was asked by the commander if he would like to try out a new flying-boat. "Yes, indeed, and I shall pilot it myself," said the General.

All went well until the commander noticed they were gliding down toward an airdrome. "Excuse me, General, but it would be better to come down on the sea; this is a flying-boat."

"Of course, Commander. What was I thinking about!" said the absent-minded General. He turned and landed safely on the water. Then he said: "Commander, I thank you heartily; I shall not forget the tact with which you drew my attention to the incredible blunder I was about to make."

Thereupon he turned around, opened the door, and stepped into the sea! *—Match (Paris)*

During Thomas E. Dewey's presidential campaign, he was scheduled to make a radio speech from a small station in a Midwestern city. The owner of the station got the following telegram from the network headquarters in New York:

"Gov. Dewey arrives Monday at 9:22 P.M. Please have on hand, at railroad station, your general manager, commercial manager, program director, news director, special events director, chief announcer and chief engineer."

The reply that the New York headquarters received read: "Don't worry. I'll be there."

—Edward Frank Allen

"Excuse me," said the fat man, returning to his seat in the theater, "but wasn't it you whose feet I stepped on when I went out?"

"Yes, but that's all—"

"Then," interrupted the fat man, squeezing by, "this is my row." —Hugo Middlecamp

Two piles of apples lay on the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit in the other pile was green and small. "Large on top and small at the bottom?" inquired the new hired hand as he prepared to fill the barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is always the best policy. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom."

The hired hand did as he was told, commenting to himself that his employer was as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full?" asked the farmer.

"Yep," replied the hand, "filled and nailed down."

"Good," said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it."

—Homer Huff

Recently there have been stories of stars resenting and ignoring their fans who ask for autographs. But here's one instance where a star graciously became another star's secretary.

We had been to a preview of a new film. It was one of the first typical previews since the war. Klieg lights pierced the skies, the red carpet was out, and fans crowded the streets.

As we left the theater, one little girl, about eight years old, broke through the lines and rushed up to Marlene Dietrich.

"Please," cried the little girl waving an autograph book and a grubby pencil, "Please, may I have your autograph, Miss Garbo?"

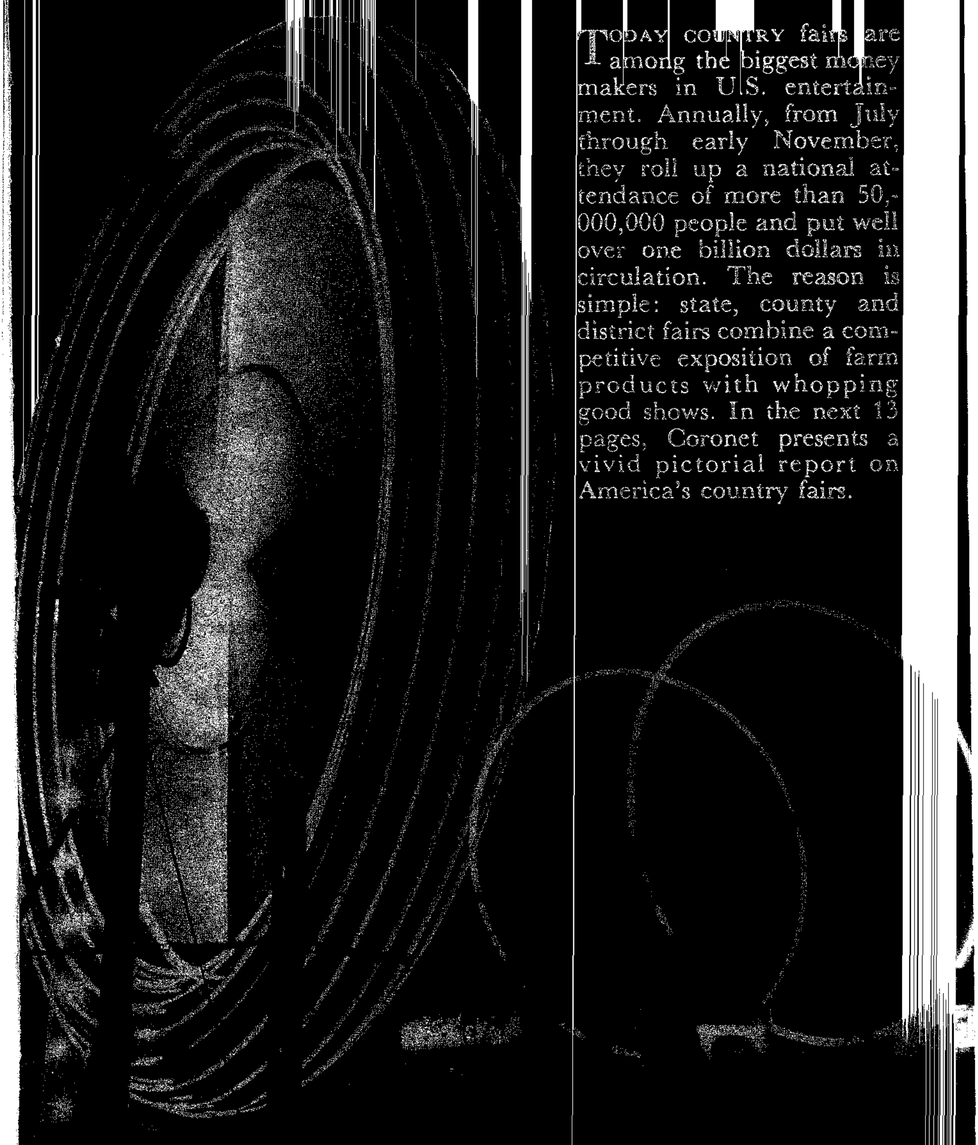
Without a flicker of her lovely smile or a batting of her extravagant eyelashes, Miss Dietrich accepted the book and wrote, "Greta Garbo, per Marlene Dietrich."

—Anthony Rainger

Picture Story

COUNTRY FAIR

Today country fairs are among the biggest money makers in U.S. entertainment. Annually, from July through early November, they roll up a national attendance of more than 50,000,000 people and put well over one billion dollars in circulation. The reason is simple: state, county and district fairs combine a competitive exposition of farm products with whopping good shows. In the next 13 pages, Coronet presents a vivid pictorial report on America's country fairs.



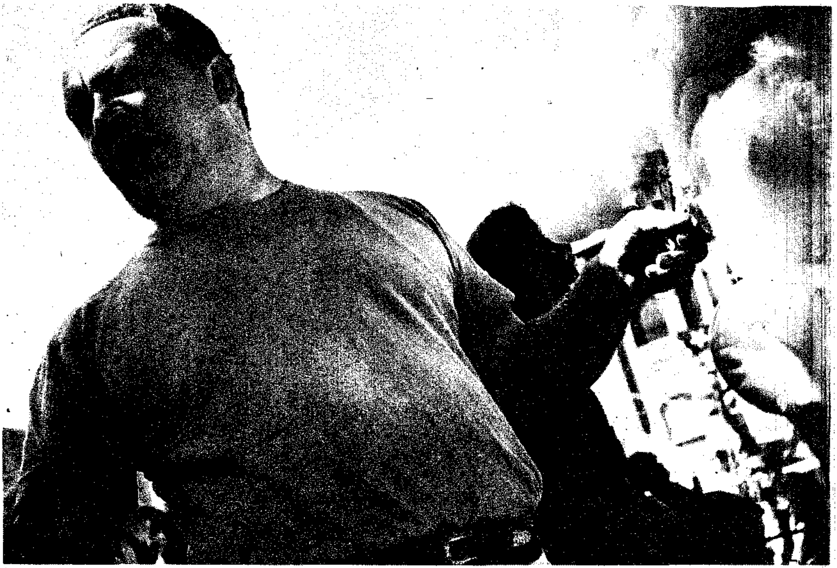
BRIGHT LIGHTS WHIRL AT THE ALLENTOWN FAIR

uses a microphone to woo the crowds. The
clown helps attract attention to the show

THE MIDWAY

COUNTRY FAIRS are almost as old as farming. They stem from the farmers' markets set up in European village squares hundreds of years ago. Traveling minstrels and acrobats usually added a holiday air to the bargaining at those old markets. This tradition of business combined with pleasure is at the foundation of modern American fairs. Today fairs in the U.S.—numbering upwards of 2,000 annually—are glistening conglomerations of farm and home exhibits, but vying with prize steers and perfect pies, there is the heady atmosphere of irresistible side shows (*opposite page*), refreshment stands (*below*) and games of skill (*right*) that crowd the midway.

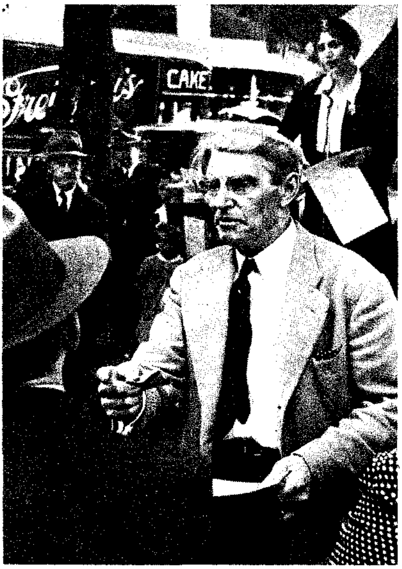
THROWING BALLS for prizes draws eager crowds. The game has endless variations.



"COTTON" CANDY, being sold by this concessionaire, is a favorite made by tossing colored granulated sugar into a heated pan and spinning it around at top speed.

FLUENT SALESMEN, many concessionaires peddle medicines at country fairs. To fair crowds they sell remedies for everything from fallen arches to falling hair.

The midway—or main street of a fair—probably attracts more money and more people than any other group of exhibits on the fair grounds, but, strictly speaking, it is not part of the show. It is simply frosting on the cake—something that comes along when the crowds begin to gather. Space on the midway for the side shows and other attractions which make up a country-fair carnival is usually rented to outsiders by the board of directors of a fair. A typical midway *layout* includes a minstrel show, an Hawaiian dancing group, a freak show, a magic act and a "museum" which gives the crowds a peek at such natural phenomena as two-headed calves. The midway is also the camping ground for concessionaires (*see pictures*) who sell everything from astrology to buttered popcorn.



SELLING IS EASY at a fair, for buyers are more concerned with fun than value.

BALLOONS are always best-sellers. Today balloon men use harmless gases, not air.

FACES AND STANCE of "the crowd" reveal their reactions to the show. The three people in the foreground here seem to reflect awe, intense interest and skepticism.

THE CROWD

IN THE FREE and easy jargon of professional carnival showmen, the citizens of a community who attend a fair are known simply as "the crowd." They come to the fair not in a steady stream but in a succession of waves stimulated by fair officials who announce special events and set aside special days to increase attendance. The New Jersey State Fair, one of the best known in the country, is typical. It sponsors such days as Grange Day, Governor's Day, and Fireman's Day which features a parade for volunteer fire departments from all over the state. During a fair's run, towns in the vicinity generally declare holidays to give everyone a chance to visit the fair grounds.

THE FIRST THING everybody does at a fair is get something to eat and drink.

SEA FOOD is the delight of connoisseurs. A clam lover can eat dozens at a sitting.

FOR THE CHILDREN no fair is complete without a merry-go-round. This one at Danbury, Conn., has enough spirit, gilt and glamour to satisfy any little girl.

Fairs usually last a week to eight days, but for some unaccountable reason Thursday draws the largest crowds. "Big Thursday" is the day folks really pour in. Over-all attendance at the average fair, though, is usually quite high. Some of the bigger fairs attract well over 250,000 visitors. Last year the Dallas (Texas) State Fair was attended by 1,500,000 people. Not long ago, an Iowa fair was the center of a huge tent city in which 25,000 men, women and children camped for a whole week. North Carolina is so impressed with the agricultural value of its fairs that it sponsors some 20 neighborhood fairs throughout the state. This plan gives more people a share in the fun, relaxation and knowledge which are the traditional atmosphere of America's big, booming country fairs.

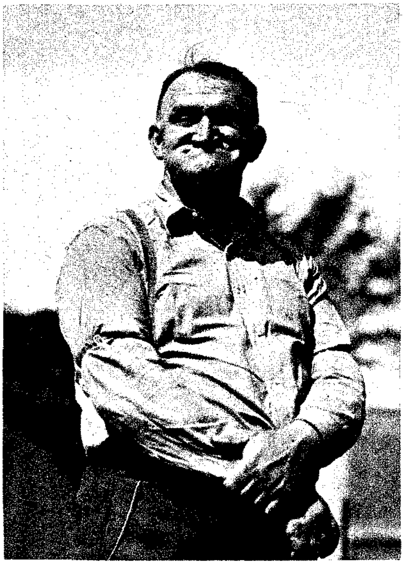
A BINGO PLAYER DOES DOUBLE DUTY, while giving a baby his mid-afternoon snack.

A MAN CAN BE TOUGH as he wants to with a machine gun on the midway. Bullets are usually beams of light directed at moving photographs of airplanes and battleships.

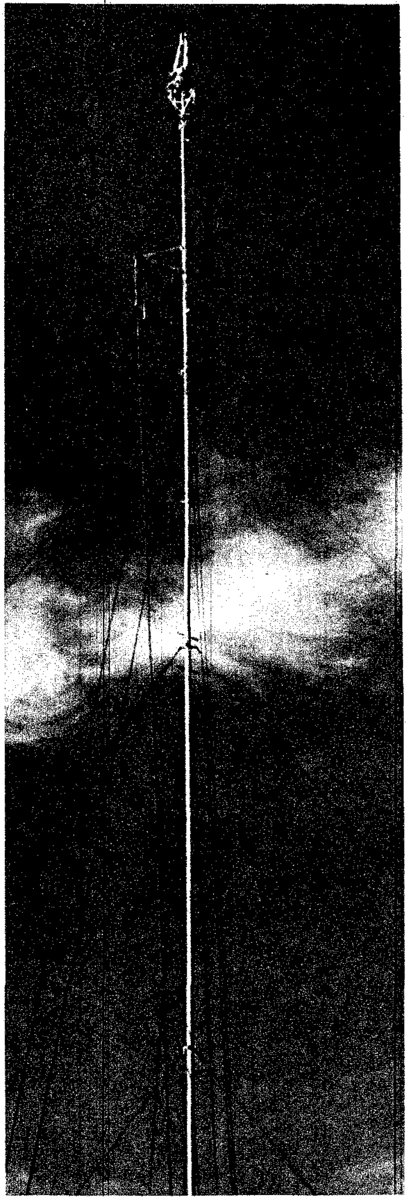
CLOWNS heighten the fun for grandstand crowds. Representing one of the oldest forms of entertainment, their individual make-up is never copied by other clowns.

THE BIG SHOW

THERE ARE SO MANY things to see at any modern fair that the average visitor never gets around to all of them. But no one misses the grandstand shows, if he can help it. Presenting some of the world's finest vaudeville and circus acts, these shows are staged in stadiums on the fair grounds. Acrobats (*right*), "suicide drivers," horse and auto races, trained animals, famous bands, clowns (*opposite page*) and singers pass before the crowded stands in a star-spangled array of talent and thrills twice a day. At night the big show is topped off with a display of fireworks guaranteed to make the whole fantastic dream world of the fair shimmer in memory for the rest of the year.



VERSATILITY marks good entertainers who do anything from juggling to imitations.



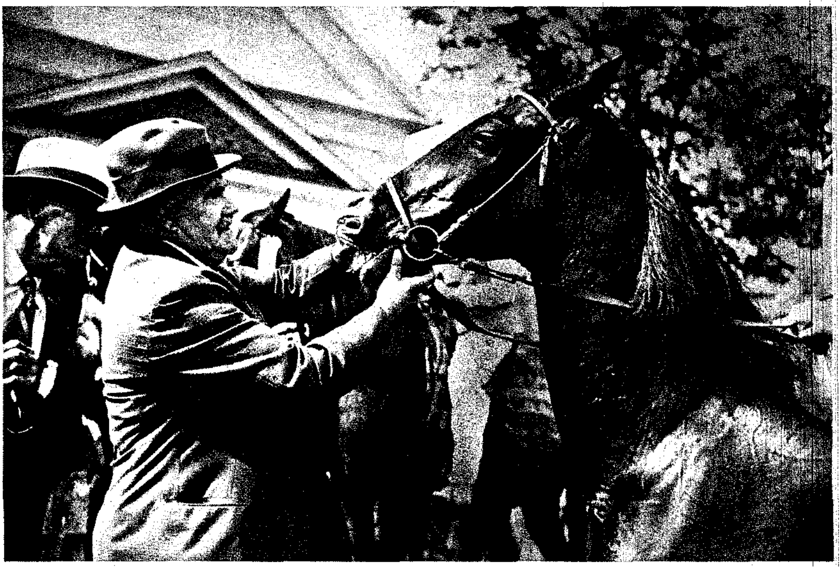
"STRATOSPHERE GYMNASTICS," 100 feet in the air, are sure to make the crowd gasp.

ural as possible. Judged by women, the winning entries get premiums of about $1.

THE PREMIUMS

KEYNOTING THE PURPOSE of all country fairs, New Jersey's Secretary of Agriculture, W. H. Allen, said last year that "a good fair is the show window of agriculture." There is scarcely a farm family in the nation who would disagree. Farmers, with their wives and children, work all year on home and farm products (*opposite page and below*) to win premiums at the fairs. Premiums are cash prizes awarded for the best exhibits. They run from below $1 for domestic arts to about $25 for livestock. But cash prizes are not the farmers' real reward. What farmers really get out of a fair is the knowledge that they have contributed to the progress and development of American farming.

JUDGES are probably the most important men around a fair. Their word is law.



HORSES ARE JUDGED for performance as well as physical perfection. Breeding for fairs has long been a major factor in improving the quality and value of farm animals.

GIRLS AND BOYS have contests of their own at all country fairs. Participation helps youngsters to appreciate the great traditions which have built America's farms.

HOW YOU CAN RETIRE AT 55

by **RAY GILES**

By following this practical program for building up a retirement fund, you can have ten extra years for the things you've always wanted to do

"WHY NOT RETIRE at 55?"

That was the challenge offered in last month's *Coronet*, when I described the benefits and pleasures that you can enjoy by quitting work *before* the 65-year age limit prescribed in most retirement plans. Thousands of men and women will agree that those extra ten years of leisure and comfort are a goal well worth striving for. But they have a challenge to throw back at me:

"Your idea is fine, *but*—it's easier said than done. What, please, do we use for money?"

In reply, let me give you some simple facts about achieving financial independence at 55. In the "good old days" before World War I, arranging for early retirement was relatively simple. With the money that you pay today to Uncle Sam in withholding or income taxes, you could formerly buy annuities that returned sizable incomes. Or, when you had an unusually good year in your trade, business or profession, your heart-warming surplus could be converted into "gilt-edged" bonds that paid five per cent or better. Yes, back in 1910, everything was relatively simple.

Today, with taxes and the cost of living at all-time highs, creating a big enough nest egg for retirement at 55 may seem almost impossible. Yet every week, thousands of people whose annual incomes never exceeded four figures are quitting work to enjoy the leisure they have dreamed about for years. Figures prove that the American way of life still offers the opportunity to attain financial independence at 55—the age when many "useful" years stretch before you.

These figures show that our present savings-bank accounts far exceed any previous level. They show that we own 50 per cent more paid-up annuities than in 1940. They show that sales of retirement-income insurance policies—those comparatively new contracts which combine life insurance with retirement income at 55—are booming.

In addition to this personal building of retirement income, the number of men and women who will qualify for pensions at 55 has grown tremendously. There are millions in Civil Service and the armed forces, still other millions in police and fire departments, in teaching and in other occupations who can, many of them, retire at 55. In some cases they can quit while in their early forties!

Now, obviously, the average man cannot wait until he is 40 or older to become comfortably fixed for life by the time he reaches 55. Nevertheless, while the plan I am going to outline here works best for those in their twenties or thirties, nearly every one of its elements is applicable to the man of *any* age. Even if you are 63 and faced with enforced retirement at 65, you can do much in the next two years to add pleasure and comfort to what should be one of the best periods of your life.

A STUDY OF CASE histories reveals that a good retirement at 55 comes from observing these three simple rules:

1. *Begin building your pension while you are young.* As soon as your earnings permit, put $100 a year into a deferred annuity, a retirement-income policy or some other plan which includes an income settlement to yourself as a *living* beneficiary. Then dedicate part of each pay raise to enlarging your pension.

2. *Become a better money manager.* Nine of every ten families can, without subtracting from the fun of living, do better with their incomes. Resolve to grow in buying skill, in the art of using things to make them last longer, and in dodging self-imposed "front" expenses which are as unnecessary as they are silly. With the bonus created through better management, you can buy still more income for retirement.

3. *Acquire a money-making skill or hobby.* In retirement, this can augment your income while giving you the greatest fun of your life!

Rule No. 1 raises questions. Yes—your first need is a savings account for emergencies. Next, you want life insurance. But even your ordinary life policy has pension possibilities at age 55 or older.

You know about the increasing

cash value of your policy if you have to borrow. Well, in most policies, this can be converted into life income at 55. It won't be much, but it will help. To illustrate:

Suppose a man of 25 takes a $5,000 ordinary life policy in a typical mutual company and lets the dividends increase its cash value year after year. Thirty years hence, this value will be around $3,000—or $170 a year in life income.

If you prefer life insurance with a still better pension plan, the retirement income policy will interest you. A man of 25, whose wife is 23, pays about $385 a year. The death settlement would be $7,500. But his payments buy endowment insurance along with life insurance, so the cash value grows faster than in straight life policies. It also increases the death settlement, until at 45 this would be about $10,000.

However, our policy-holder lives, and comes nearer and nearer to retirement. At 55 the cash value, swelled by dividends and interest, should amount to at least $16,500, which can now become something like an $85 monthly income for life.

If you like this plan, but cannot afford $385 a year, why not take a policy for half the amount? Then add a similar policy when your earnings permit. Remember, it is *continuous* payroll deductions that make Social Security benefits possible. Impose a private deduction on your salary, and your private pension will be assured!

No doubt you have heard of deferred annuities—but don't imitate the hero of some insurance ads who is 40 before he discovers them. To retire early, you will have to be an early bird in building your pension.

If, at 25, you could begin paying $1,000 a year for such an annuity, at 55 a life income of about $220 a month could begin. But, you say, the expense during your younger years is out of the question. However, at 28 you may be able to put $200 annually into such an annuity; at 35, $400 more; at 40, $500 more. You will come out better than the man who waits until 40 to buy a bigger policy.

If you are covered by Social Security, your old-age benefits may total $85 a month when both husband and wife are 65. But as you can't collect from Uncle Sam before that age, what about the years between 55 and 65? An endowment policy taken earlier in life to mature at 55 can tide you over until Social Security payments begin.

If you fought in World War II, your National Service Life Insurance may come in handy during this decade. As life insurance it will have a good cash value at age 55. Or, if you want to convert a life policy into an endowment to mature at 55, an amendment passed in 1946 allows you to do so if you are now 35. Every veteran should study the possibilities of NSLI as an asset in retirement.

Perhaps your employer offers group life insurance or a group pension plan, giving you relatively more in retirement-income than similar individual policies offer. You will want to know just how such insurance fits into your master plan. For assistance, call on an experienced insurance agent who can show you how to coordinate different kinds of insurance.

"*Become a better money manager*" is your second rule. To see how plans for early retirement can be frustrated, look at that careless family next door. In a single year they waste $150 on food, $100 on clothing, $75 in running their car, $60 in heating their home. It adds up to about $385, enough to buy that retirement-income policy with life income of approximately $85 a month at age 55!

True, nobody wants to scrimp and "do without" in order to begin living a life of leisure at 55. But why not live better today *and* tomorrow through better management? It took the war to show us how to save money merely by avoiding overheated bedrooms and adopting a few other simple rules to conserve heat. The same war showed us that our cars could stay in first-class condition for thousands of extra miles, with careful driving that also cut tire and gas bills surprisingly.

Hit-and-miss buying is another pension-wrecker. Remembering the things you have bought that did not turn out well, resolve to plan better in the future. Before you buy furniture, clothing, home appliances, sit down and think! What are your *real* needs? What can you *really* afford to pay to satisfy them?

Buying "too big," whether a home, a car or a refrigerator, wastes money and creates a continuing self-imposed tax on your income. If you pay $11,000 for your home when $10,000 should be your limit, you have lost $1,000 toward your retirement plus the interest on that money for the rest of your life. In addition, your bigger home costs more to furnish and operate, your insurance and taxes go up ten per cent permanently. When you pay $500 more for a car than you should, up goes your insurance and sometimes your maintenance and repair bills, too.

Every year the money we lose in misusing mechanical home appliances, added to our failure to take proper care of clothing, furnishings and other possessions, would buy a lot of retirement-income. So don't, like the careless family next door, forget to oil the motor in your furnace and have to buy a new one in a couple of years. Keep directions that come with your possessions in a handy drawer, where you can review them now and then. Always adjust and clean appliances to make them last longer.

Home skills can obviously better your chances of achieving financial independence. A neighbor of mine recently saved $35 by patching the plaster of his kitchen walls. To acquire the necessary know-how for home repairs, call at your public library. Look over books on maintenance and domestic economy. Then write to your good friend, the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., requesting a list of federal publications on running a home. You will be surprised at their cheapness, variety and practicality.

FINALLY, YOU WILL be wise to "*acquire a money-making skill or hobby.*"

In my suburban neighborhood, Harry C. has a dead-end job with the lighting company, but he loves to tinker. Two nights a week he repairs radio sets for good fees and the fun of it. For enjoyment, Frank W. writes articles for engineering journals and earns, incidentally,

$1,000 a year that way. John F.'s clerical job doesn't permit much saving for the future, but making miniature furniture is doubling his chances of retiring early, while giving him an enjoyable hobby.

Arthur and Edna B. have a mania for restoring old homes. Nearly every year they take on another wreck and, largely with their own hands and in their spare time, convert it into an attractive home. Their building operations bring in substantial sums on the side, and they expect to continue their hobby after Arthur retires.

In retirement, part-time selling on commission makes a stimulating hobby for men and women who like to meet new people. You may sell real estate, insurance and annuities, local newspaper advertising, automobiles or home appliances. Or you may produce something for sale, like hooked rugs, food delicacies, leather goods. One retired couple I know weave handsome tweeds which bring fancy prices, while others sell by mail such articles as handmade jewelry, or stamps and coins for collectors.

Being a salesman during the Christmas rush makes life more interesting for many retired men and women. Others are assistant librarians, part-time nurses, substitute schoolteachers. Retired businessmen often get a lift from teaching accounting, advertising, salesmanship and other skills acquired during their working careers.

In choosing your own hobby or interest, be warned against the dead-ender — the pastime which may be too complicated, too expensive or too arduous to carry on in old age. If choosing is difficult, look at the activities of your friends. Read books about skills and hobbies. Visit classes where skills are taught. The more extensively you expose yourself, the more quickly you will find the one interest which makes you eager to get going.

Reaching financial independence at 55 is possible merely by observing Rule No. 1. But the more you practice Rules 2 and 3, the better your prospects are for having a satisfactory pension at 55 — or whenever you decide to swap the time clock for a life of your own.

All for the Best

A TIRED, CARELESS youth working on the deck of a Pittsburgh-bound boat in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal lost his hold on a grimy rope one drizzly night and tumbled into the icy water. It was an impenetrably black night, but by great good luck the rope's end dangled over the side within reach of the young man who floundered about. He grasped it and hauled himself aboard. His escape was miraculous.

"Why was I spared?" he asked himself. "I have been saved to do some real good with my life," he decided and so James A. Garfield started toward the White House.

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

by JOSEPH MCKINLEY *as told to* HOYT BARNETT

I CALL IT *Murder!*

A veteran truck driver blasts the motorists who cripple and kill on the highways

In his 22 years as a truck driver on America's coast-to-coast highways, Joseph McKinley has piled up an enviable record of nearly a million miles without a serious accident. But he has witnessed scores of ghastly tragedies that were due to recklessness, stupidity, or both. Almost without exception, the crippling and death-dealing accidents could have been prevented by observance of the common-sense rules for safe driving. Here, then, told in his own words, is the authentic, first-hand story of one who knows what he's talking about when he says of our frightening traffic toll: "I call it murder!" —THE EDITORS

A SEDAN WHINES DOWN the road, its driver asleep behind the wheel. He wakes up dead.

Another motorist thinks he is the King of Speed until he hits an unexpected curve. His body is picked up—in pieces.

A third driver is the counterpart of Bet-a-Million Gates, only he is gambling with your life and mine when he passes on a blind curve.

We long-haul truck drivers see these and other needless accidents, sired by the stupid and reckless drivers who are turning our highways into a slaughterhouse where more than 30,000 people die a year. Other people have other names for it—but I call it murder!

Crawl into my tractor cab and run with me from coast to coast—the sort of trip I've been making in the 22 years it has taken to roll up 1,000,000 miles of highway driving. Sit beside me, and through my windshield we will see motorists who are arrogant and heedless until they find themselves in the midst of blood and broken glass. Then they seem surprised. I wonder why?

Before we complete many runs, we will give first aid a dozen times and listen to the gibberish of men and women suffering from shock. And we will see them act as though fate had played a dirty trick, for rarely does the one responsible for a wreck speak up and admit the fault was his.

Let's make our first run early in the tourist season. We'll roll through New York's Holland Tunnel and head west across New Jersey, pulling our 34-foot semi-trailer;

we weigh as much as nine Chevrolet sedans, but don't worry about it. Our airbrakes and big tires give us the same control we would have in an ordinary car.

We'll run only ten hours and then sleep at a roadside truck station. We'll have clean bunks in a dormitory, and the chow is good, put together for a working man. Refreshed, we will hit the road, and on our second day we'll be eating up the miles in Ohio, working through fairly heavy traffic at moderate speed.

You are getting accustomed to the bouncing cab, to the roar of the heavy engine, to my frequent shifting of our 15-speed transmission. The farms beside the highway are filled with the industry of early summer; the houses have the restful hominess of a world at peace. But 50 miles west of us, an accident is in the making, headed our way.

Mr. X of Philadelphia doesn't realize he is headed for an accident as he comes barreling toward us, but he has been asking for it since he first planned his trip. He and his wife had a two-week vacation, and a married daughter in Los Angeles. So they piled the two younger children into their sedan and started from Philadelphia for the Pacific Coast.

Mr. X could drive to Los Angeles in seven days, and back in another seven. But such a schedule would leave no time for visiting on the Coast. By the grace of God, Papa made the westward run in four days. Now he's making it back in four, and planning to boast to his friends how the old bus rolled off 800 miles a day.

The last real sleep Papa had was a four-hour blackout in Iowa. He can't remember the name of the town, for he was half asleep when he pulled off the road. Papa is really tired now as he crosses into Ohio at dusk. How tired, he doesn't even realize. But right now he isn't thinking of anything except getting down the road.

Papa is driving at the deceptive twilight hour when some cars dart at you with lights on and others are still blacked out. Now he has another passenger. Death sits beside him. Sometimes Death rides a while, grins and gets out. Sometimes he decides This Is It.

A car is coming up behind us. We know he's an experienced driver because he dips his lights, asking us, in road language, if the way is clear ahead. We blink our lights in answer, and he goes past, then pulls back into the right-hand lane as a driver should.

Just then Papa's lights come over a hill toward us. Why doesn't he dim them? What's the matter with the fool, riding the center line like that? Then you yell. You've seen it too. Papa is bearing left, coming like hell.

The man who passed us is fighting for his life. His stop lights glow red, his tires scream. So do ours as I slam on my tractor brakes, nearly standing our outfit on her nose.

Papa awakens with headlights shining in his eyes, brakes screaming in his ears. Mama screams too, for a frantic instant before her face is flattened against the windshield. The steering wheel digs into Papa's guts, pulling him apart inside. Death has decided. This Is It!

We haul off the highway, and I set out flares while you try to quiet the screams of the bleeding youngsters whose mother is dead and whose father is a bloody mass slumped behind the broken steering wheel. The innocent driver is white and shaken, his car demolished. If the point of impact had been slightly different, he too would have been killed by the tourist who believed himself capable of driving 20 hours out of 24.

After the ambulance and tow cars have cleared the mess from the highway, we roll on down the pitch-black road into the glare of onrushing lights. Now you understand why truck drivers are afraid of automobiles approaching with lights full on—the man behind the wheel may be asleep.

The only time drowsiness will bother you and me as we pound across the Prairie States will be in the sunny afternoons when the hum of gears plays a seductive lullaby. But this sleepiness is not due to fatigue. We are not tired, for we have been getting eight hours sleep a day. We shake it off by a short stop to check our tires.

The farther west we go, the faster the traffic moves. Cars whine as they zip past, but speed, as far as indicating danger on the road is concerned, is a tricky word. The car passing now is doing 70 miles an hour. Others have gone faster and with greater safety, but this one's New York license plates make me believe he is taking a bigger chance than those who know Nebraska's roads.

Several unexpected turns lie ahead, not bad ones for a car doing 50 to 60, but if that New York driver has lost his sense of speed, he will be going faster than he should when he hits them. If he is, we may see him soon.

Yes, there he is, in the ditch. He screamed his tires through the first two curves, lost his nerve, slammed on his brakes. His wheels locked and he left the road—see the tire marks there? — and the car turned over twice.

Hurry, bud! If he's bleeding, try to stop it. Otherwise don't move him. He may have a broken spine, a shattered pelvis. We'll do what we can, keep him warm to prevent shock, straighten him out a bit before he starts to scream. A man who drives like that should carry morphine in his car.

IN THE MORNING WE PULL west from Cheyenne, starting the long drag up Sherman Pass where the road, 8,800 feet above sea level, is swept by cold winds.

Flurries of snow strike our windshield as we near the top. Once I flick the switch which spews sand in front of our tractor-drive wheels.

The car ahead has no sand, but the man in it is driving carefully, not spinning his wheels with a jerky throttle. In a few minutes we'll be over the Pass, onto the sun-dried highway of the western slope; our troubles will be over for a while.

But no, trouble is with us. A tourist's house trailer comes over the hill toward us. Suddenly the driver realizes he is hitting ice and slams on his car brakes when he should have braked his trailer first. The trailer skids, jackknifes across the road, and slams into the car in front of us.

Luckily no one is hurt, but the trailer and the car it hit are a mess of shattered sides, broken glass.

This accident wouldn't have happened if the trailer driver had known the first thing about his job.

The increased speeds we noticed in Nebraska are greater still as we pull across the Salt Flats of Utah and enter Nevada. A car is coming up behind us now, coming fast. The road is clear ahead, but a mile beyond are potholes left by frost. I nearly bounced out of the cab on my last run through.

The car whizzes past. Look, a woman driver! Virginia license plates. She can't know of the bumps ahead. Perhaps if I flash my lights she will slow down. But no, she doesn't. She thinks a fresh truck driver is flirting with her.

She strikes the first pothole, bounces violently. Her car sways, darts from the road, rolls over and crashes ponderously into a telephone pole. The wheels are still spinning as we run to the wreck. A child is screaming—throat-tearing, animal-like notes of terror. Another child lies motionless, her neck twisted, her head nearly touching her spine. Blood is flowing from her nostrils. She is dead.

The woman is slumped and senseless. We lift her carefully. She is groaning, her hands clutching her abdomen. Blood trickles from her mouth, perhaps the result of a serious head injury or maybe from superficial cuts inside.

We help her husband from the car. He is dazed and demands over and over, "What happened? What happened?" He was asleep beside his wife when the accident occurred. He turns bewildered from his screaming daughter to the silent one, and then to his moaning wife, who mutters something about the wheel being twisted from her hands.

Of course it was. She was driving too fast, and was not alert. If she had been, she would have heeded my lights. Failing that, she would have seen the sign warning motorists of the rough road. She was shirking her job, and the jerk of the wheel tore it from her hands.

Take a look at *my* hands. See the calluses on them? Both of them! I'm not good enough for one-hand driving: I need a firm grip on my wheel. Notice another thing, too, as we pound over the road. As long as I have both hands on the wheel, my eyes naturally are looking straight ahead and I am in an alert position.

OUR TRIP IS NINE-TENTHS over. We are tired as we pull into Las Vegas. This is our last night on the road. Tomorrow, God willing, we will unload in Los Angeles.

As we drag west from Las Vegas, we see the "smog" over Los Angeles and begin to encounter the heavy, fast-moving traffic which has given Los Angeles a nasty traffic reputation.

We're almost in. Nothing should happen now. But wait a minute! Look at the fool in the delivery truck passing us and cutting in! I can't haul over any farther. Look out! Damn, he tore off my rear-vision mirror.

And he's barreling on — right through a red traffic light. This is Los Angeles, all right. They don't even need to put up city signs.

Yet we are lucky at that. Nothing serious has happened and we have delivered a payload in good condition over 3,250 miles of highway. We've come safely over rough and dangerous roads. We've seen green and foolish drivers turning our highways into a slaughterhouse.

The accident rate is increasing throughout the nation since gas rationing was abolished. Many organizations are fighting to lower the rate, but most drivers still depend on the law of averages.

There is no such thing as a law of averages on the highway. Accidents usually involve the reckless and the inexperienced. Careful, skillful drivers keep adding safe miles to their record, year after year. I am tapping on wood. Anyone can be killed by a reckless fool.

In a few days, I'll be loading for a run back East, and another view of the carnage along our roads where 30,000 people die each year. There's not much I can do about it, except to call it by its real name. And that is—Murder!

A Touch of God's Finger

In a restaurant not long ago Phil Baker invited me to sit down at his table.

"You should ask Lauritz Melchior to tell you about his mezuzah," he said.

"What's a mezuzah?" I asked, and Baker explained that it is a parchment Jewish people sometimes carry as a good-luck charm.

Last night I happened onto Melchior, looking enormous and magnificent in his white tie and tails. He was about to sing for a charity benefit. After we had exchanged greetings I said, "Tell me about your mezuzah."

He quickly produced it—he was wearing it on his key chain. It was in a gold case embellished with the Star of David in diamonds and rubies.

Then, in his rich booming voice, Melchior told me its story. He had sung several times for a small Jewish home for the aged near Los Angeles, and as an expression of gratitude they had given him the mezuzah.

"The rabbi said, 'I hope you carry it. It may bring you luck,' " the Danish-born singer recalled.

The very next day Melchior left for Canada on a hunting trip, carrying the mezuzah with him. When the hunting was over he was to fly back to Los Angeles. But on the way to the airport they had car trouble. There was only one plane that day—if they missed it they would have to stay over.

"We made it—with just one minute to spare," Melchior said. He paused for a moment, fingering his mezuzah. "The plane I would have had to take next day crashed, and everyone on it was killed!"

We were both silent for a moment. Then I said, "So the mezuzah *did* bring you luck."

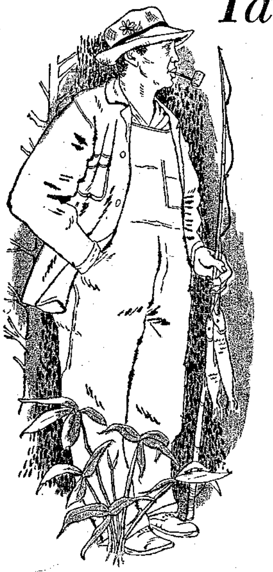
"Who can say? Who knows?" replied Melchior. "But I do know I get $1,500 to sing here tonight, and I'm giving $1,000 to the home for the aged and $500 back to the charity affair itself."

Then he smiled. "And this mezuzah which they gave to me, a Lutheran, I call a little touch of God's finger."

—From Earl Wilson's column

by PAUL JENNINGS

The Lessons A QUIET MAN *Taught Me*



Read this heart-warming tribute to a great though obscure man of nature; in a little Ohio town he mastered the art of living and became a fine example of true sportsmanship.

I WAS ABOUT EIGHT when I first met him—the quiet, slender Negro who often passed our house carrying a cane pole, headed for the creek that skirted our Ohio town. Sometimes he returned early, dangling a string of bass. Later in the day he would be seen, dressed in neat blue serge, on his way to give a piano lesson to a ten-year-old girl whose mother had no qualms about doing her shopping meanwhile.

Folks in Knox County trusted Clyde, and his parents had been respected citizens since 1870. Our friendship began the day he convinced my mother I was old enough to go fishing. Years later I asked why he picked me as a companion. "You looked kind of puny, and I figured some nature medicine would do you good," he replied.

Thus began an association that has had a profound effect on my life. It has helped me through many a hard spot, given me a greater appreciation of nature, taught me tolerance toward others. For Clyde was a teacher. He believed in the value of truth, honesty, patience, sportsmanship and generosity, and the futility of greed, pride, waste and other human shortcomings.

His classroom was the outdoors, his pupils learned by observation of his own way of living. He rose above the prejudice that denied him equal opportunity with men whose skin happened to be white. He did his best to make life better for others—which was his goal.

I would guess that Clyde was in

his early thirties when our paths crossed. He seemed the same age 20 years later—*you* were the one who grew up. A deacon in his church, he was at the same time a true pagan in the sense that he worshiped nature. He invariably left part of a sandwich or an apple at the base of a tree when on a fishing or hunting excursion; it was his votive offering to the gods of wood and stream.

Clyde's knowledge of the outdoors was uncanny. I honestly believe he was personally acquainted with every big bass in the miles of water we covered while fishing the beautiful Kokosing River. He said the Indian name meant "Laughing Waters," and under the spell of his fantasy you came to feel that the stream actually was a living thing.

It was on the banks of the Kokosing that he first displayed to me his ability to preach his gospel of "crime doesn't pay," and then proceed to prove it—the all-essential follow-up disregarded by mere teachers of dogma. I wanted to keep a bass that was just a fraction under the legal size. But Clyde said:

"That would be cheating. It would be wasteful, too, because he will be much bigger for frying next year. Here, let's brand him so we'll know him next time."

Deftly he clipped a notch in the tail with his thumb nail and released the fish unharmed. I, and other local nimrods, caught dozens of these marked bass, which we called "Clyde's fish."

He was an odd mixture of thrift and generosity, being almost miserly in certain ways in order that he might *give* in other ways. He would give a dozen eggs or a plump chicken to a woman who was struggling to support a fatherless child. A sick friend would receive a couple of nice bass. If he shot four rabbits, three would be distributed to others in the neighborhood.

On the other hand, Clyde wouldn't pay the 50 cents required for a license to fish with rod and reel. He rigged up a long cane pole with eyelets from tip to butt, through which the line ran. By leaving an extra ten feet of line in his hand, he could drop his line in any spot he wished and have plenty left to play a bass. He could do more with this contraption than we who sported fancy rods and reels.

He was a live-bait fisherman—had no use for flies and plugs. He never secured his bait beforehand, but caught minnows and crawfish as he needed them. Catching bait with Clyde was as much fun as fishing. We always carried a small net, and he never failed to locate a spot where one sweep would capture three or four fat chub minnows.

To get crawfish, we would wade in the riffles near shore. He was expert at locating crawfish which had just shed their hard shell and were an irresistible lure to bass. To find them, you looked for a shell that had been discarded recently. Then, by carefully turning over the stones near-by, you might find the crawfish hiding until his armor was again hard. It took me a long time to distinguish between the soft and hard-shelled crawfish. But Clyde never missed. "The soft ones just *look* soft," was his explanation.

He had his own names for nature's creatures. An ancient bass that we never caught was "Old Big." The raccoon peering from a tree was "Mister Burglar," by virtue of the mask-like stripes on his face. "Mister Sharp" was having fun when baying fox-hounds raced through the hills on summer nights. In the early morning, when a spiral of fog rose from the woods, "Mister Rabbit" was making coffee.

Clyde owned one of the finest collections of Indian relics in the United States. Most of the arrowheads, flint knives, stone axes and ceremonial stones were picked up in Knox County, a favorite camping ground of Indians before the white man came. But many of his specimens were donated by friends. Others he acquired by barter.

He would stop at a farmhouse for a drink of water and spot an Indian axe-head being used as a door stop. He would tell the farm wife a bit of history about the Indians, then delicately hint that his collection would be enhanced by this specimen. If hard cash were demanded, he'd drop the subject and bide his time. In the end, by cultivating the owner, perhaps by giving her a glass of wild grape jelly, the specimen became his.

My first lesson in sportsmanship was acquired the first time Clyde took me squirrel hunting. I had never fired a shotgun or shot a squirrel. Suddenly a squirrel darted down a tree and paused not more than ten feet from us.

"Don't shoot!" Clyde warned, but in my excitement I let go both barrels. At such close range the squirrel was blown to pieces. I hung my head, fighting tears of chagrin. Then came the lesson.

"It's poor sportsmanship when you don't give the other fellow a fair chance," said Clyde. "Remember, you had the gun. All this poor little thing had was cunning, and he forgot it for a moment. You not only lost a nice frying squirrel, but also the thrill you would have had if you had waited until he streaked back up the tree and you got him on the wing."

My first lesson in appreciation was both embarrassing and lasting. One of Clyde's hobbies was making beadwork articles, and his first gift to me was a decorated watch fob. I wore it proudly, but when the marble season opened I traded it for three fine aggies.

"Where's your fob?" Clyde asked the next time we met. I mumbled something about "guessing" it was around some place.

"Charles Lawman was wearing one just like it yesterday," he observed. "Guess you let him wear it a few days, and forgot about it."

Clyde told me that the things to be cherished most were the little remembrances from friends, because they came from the heart. Before going to bed that night, I retrieved the fob. It was a costly transaction, as I had to return the aggies and my slingshot to boot. But I still have the fob.

Thrift and preparedness against emergency were hooked together in Clyde's philosophy. He was disturbed one summer when I returned from my first year in the city and began throwing money around recklessly. We were hunting groundhogs that day, and as we tramped the fields, Clyde remarked that one of the finest men in our community was Mr. Israel, the bank president.

"He doesn't need to work another day in his life, but you don't see *him* spending money just because he's got it."

He went on to tell of the time he passed Mr. Israel's home on the outskirts of town. "A farmer had driven past a little while before, with a load of shelled corn. The wagon hit a rut and spilled a peck of corn in front of the house. And there was Mr. Israel out in the road, scooping up the corn. *He* won't have to worry about his old age."

My lesson in being prepared for any emergency came the same day, during which we covered miles of country that Clyde had been hunting for years. "I have an axe around here somewhere," he would say. Sure enough, a few minutes later he reached into a hollow tree and pulled out a broken-handled axe. "Never can tell when you might want to cut some wood if you're cold and want a fire," he observed.

Further on he unearthed a shovel hidden in a tangle of brush. "Might need to dig out a groundhog," he said. Before the day was done I was introduced to the hiding places of a can containing shotgun shells, a lantern, an empty bottle, "to fill with water if you're thirsty."

Clyde continued to look after the welfare of "his boys" long after they grew up. I usually timed my summer vacation to coincide with the opening of the bass season. I spent it largely with Clyde, along the Kokosing, reminiscing as we waited for a bass to take our bait.

Invariably, on the last day of fishing, Clyde would "tell my fortune." It was done by a combination of palm reading and mystic mumbo-jumbo. Such was his tact in presenting his predictions that it wasn't until you were on the train on your way back to the city that you realized the significance of his "fortune telling." He had summed up what he liked and didn't like about your traits since the last meeting, and had delivered his report. It was always constructive criticism, and somehow you tried to live up to it.

FOLLOWING WORLD WAR I, I spent three years abroad on a Navy destroyer. While sweltering in Bombay one October day, I received a crudely wrapped box in the mail. It contained a beautiful maple leaf, reminding me that the woods back home were a riot of color this time of year.

At Christmas time, a fragrant sprig of spruce would catch up with me in the Philippines. Or it might be a few big scales from a fish, indicating he had landed a whopping big bass. Such little tokens meant a lot to a homesick youngster.

One year Clyde inherited a rickety old house on the edge of town. The house was a veritable treasure trove of antiques, and a dealer would have torn the place apart to cash in on the find. But not Clyde!

Every year for ten years I visited the "shack," as he called it. At my last visit he hadn't unearthed more than half the old dishes, pictures, handmade farm implements and furniture tucked away in the attic, cellar and outbuildings.

"It's more fun this way," he explained. "I can get a new surprise every week for a long time."

The rambling front yard of "The Shack" was planted with trees which had individual "owners." Each represented one of Clyde's "boys," and had been brought to him from the woods by the person for whom it was named. My own contribution was a blue spruce which I sent from St. Louis because he had mentioned that he wanted one for his collection.

"This is your tree," he would remind me when I came for a visit. "This maple is Charles's, and this oak is Harold's—something to remind me of all you boys while you are away knocking your brains out to make money."

Clyde loved "The Shack" and could be found there when he wasn't in town giving piano lessons. Driving home from a party one midnight, I stopped in front of his place and called, "Time to get up, Clyde!" An answering hail came from below the barn. Investigating, I found Clyde hoeing corn under a bright moon.

"Best time to work the soil," he said. "Gives it a chance to get a drink of dew. Work it under the hot sun, and you only take moisture *away* from it."

Too late—the day of the funeral—a delayed wire told me I had lost my best friend. I couldn't be there, but from a 48th-floor office in a New York skyscraper, reverie took me back to the winding, wooded banks of our favorite fishing stream. That was where he would want me to be as the funeral service was intoned for this man of nature, this Ohio Thoreau.

In my mind, a strange hush was in the air. The voice of the "laughing waters" he loved so well was lowered. The rustling breeze through the leaves of "his" trees was now only a sigh of mourning. "Old Big" sulked in the deepest part of his pool, without movement. "Mister Sharp" and "Mister Burglar" were in seclusion; the rabbits had no appetite for coffee.

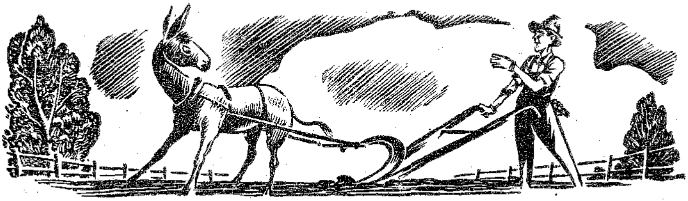
No longer would the creatures and growing things of nature enjoy the companionship of their most understanding friend—and help him to help others, like myself, to discover and profit by a fuller, richer meaning of life.

The Mark of Learning

ASKED WHETHER a year of college had made any difference in his eldest son, a deep-South farmer reflected:

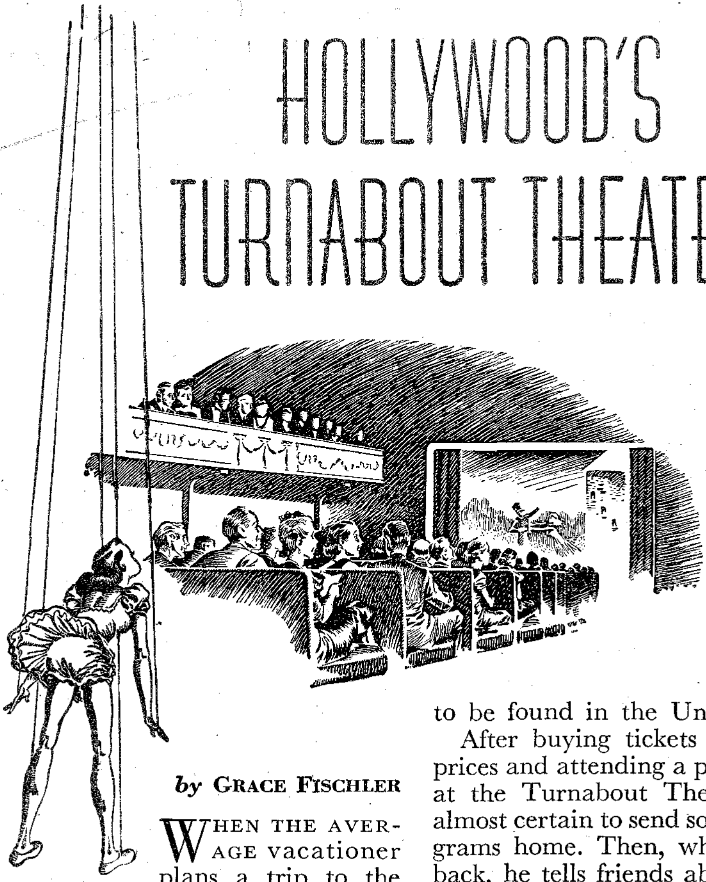
"Well, he's still a good hand with the plow, but I notice his language has changed some. It used to be 'Whoa, Becky,' 'Haw,' and 'Git up.' Now, when he comes to the end of a row, he says, 'Halt, Rebecca! Pivot and proceed!'"

—C. B. ROBINSON



In a tiny playhouse off the beaten path, live actors and puppets share the applause of their delighted audiences

HOLLYWOOD'S TURNABOUT THEATER



by GRACE FISCHLER

WHEN THE AVERAGE vacationer plans a trip to the West Coast, he naïvely lists a visit to the motion-picture studios as Attraction No. 1 on his itinerary. If he happens to know someone who knows someone's uncle who is a producer, he may get through the gates on a conducted tour. But if he is really lucky, he will meet an "insider" who knows the secret of spending a unique Hollywood evening, with no strings attached, at one of the most remarkable theaters to be found in the United States.

After buying tickets at popular prices and attending a performance at the Turnabout Theater, he is almost certain to send souvenir programs home. Then, when he gets back, he tells friends about his experience. Thus for the past five years—without advertising or fanfare—have the Yale Puppeteers and their associates drawn as full and cosmopolitan a house as any Broadway success.

Even before the curtain rises, the first-timer is charmed by Turnabout's lack of convention. He finds the little theater off the beaten track, approaches it through a patio shaded with olive trees, decides it looks like a California apartment house, picks up his tickets from the man who has written the whole show, and is greeted at the door by one of the best-known puppeteers in America.

Expecting the usual 8:30 curtain, he wanders in early, and is ushered past a sign reading "Ladies' Room and Mixed Browsing" to the attractive Green Room, where, until the show goes on at 9 o'clock, he examines photographs signed by celebrities. If he has box seats, he reaches them by going back to the patio, climbing stairs to a small balcony and entering a door marked "Music Box," "Jewel Box," "Match Box" or something similar.

Before seating himself, our out-of-towner has studied the theater walls, studded with autographs of the notables who have attended at least one performance. These include Bette Davis, one of the Turnabout's "guardian angels," Lauritz Melchior, Rudy Vallee, Shirley Temple, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, John Erskine, I. A. R. Wylie, Bruno Walter and dozens of others.

Next, our tourist gazes at what seems vaguely like an undersized stage. Then he examines the bench on which he is seated. Slip-covered in red and blue, it turns out to be an old trolley seat, with a reversible back and a name embroidered on it: "Straight 'n Narrow." Looking around, he finds other patrons seated in "Free 'n Easy," "Bill 'n Coo" and "Rise 'n Shine."

The lights dim, the piano is heard, and out pops a funny little figure wearing an exaggerated hat who requests that "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, please take off your millinery." The curtains part, and the stage seems full-size. The illusion remains until after the show, when the audience goes backstage to visit the puppets. They vary from 6 to 30 inches, but even the habitué is fooled into thinking them life-size. When Harry Burnett, their creator, joins them on the stage, he looks exactly like what he is supposed to be: a giant.

AT INTERMISSION, Forman Brown, the theater's master of ceremonies, accompanist, puppeteer, singer, writer, composer and lyricist, warns the audience that the trolley seats will have been reversed when they return, so that the back becomes the front.

"After all, turnabout is fair play."

Now our visitor is facing a full-size stage. Brown explains that this will be a live show and introduces the first number. The revue, featuring film actress Elsa Lanchester and dancer Lotte Goslar, includes comedy sketches, sentimental numbers, intimate songs and satire. Though new numbers are added and occasionally new personalities introduced among the puppets, many of the sketches first presented five years ago are still running.

This, however, does not prevent people from coming again and again. In the Green Room is a cabinet containing the personal coffee mugs of "Ten-Timers"—guests who have been there at least that often. They number more than 150 and come from all parts of the country. Several have helped the theater celebrate its birthdays, at which an individual cake is presented to each guest. During intermission, candles are lit, lights put out and the audience joins in singing "Happy Birthday."

Turnabout's informality is a major reason for its success. Invariably, many guests know each other, introduce friends, exchange pleasantries with the cast and visit the puppeteers backstage.

The Yale Puppeteers—America's only permanent marionette company—actually originated at the University of Michigan, where Burnett and Brown were roommates. The enthusiasm of guests at Michigan resorts where they barnstormed one summer proved that their hobby could be profitable as well as pleasant. So when Burnett went to Yale and met Richard Brandon, also a puppeteer, these two continued the project.

Meantime, Brown had remained at Michigan to teach English, but in 1927 he joined the others and they made their first professional appearance at Ann Arbor. Next, in a converted truck, they toured the country with their show, arriving on the West Coast two years later. They rented a house in Hollywood Hills, built a tiny theater in the cellar and painted original posters.

Then a practical friend tipped them off: no license, no advertising. And how could a theater that wasn't really a theater secure a license? So there was no publicity, and no audience. The Puppeteers tightened their belts.

Then a friend brought actress Colleen Moore, who spread word of the experiment around the movie colony. Soon the 20 seats were filled nightly, while profits were augmented by performances for clubs and private parties.

A year later, when an historic Spanish section of Los Angeles was opened to the public, the boys moved to a former poolroom on Olvera Street, where they could seat 80 people. Despite its hard benches, the little theater became famous and was visited by such diverse celebrities as evangelist Aimee McPherson, Professor Albert Einstein, film actress Gilda Gray, violinist Fritz Kreisler.

In 1934, when the boys felt an urge to travel, they bundled their little people into the old truck, moved to New Hampshire and opened the Tallyho Theater in the White Mountains. This was followed by appearances in a converted store on West 46th Street in New York City, where opening night brought out the first-string critics. At last, the Puppeteers had "arrived." But local authorities could not decide what kind of license to issue to a puppet show, so business had to be discontinued.

WHILE TOURING TEXAS following this debacle, the proprietors suddenly solved the problem of how to combine a revue with their puppet show. A turnabout theater! But the mechanics involved in such a project seemed formidable.

One day in 1941, in the residential district of Hollywood, they noticed a likely building under construction. Discovering that the owner was susceptible to the Arts, they drew plans and chose decorations, including the old trolley seats which they bought for $3.50 each.

As soon as they had a roof over their head, the Puppeteers called in Dorothy Newmann, an actress-producer-director whom they had known in Eastern summer theaters.

She became the fourth Turnabouter, and is now director of the revue and one of its performers.

Word of this novel entertainment reached Elsa Lanchester, actress-wife of Charles Laughton, who turned up one day and said, "I'd like to be in your show." She has been its guest artist ever since, and although she has appeared in several films during that period, she has assured her presence at every performance by refusing movie parts requiring out-of-town trips.

Shortly afterward, the company was joined by Frances Osborne, a mimic whose satirical portraits of self-important singers highlight the revue. Then, two years ago, Lotte Goslar joined, thus completing the cast of the revue. An assistant who helps Burnett build puppets, a stage manager, a technician, a ticket vendor and a janitor round out Turnabout's personnel.

Why, our visitor asks, has this talent not been snatched up by the movies or Broadway? Only because these artists are perfectly content with things as they are. They appreciate their artistic independence and want to continue to express themselves without the limitations imposed by the Film Code or by a producer with an eye on mass attendance.

Burnett sums up the philosophy of this happy group by saying: "This is fun, anything else would be work. Where else could we write a show as we go along, change our lines when we like, swap chores when it's more convenient?"

This combination of highly original ideas and artistic independence has resulted, in the opinion of experts, in the most subtle form of imagery, in escapism at its best.

"All of this, somehow, is for artists and other children," writes Emil Ludwig in the introduction to the Souvenir Program. "Turnabout—and you will experience Microcosm in double measure!"

Juvenile Jive

"What did they teach you today?" the mother asked her little son upon his return from his very first day in school.

"Not much," the youngster reported. "I've got to go again tomorrow."

—Lester Lewis

*

Visitor: "If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which one would you give him?"

Johnny: "D'ya mean my big brother or my little one?"

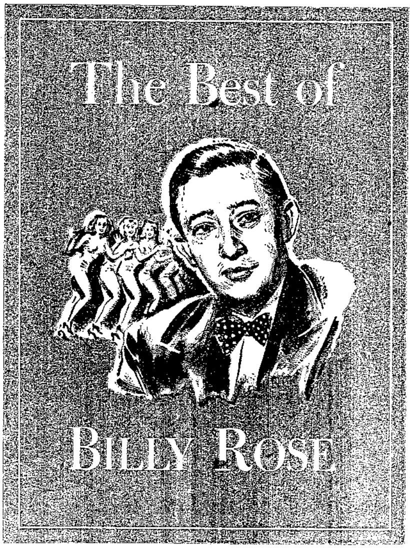
—Edward Trinneer

*

After a talk on zoology, the teacher asked, "Children, what is it that human beings have that wild animals don't have?"

The silence which followed was broken by the voice of a bright little miss down in the front row.

"It couldn't be sex appeal, could it?" she asked. —Adrian Anderson



The Best of BILLY ROSE

Reflections on the American scene and the American people, selected from the column of a wise and discerning writer

I'D LIKE TO GIVE out a big holler about a couple of young fellows. I predict a great future in show business for them. One is a juvenile named Al Jolson. The other is a young whippersnapper named Maurice Chevalier.

Take this boy Jolson. Some months ago I was coffee-and-caking at Toots Shor's with a quartet of young performers who didn't even remember Tom Mix. They were talking about today's great crowd-pleasers—Sinatra, Danny Kaye, Dick Haymes and such.

I piped up that a fellow named Al Jolson was pretty good. Jackie Gleason patted me on the shoulder and said: "Take a cup of tea, Grandpa. It'll rest you."

I got a little mad, but apple-faced Toots put a period to the discussion with "Relax, you crumbs! This is one of them arguments like could Dempsey lick Louis."

And then *The Jolson Story* opened at Radio City Music Hall. Al's voice was a revelation to the generation of bobby-soxers who had been brought up on microphone-clutchers. The kids turned cartwheels in the aisles over the newcomer who didn't sigh, swoon, groan, grunt, gurgle or whisper.

Variety says the Jolson movie is outgrossing anything Columbia has released in 20 years. And when the juke boxes discovered this up-and-coming kid, Jolson's platter of *The Anniversary Song* began grabbing nickels faster than the mint could turn them out.

The other boy-wonder, Chevalier, is even younger than Jolson. I was there not long ago when he opened his one-man show at the Henry Miller Theater. A thousand smarties paid up to $9.60 to see the youth in the straw skimmer. Their cheers at 11 o'clock showed that they thought he was the nicest thing France had invented since champagne.

Just over from the Old Country, M. Chevalier didn't quite know his way around. Poor Maurice missed out on a lot of surefire laughs—Seltzer in the face, breakaway suspenders and cows falling out of the ceiling. But, remembering his youth, we forgave him.

Chevalier took us on a two-hour tour of a picture-post-card world, where gentlemen wear flowers in their buttonholes and gendarmes kiss the nursemaids in the park. He reminded us that despite Big Four conferences, there are still such things as love and Chanel No. 5.

At one point he strutted out in a top hat, white muffler and a blue coat. The audience applauded. For a change, here was a man who could really wear a top hat, white muffler and a blue coat.

I would suggest the talent scouts keep an eye on Jolson and Chevalier. I think these youngsters are going places.

* * *

I wouldn't walk along Wall Street these days if I were you. It's raining brokers again, and a fellow might get hurt.

Speculators are once more pricing gas pipes. Standing four-deep at the Wailing Wall, they're unloading stocks in companies which have more cash-per-share in the bank than the quoted price on the Exchange.

The Republicans, of course, had a solution—change the name of Boulder Dam to Hoover Dam. I think I've got a better solution. In a word — G-L-A-M-O-U-R.

Look at the record. Hollywood has parlayed one little plot into the nation's fourth largest industry by seating the customer on a pink cloud next to Hedy Lamarr for 55 cents.

If sex and hoopla sell everything else, why not stocks? Here's how Wall Street can get the woolly lamb back into the billfold:

1. Move! Wall Street has a river at one end and a graveyard at the other. That's convenient, but it's not very cheerful.

2. Revamp your offices—a little Technicolor, please. While the customers sit around waiting for Big Steel to go back to 200, how about flashing movies on your stock boards?

3. Change your advertisements. They're as dated as the high-wheel bike. For example:

"Amalgamated Goulash—The Stock that Has Everything! Coming Soon! Romance! Mystery! Dividends! Starring Mortimer Schnook, Our Vice-President Who Thrilled You in 'Passion on the Curb.' Meaner than Mason! Creepier than Karloff! Doors Open 10:00 A.M. $13 a Share Until 1 o'clock. Free Bubble Gum."

Can't you see the neon signs? "This Week Only—'Tom Girdler Loves Republic Steel!' Or 'Sears Is Back and Roebuck's Got Him!' The Stock of the Week!"

And don't forget the cheesecake. Remember what pin-up pictures have done for Marlene Dietrich. With every call for margin, send out a photograph of Benjamin Fairless sitting on a ship's rail with his legs crossed.

4. Jazz up your prospectuses. Forget assets and liabilities. Pattern them after movie magazines. "The Real Me," by Thomas Lamont, would make a dandy article.

"How Kuhn Met Loeb" is something everybody wants to know.

Use some candid-camera shots of House of Morgan partners, snapped in slacks in the rumpus room. Or one of the du Ponts at his favorite hobby—counting money.

"I Love a Girl Who Can Bake a Cake" can be signed by Charlie Wilson of General Motors, Charlie Wilson of General Electric or any other Charlie Wilson you happen to have around.

That, in brief, is the general idea, boys. You take it from there;

when Exchange President Emil Schram's picture is on the top of Dixie Cups, you'll be back in the money. When swooning bobby-soxers tear the spats off bankers coming out of the Union League Club, Wall Street will again be Easy Street.

And whatever you do, don't forget Wednesday Night is Dish Night.

* * *

I READ A PIECE about gold last week, written by a pretty smart fellow who is right a lot of the time. We've got 20 billion dollars' worth of bullion buried in Fort Knox—how come we're buying more, he wants to know. What makes it worth $35 an ounce?

Aren't we silly, trading tractors and wheat for little bars of yellow metal which we plant in the ground like potatoes? Isn't Uncle Sam apt to wind up trying to swap a ton of gold for a pound of liverwurst?

This article bothered me. Same as you, I'm interested in gold. My interest dates from the day I found that if you had it, you didn't have to steal hot chestnuts from the stand on the corner. You could walk right up and make a deal.

And so I took my fears to the wise old gentleman I know. Over the years a lot of smart fellows have learned that Old Silvertop knows more answers than anybody, especially about economics and finance.

I found him sunning himself on a bench in Central Park. "Tell me about gold," I said. "Why are we filling that cavity in Kentucky with it? Besides being pretty, why is it worth anything?"

The old boy, for whom Presidents holler when their noses are in the nutcracker, gave me a little lecture.

"The thing that makes an ounce of gold worth $35," he explained, "is that it costs almost that much to locate it, dig it out of the ground and refine it.

"For many centuries, people have been willing to trade the labor that goes into goods and services for the labor that goes into digging gold. That's how money started. Indians used beads. Eskimos used fox skins. Most of the civilized world settled for gold.

"For 2,000 years, the world has stayed with gold because it represented real work—therefore real value. The printing-press money of managed-currency countries represents only a printing press and paper. And that's why a million Hungarian pengos won't buy an orange these days."

"But why gold?" I persisted. "Why not tin or coal?"

"Too bulky," said the man on the bench. "We have 20 billions' worth of gold in one cellar in Kentucky. Coal worth that much would blanket the Blue Grass State."

"Why not diamonds?" I asked.

"There aren't enough to go around. Besides, you can mold gold and stamp it, and no alchemist has yet found a process whereby a man-day of work would give you a ton of it. Until that happens, the gold buried in Fort Knox has value because it represents the labor necessary to duplicate it.

"Backed up by this gold, our currency has muscles. True, it had bigger muscles when we had a dollar's worth of gold for every dollar in paper issued against it, but even with only 20 billion back-ing up several times that much paper, we're not in bad shape. Nobody respects our dollars, except maybe the residents of places like Europe, Asia, South America, Africa and Australia.

"Like Aesop's fox that lost his tail, nations without gold are trying to convince the world it's much better not to have a tail. Every so often they send us an economist in striped trousers who tells us our gold is only good for charm bracelets. Some of our own self-declared geniuses seem to have fallen for this mumbo-jumbo.

"Some time back, these geniuses had the ear of a very important gentleman in our setup. They tried to persuade him to stop digging gold — that we didn't need it to back up our dollars. This important gentleman honored me by asking my opinion. I gave him my answer in the form of a little story.

"Once an archaeologist unearthed a chest which dated back to Alexander the Great. It contained gold coins and paper money. The folding money was pretty and could be used to paper a wall, but the coins—minted 2,000 years back—were, as the saying goes, good as gold. In any city of the world, you could use them to buy a meal, hire a room or get your pants pressed."

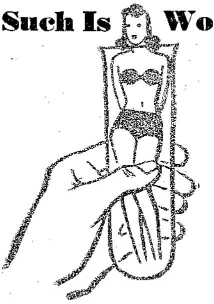
"That's a good story," I said. "Was the important gentleman impressed by it?"

"Hard to say," said my friend, "but I do know the U. S. continued to buy gold."

"This important gentleman didn't happen to have a wife with the same first name as my wife?" I inquired cagily.

The old party on the park bench stretched his long legs and smiled.

And Such Is Woman



Analysis of the creature known as woman as seen through the eyes of the chemist:

Symbol—Wo.

Accepted Atomic Weight—120.

Physical Properties—boils at nothing and freezes at any minute. Melts when properly treated, very bitter if not well used.

Occurrence—found wherever man exists.

Chemical Properties—possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone, able to absorb great amount of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen.

Uses—highly ornamental, useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income-reducing agent known.

Caution—highly explosive in inexperienced hands. —*Tarkio Torch* *by* **Madelyn Wood**

The Day Our Nation Came of Age

THE HEAT OF THE LONG summer of 1787 lingered over Philadelphia. The big man at the desk in the State House ran a nervous finger under his neckband and picked up the quill. For a moment he stared at the document before him. Then with a trembling hand he scrawled his signature . . . *Go. Washington.*

As 38 other men came forward to sign their names, a sense of wonderment grew in his mind. Wonderment at how these men, so varied in their political thinking, had come to agree on something so tangible that it lay here on the desk in black and white—a Constitution, created out of months of bitter controversy behind closed doors.

He remembered that terrible day in June, when the room had been filled with angry voices. The little states were afraid of the big states. Bluntly, Gunning Bedford, Delaware's delegate, had shouted the words. There could be no compromise.

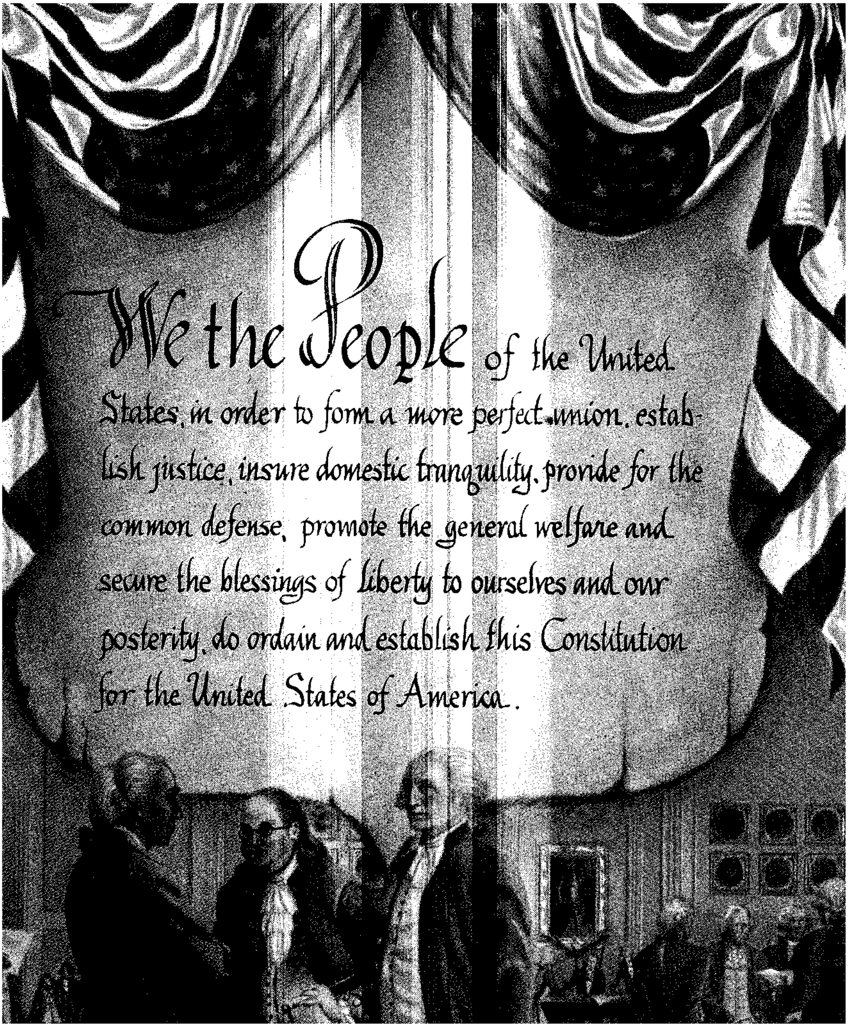
Tempers flared so high that, at the suggestion of wise old Benjamin Franklin, they had adjourned for three days to cool off. And when they came back, the men who had spurned compromise accepted the Connecticut plan, striking a balance between large and small states. Then they had gone on to forge the other imperishable words in this document of freedom.

"We the People . . . " Washington wondered if *they*, like the men in this room, would realize that the Constitution held America's one bright hope for the future? While the 38 other signers stepped forward to add their names, he watched with absorbed interest.

Here were young men, old men, men of property, men of toil, some born in the British Isles, some in America. And now came the last signer, Abraham Baldwin of Georgia, kindly-faced lawyer. "God has willed that we make this instrument for the people," he had said.

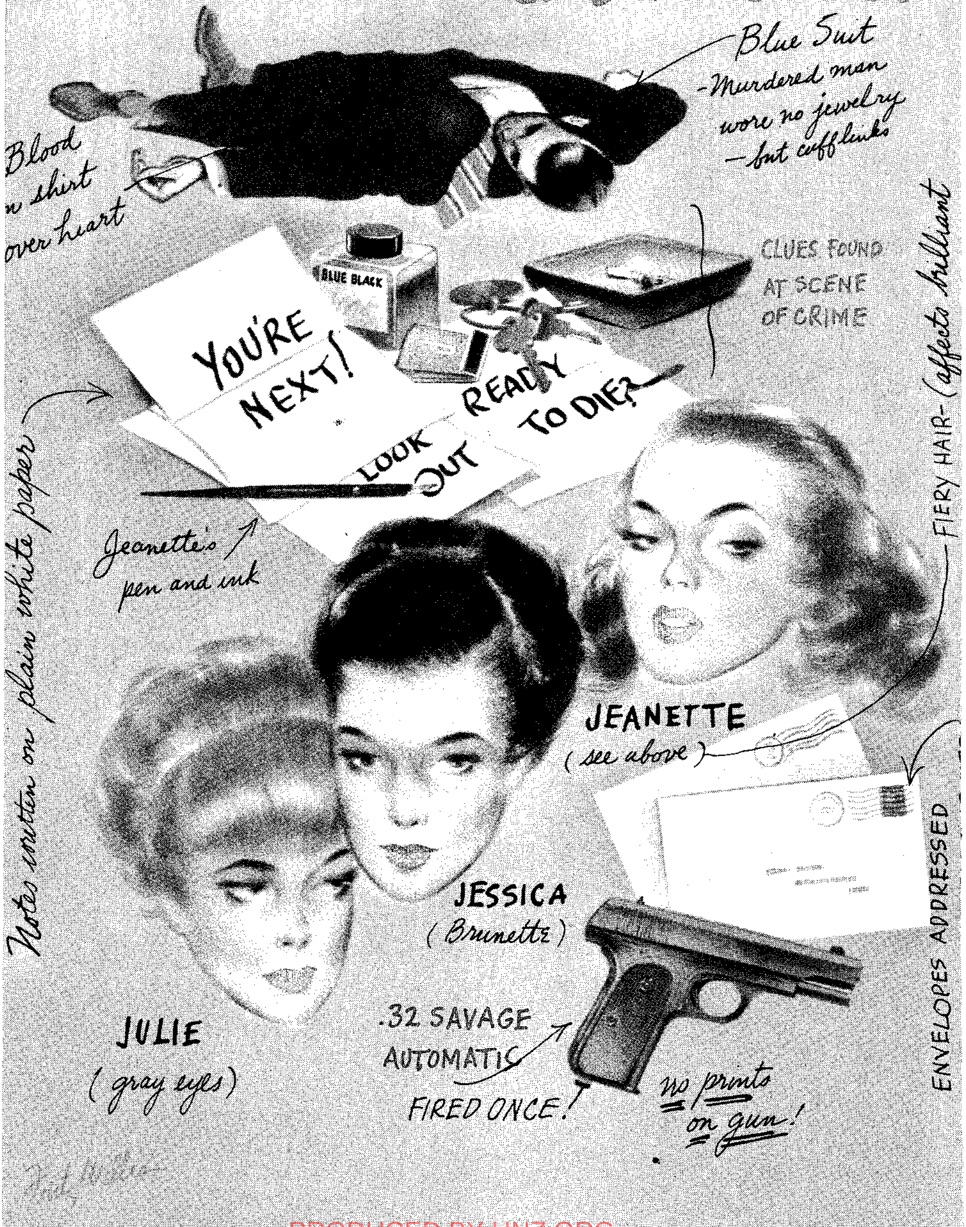
Washington felt a great surge of reassurance. A miracle had occurred here. If these men could agree then, surely, so could the people. One of Washington's rare smiles crossed his face as he put an arm about the stooped shoulders of Franklin. At last he knew, beyond all doubt, that a great nation had come of age.

Our Constitution, a miracle that has endured for 160 years, is inspiring proof that men can rise above their differences. Painting by Jim Lockhart.



We the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

WAS IT THE BLONDE, REDHEAD or BRUNETTE?


Blue Suit
-Murdered man wore no jewelry
-but cufflinks
Blood
n shirt
over heart
BLUE BLACK
CLUES FOUND AT SCENE OF CRIME
YOU'RE NEXT!
READY TO DIE?
LOOK OUT
Jeanette's pen and ink
Notes written on plain white paper
FIERY HAIR-(affects brilliant
JEANETTE
(see above)
JESSICA
(Brunette)
JULIE
(gray eyes)
.32 SAVAGE AUTOMATIC
FIRED ONCE!
no prints on gun!
ENVELOPES ADDRESSED

A PROBLEM IN MURDER

by CRAIG RICE

(Author of "Home Sweet Homicide," "Having Wonderful Crime" and other best-selling mysteries)

"DAMES! HOW THEY complicate a case," complained the Sergeant from Homicide. "We found this here playboy millionaire, Glenn Arthur, with just one slug in his heart, fired at close range. Had that sorta surprised look on his face you often see when a fellow gets it unexpected. Gun, wiped clean, of course, was his own; everyone knew he kept it in his desk.

"Lived in this big house with three nieces. They inherit equally. And none of them got along with him or with each other. Naturally they all three say they were out of the house when it happened.

"Julie — she's the long-legged blonde who found him and called in—claims she was at the movies, alone. Seems that Arthur had disapproved of her boy friend and had forbidden her to see him. He's an airline pilot and was flying an overnight run, so he's in the clear.

"Jessica, she's a sultry brunette with a build, came in before we got there. Had a library book she claims Arthur asked her to get but says she walked to and from the library. She hated Arthur because he had something on her and was always threatening to tell about it.

"Jeanette has red hair, with temper to match. She came in later and got mad when we started asking questions. Claims she got a phone call, supposedly from her boy friend's secretary, asking her to meet him, but he never showed up. Thinks now the girl's voice sounded 'funny.' She fought with Arthur because he wouldn't lend her the money to go into business.

"None of 'em knew who could'a done it. Julie thought it might've been one of Arthur's many girl friends, but said they never came to the house. Jessica agreed. Said that just the day before, Arthur had shown her a bunch of notes he'd been getting in the mail for several weeks—one a week. Just two- or three-word things, she said, shakily printed in bright blue ink on cheap, coarse white paper. We found a few of them in his desk. The envelopes had been addressed on the house typewriter.

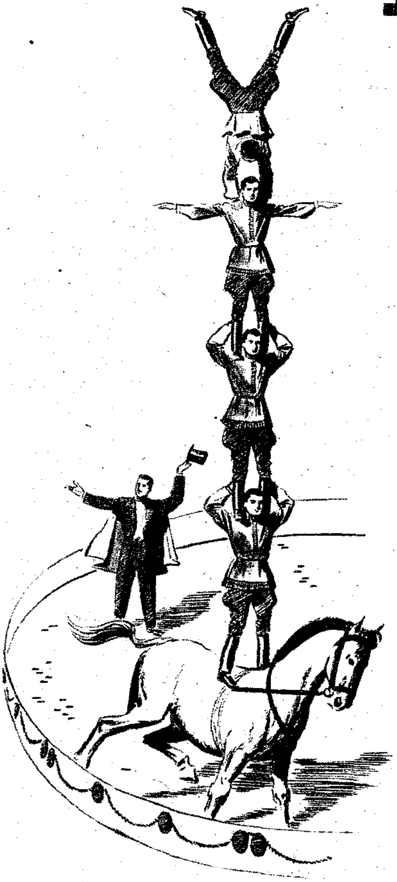
"Jeanette, the redhead, claimed she didn't know a thing about the notes. But the ink on her desk matched the ink in the letters.

"Yeah, we made an arrest. Who do you think?"

The vital clues are all in the story and in the pictures on the opposite page. Name your suspect . . . then turn to page 110 for the correct solution.

by **Lawrence Lader**

First Family under the Big Top



For almost a hundred years, the daredevil Cristianis in their death-defying aerial feats have left their audiences gasping for breath; and there's always another generation coming along with new and more amazing acts to thrill circus fans throughout the world.

IMAGINE THAT THE girl swinging from the high trapeze beneath the Big Top of the circus is your sister. Suddenly she slips and, with no net below her, starts to hurtle to the ground.

The band stops playing. The crowd screams. But a second later her feet catch the rung of another trapeze far below and she swings there safely, unconcerned at the climax of her suicidal act.

Imagine that at the same moment in another circus hundreds of miles away, your brother is somersaulting wildly around the ring on the backs of fast-moving horses.

Imagine that in a night club in another part of the country, your cousins are spinning through the air in double somersaults through loops of fire.

Imagine that on movie screens from coast to coast millions are watching the performances of your brothers, sisters, cousins, nephews and nieces, and that across the Atlantic another branch of your family is running the largest circus in Italy.

Imagine all this, and you will

begin to have some idea of what it is like to be a member of the most illustrious circus family in the world, the Cristianis.

To become the equivalent of a Barrymore in the theater or a Strauss in music, the Cristianis have produced enough talent to spread across the United States and, if necessary, Europe too. A California circus crowd may be watching their miracles on the trapeze at the same time that a Kentucky audience is gasping at their tumblings. Another unit of the family may be playing at Radio City Music Hall in New York, while in Hollywood a movie company is putting an act before the cameras.

An ambitious Cristiani, who once caught the whole family together in one spot, counted 35 actual performers. And there are always new Cristianis coming along, for children of that name learn to ride and tumble almost while they are learning to walk.

The Cristianis are not only the largest circus family, they are by far the oldest. Compared to five generations of them, the Ringlings are almost newcomers to the Big Top. Yet the Cristianis have become the wizards of bareback riding, tumbling and the high trapeze for the simple reason that their acts are so difficult and so dangerous that no one else can imitate them.

When the drums roll and Lucio Cristiani comes into the ring, even the rest of the family holds its breath. The big, white circus horses are trotting in a fast circle. Lucio jumps to the back of one, then somersaults through the air, turning head over heels and spinning sideways at the same time. He lands, not on the horse directly in front but two horses away.

Almost instantly, he is off in another somersault from the third to the fifth to the seventh horse, around and around the moving circle of animals in a series of wild, thrashing somersaults that no one else in the world has ever been able to duplicate.

When the Cristianis did their "four-high" act at the Music Hall, the usually sedate audience got up and cheered. At the Circus Médrano in Paris, the audience refused to leave at the end of the show, insisting that the troupe repeat the act.

There is good reason for such acclaim, for in their "four-high" act three Cristianis get on each other's shoulders to form a human totem pole more than 15 feet tall. Benny Cristiani stands at the lowered end of a teeter board. Then Pilade Cristiani jumps on the raised end, catapulting Benny high in the air to land on top of the human totem without even shaking it.

Louise and David Cristiani are the greatest "perch" artists in the circus. He balances a long pole on his shoulder, she climbs to the top of the pole and then, placing her palm on its tip, executes a perfect handstand. Even the rest of the Cristianis can't do it.

When Adolpho Cristiani does his "Arab Pirouette," he leaps through the air, twists and turns four times, lands on his feet, and then repeats the "pirouette" some 25 times around the ring. Every other member of the family has tried to imitate him, but failed.

High-speed cameramen, who have tried to photograph Adolpho in the air, have been unable to move their cameras fast enough to keep up with his mad gyrations. But the Cristianis are trying to keep Adolpho from repeating the act too often. On a wet ring, there is always the danger that he will slip and break his neck.

Yet danger is obviously part of the Cristianis' business. Once when they were using borrowed circus horses, pretty, dark-haired Conchita made a routine leap from the ground to one of the animals. But the horse suddenly halted, Conchita fell, and a hoof broke her arm. And last year, Lucio suffered a fall while performing at the Pan-Pacific Stadium in Hollywood.

The most terrifying act of all is Louise Cristiani on the high trapeze. She has hurtled through space dozens of times to clutch a lower trapeze, but the risk is always there. In 1942, when the Cristianis were with Ringling Brothers, she missed the lower trapeze at Madison Square Garden and fell 20 feet to the ring, breaking her spine and four ribs. She spent six months in a hospital and more than a year in training before resuming the act. Many circuses have refused to let her make the fall without a net. But Louise won't perform any other way.

"With the net, where is the thrill?" she asks.

ALL THESE MIRACLES of bareback riding, trapeze and tumbling began in Italy almost 100 years ago with great-grandpa Cristiani, who was a blacksmith for the King. After serving for 16 years, he retired on a royal grant. But idleness irked him, so he opened a great smithy of his own, employing 35 workers, and took up tumbling as a hobby.

One day when the circus came to town, the inevitable happened. Great-grandpa's son fell in love with a rider, married her and joined the troupe. Once the circus got into the Cristiani blood, it not only stayed there but spread.

Grandpa's son, the present Papa Cristiani, was born in Modena and traveled everywhere his father went. When he was a young man, the Cristiani troupe arrived in Turin to find another circus competing for local patronage. The Cristianis won. But among the spectators was a pretty, brunette tumbler from the other circus. Papa Cristiani fell in love with her and they were married in 1904.

Now Papa started his own show and took it all over Europe. He put horses into the tumbling act for the first time, and also a dog. The crowds loved it. When Papa played the Circus Médrano in Paris in 1910, Monsieur Médrano presented him with a medal. When they played there again in 1931, Papa's son, Lucio, won the same honor.

By 1932, Papa disagreed too much with Mussolini's politics to stay in Italy, so he and his brother Pietro left for good. The show played England, Scotland and Belgium, and it was there that John Ringling saw them for the first time. He invited the Cristianis to come to America. In March, 1934, just before the gala circus opening at Madison Square Garden, they arrived in New York.

The Cristianis immediately became one of the top attractions, but they insisted on playing alone in the center ring, without other acts to distract them. Ringling refused. So they joined another circus. In

1942, John Ringling North, now head of Ringling Brothers, asked the Cristianis to return on their own terms, and they became the first act in Ringling history to appear alone in the Garden.

Today, the Cristianis have become too large to play with any single circus. They usually split their acts between the King Brothers on the East Coast and the Cole Brothers in the West, and have enough performers left over for separate units in night clubs, theaters and the movies. Millions of people have flocked to see them, for which the circus, theaters and movies pay an average of $3,500 a week. Thus the Cristianis have become more than a circus family; they are now big business.

Cristiani children start training young. Nadio, for instance, was riding bareback before his second birthday. But the Cristianis never force their children to join the act: they don't have to; the urge comes almost by instinct. They see their mothers riding, or their fathers tumbling and immediately want to do it themselves.

In Papa's day the children started intensive training at the age of five. Now the family realizes that ballet is an essential background for all acts, and the children are usually sent to ballet school first. Conchita, for instance, one of the prettiest of Papa's daughters, studied ballet for two years before working out with the horses.

When she was seven, she learned to sit sidesaddle. Then she mastered the fundamentals of balancing on one knee or one foot while the horse was running. Next she went through the long, grueling process of learning how to leap on a horse, how to do ballet steps and handstands and acrobatics while the animal was circling the ring. She entered the show for the first time at the age of 14.

Benny, the slim, handsome Cristiani who soars off the teeter board in the "four-high" act, started training at seven. But he was too thin at first. At 12, they started to build him up, and the "four-high" act was not unveiled till 1936, after two years of constant practice. At first, the human totem pole was only three-high. Then they learned to add a fourth. Ten years ago, Benny weighed only 105. Now he weighs 150, and the Cristianis are continually making adjustment to the added weight.

The Cristiani horses must be trained as carefully as the members of the family. The big animals are either Percherons or Belgians, purchased when two years old, and usually are not ready to enter the ring until they have finished three years of training. "Polo," most famous of the stable, lived to the ripe equine age of 29. He was the only horse in the troupe that could hold five Cristianis on his back at the same time.

IN THEIR HOME TOWN of Sarasota, Florida, the Cristianis own seven big houses. But every once in a while the whole family converges on the little house that Mama and Papa bought first, and where they still live. And when they all get together it's like a convention.

Papa Cristiani, a wiry man with smiling eyes, who didn't retire as a tumbler until 55, rushes around, buttonholing all his sons, daughters, nephews and nieces to tell them plans for the coming season. One of the bareback riders is over in a corner, demonstrating a new ballet step. One of the tumblers has discovered a new twist to his somersault. Everyone is laughing and talking at once.

Lucio Cristiani is business manager of the family, but the Cristianis run their affairs on a democratic basis. Whenever an argument starts, the whole family joins in. A decision is only reached as the Cristianis get tired arguing and drop out, one by one. By that time Mama bustles into the room, shouting: "The spaghetti, she is ready!" And the Cristianis forget their argument in the rush for the table.

To keep their place as first family of the circus, the Cristianis are constantly adding new acts or improving old ones. Adolpho, who invented the "Arab Pirouette," now does a flying somersault over five elephants through a hoop of fire, landing in a bed of straw. Hortense has perfected a fantastic tumbling act, in which one of the Cristianis balances a chair high on a pole. Hortense takes a double somersault through the air and lands in the chair without even rocking it.

Old-timers in the circus wonder what new marvels the Cristianis will develop next. But the family not only gets better all the time, it also gets bigger. Of Papa's eleven children, seven are married and have seven children of their own. Papa's brother, Pietro, has six children. Two are married with five children of their own. That means that the fifth generation of circus Cristianis has twelve members right now, and with more always on the way, there is no doubt that the great Cristiani tradition will continue to flourish.

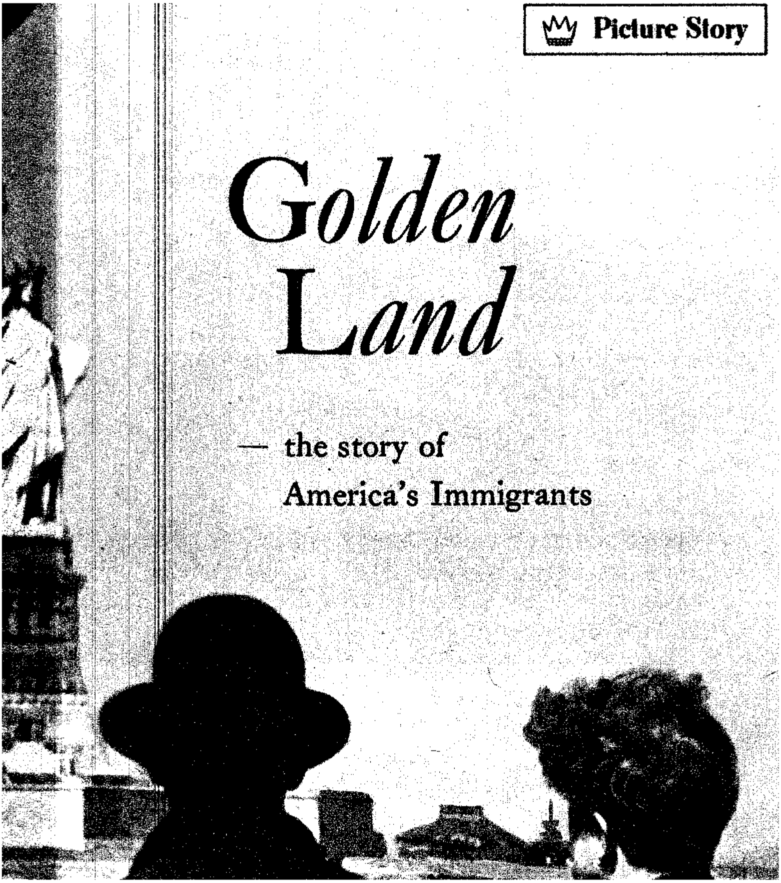
The only renegade is little Antoinette. She has become an outstanding pianist, and her father expects her to have a musical career. "I love to hear her play," he says, "but somehow it doesn't seem right. When I see her sitting there, making beautiful music, I ask myself: how did a Cristiani ever get in front of a piano?"

Wise and Otherwise

Mere man will never understand why a woman will pay $10 for a pair of stockings that are designed to make her look exactly as though she isn't wearing stockings. —*American Legion Magazine* . . . Women take to good-hearted men. Also from.—*Amigos* . . . Her mouth goes without saying.—JON KINNEY

Nothing recedes like success. —WALTER WINCHELL . . . She was tired of being in solitary refinement. —*Anon* . . . The reason more people die of worry than of work is that more people worry than work. —*Hospitality* . . . She wore one of those Biblical gowns—the "lo and behold" kind.—JEAN KERBS

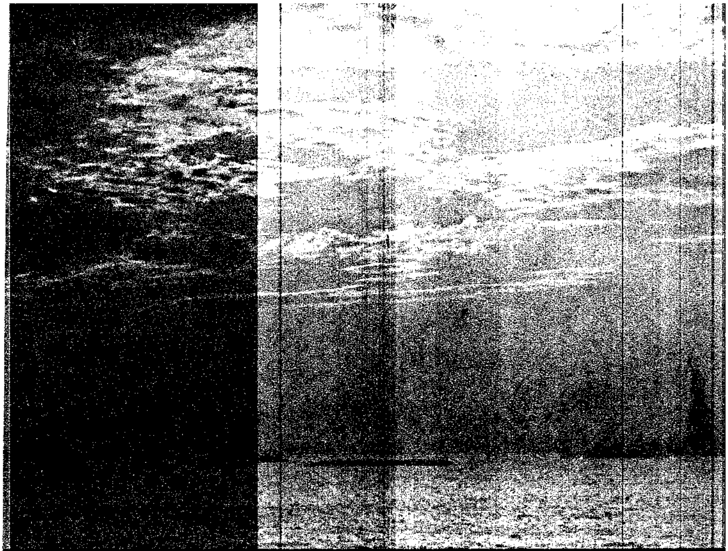
Many a man believes in heredity until his own son acts like a chump.—*Anon* . . . Many an "open" mind is merely vacant.—JUDY CANOVA



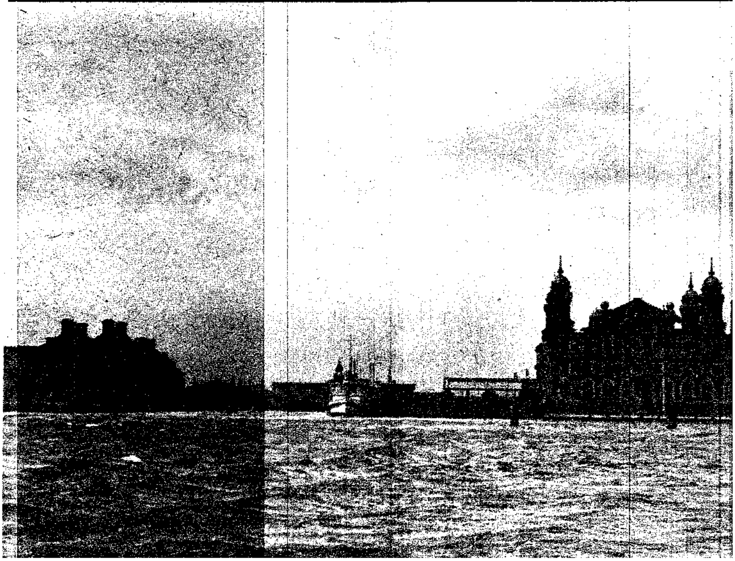
Picture Story

Golden Land

— the story of America's Immigrants



At the beginning of the 20th century, America shimmere
oned beyond the seas. To those who made the long trip,
Atlantic was like traveling toward Utopia . . .



From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from Sicily and Russia, from Italy, Poland and Greece, from Rumania and Hungary, the little families came—their wealth in their hands, determination in their eyes.

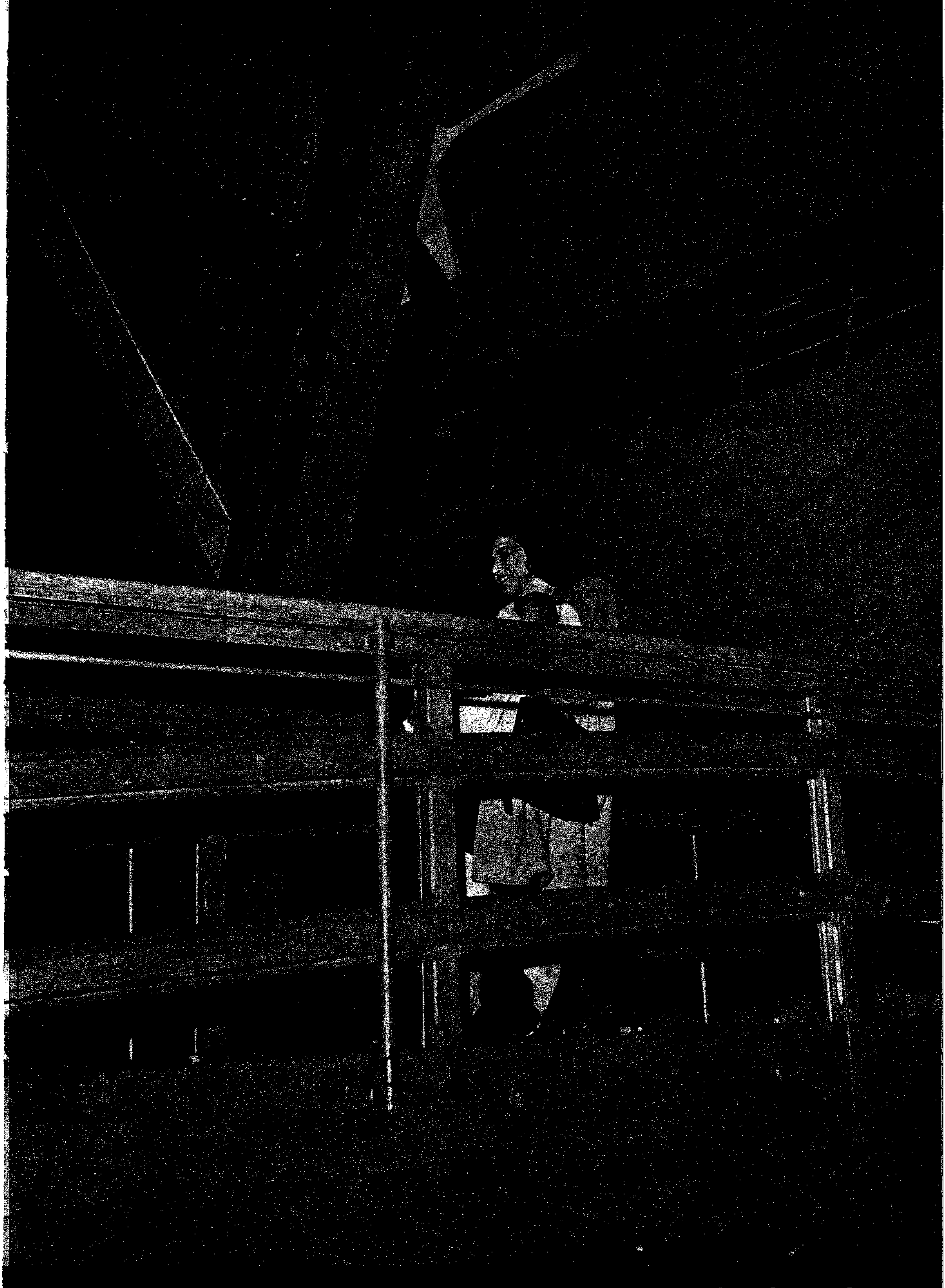
They were young and vigorous people with great dreams for great futures. They were people who were intimate with toil, and all they asked was the chance to work.

226

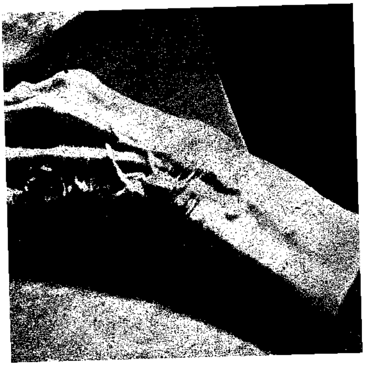
. . . and youngsters came, too, bewildered by the force that had suddenly changed their world. To them America was little more than a word, but to their parents it was the beginning of a new and better life.

In 10 years 10,000,000 people entered the "golden land." But in time our economy would be unable to absorb so many new arrivals *in so short a time.* The doors, wide open for so long, were beginning to close.

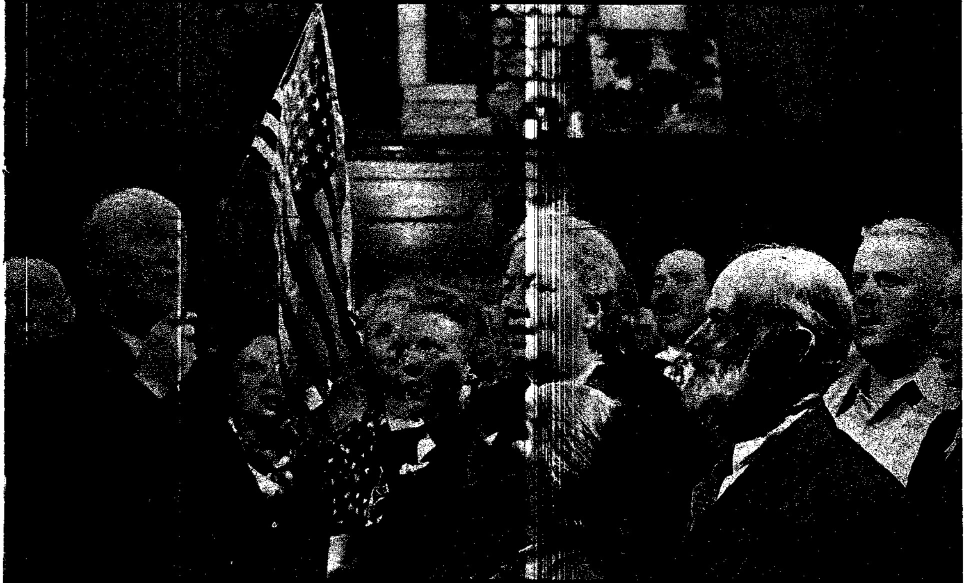
But today, almost a quarter of a century later, there is a new and more urgent knocking at America's gates.



For this is a new kind of immigration—a movement in the aftermath of war, bringing with it first the wives of American soldiers and their children who are citizens by birth . . .



. . . and they must learn to take pride in our history as a nation where people from every corner of the earth can live together in peace . . .



. . . and to swear allegiance to this indivisible democracy where liberty and justice exist for all.

How the Weather Affects Your Life

by LOUIS N. SARBACH

Medical science is doing something about the subtle dangers to your health in the relentless impact of temperature changes

IF YOU ARE THE average inhabitant of North America's invigorating "storm-track," the chances are:

1. That you live your life energetically.
2. That the weather may eventually kill you.

This storm-track is a vast arc, sweeping from the Canadian Rockies down through the Midwest and out into the Atlantic via the Northeastern states. In this gigantic arena, an endless conflict rages between masses of tropical air from the Caribbean and Polar air from the Arctic, with the result that the region is mercilessly battered with alternately rocketing and plunging temperatures.

Living in the storm-track means more than merely learning to come in out of the rain. After studying hospital records and university surveys, a California medical authority says that life in the storm-swept Great Lakes region "calls for a hardy people." As proof of the hardiness and constructive energy of storm-track residents, he points to a string of wealthy cities, scattered from Winnipeg to Boston, including such giants as Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and New York.

Yet clinical evidence reveals the subtle dangers that storm-trackers confront in every fall of the mercury or rise of the barometer. When storm-track residents are well, the weather energizes them, but when they fall ill this same weather turns on them like a tiger. Cruel temperatures and pressures strain delicate hearts and blood vessels to the limit—sometimes even to death.

In a Detroit hospital a woman is suffering from asthma. Progress has been satisfactory until, without warning, a relapse occurs. The doctors are helpless. In a few days the woman is dead.

Her meteorgram (a comparison of the hospital record with day-to-day weather reports) shows that her final attack began when the temperature outside dropped sharply from 90 degrees. As the barometer rose, the severity of her attack increased. She died in the wake of a barometric crest.

This case, one of dozens cited by

Dr. W. F. Petersen, University of Illinois physiologist, is typical; and it can be multiplied a hundred times by any medical climatologist. Such meteorgrams, conclusively proving that the weather has an intimate effect upon the human body, reveal new facts about many diseases and "conditions."

Wide variations from normal temperatures favor the development of thrombosis, according to Dr. Petersen. They occur nearly twice as often in storm-track regions as in less turbulent sections of the country, especially during spring and fall. "The summer months," says Dr. Petersen, "are comparatively exempt."

Late winter and spring seem best suited to rheumatic infection. A study by the U. S. Public Health Service of hospital cases in Philadelphia showed nearly twice as many deaths from rheumatic heart disease in April as in September. Deaths from coronary occlusion hit their peak in December, dropped to a minimum in August.

Weather also leaves its mark on the emotionally unstable. Mental institutions report that schizophrenics (split personalities) have their worst attacks in fall and spring, seasons of greatest weather stress.

EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS to us when the temperature rises or falls, when the barometer reads high or low? What actually takes place in blood vessels and body tissues? What, in physiological terms, are those familiar weather-induced phenomena known as growing pains and spring fever?

The answer is not yet complete, but evidence is rapidly accumulating as a new medical science, meteorobiology, studies our bodily reactions under the relentless impact of weather changes. Experiments are yielding the secrets of what happens to us in Arctic cold and tropical heat, in Sahara dryness and ocean mugginess.

Most of our reactions occur because we're the kind of animal that dies if the body temperature varies too much above or below 98.6 degrees. Because weather temperatures are forever changing, we constantly strive to keep our bodies at the vital heat level.

When the weather is hot, we try to rid ourselves of excess heat. When it is cold, we hang on to every stray calorie. Most of our daily activity, consciously or unconsciously, is aimed at preserving this balance. This means internal adjustment and sometimes severe strain.

Our bodies become surprisingly active when a cold snap arrives. Unconsciously we swing into action to keep heat from escaping. The whole body, as an energy-producing mechanism, works faster under extreme heat and cold, even while we sleep. Now a normal, healthy body easily adapts itself to these changes, but with elderly people, or those who have degenerative ailments, it is a different story.

There is danger of embolism or thrombosis. The flow of blood to the heart may become retarded. If then a clot or thrombus forms, death may follow—with weather once more the killer.

Where there are physiological maladjustments, the stimulation of cold weather causes some parts of the body to get "out of step." Growing pains in children is one example, Dr. Petersen says. This is also the time when older people have attacks of rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis and asthma. Patients in serious condition may then be driven beyond their limit of stimulation. Weather-shock is one of the important factors contributing to their death.

Warm weather, however, brings perils too. An extreme heat wave is dangerous to people whose blood vessels are so fragile that they can't handle the extra amount of blood which, measurements show, raises the total to a fifth over normal. When this happens, a weak heart, overloaded by extra pumping, may suddenly break down.

A combination of high temperature and high humidity helps to spread bacterial and virus infections, according to Dr. W. A. Sommerfield of Cleveland. "The infective droplets sneezed or coughed out are suspended in the air much longer during foggy weather or high humidity." Otherwise, they are carried to higher atmospheric levels, where it is believed they are killed by the more direct sun rays.

A falling barometer may help to bring on acute appendicitis. "Knowing surgeons expect an epidemic on such days," writes Dr. C. A. Mills, a noted climatologist. "The disease is most severe in the world's stormy areas. It is mild and infrequent in Europe's more stable climates and in most of the tropics."

Arthritis victims are no friends of the shifting barometer. University surveys indicate that 80 per cent of arthritics suffer pain only when barometric pressure is changing, making them ideal if unhappy "weather prophets."

New as it is, the science of meteorobiology sends long roots into the past. The Father of Medicine, Hippocrates, described the body as a "cosmic resonator" that responded to every change in the weather. A more recent pioneer was the 17th century Briton, Thomas Sydenham, who observed that acute rheumatism "happens at any time but especially in the autumn"—a fact which is still true in England though not in the U. S.

The body's ability to hold steadily to a temperature of 98.6 degrees F was discovered in 1774 by Dr. George Fordyce, who spent 20 minutes without ill effects in a room heated to 210 degrees. Since then, scientists have subjected themselves to every kind of laboratory "weather." Investigations on a really large scale, however, were launched only yesterday, when men had to learn to live, work and fight in every known climate on earth.

The medical angles to meteorology have proved of world-shaking importance to military and naval men. Ever since the air became a major battlefield, knowledge of what happens to the body as it rises from sea level into the frigid substratosphere has been vital. Even more important are the weather facts about a war fought from Pole to Equator. Problems have arisen which never troubled Caesar—or even Pershing.

A group of AAF pilots, transferred in midwinter from a Northern base to a Texas airfield, came down with spring fever so severe that they had to be grounded for days. Soldiers from southern Russia, thrown against the Finns in the Far North, were annihilated in a battle in which weather was the real victor.

Since the war there has been no letup in weather research. "Operation Muskox," a Canadian army maneuver in the sub-Arctic, carried U. S. Army observers. Its chief purpose was to discover the kind of food and clothing best fitted to life in the frigid zone. Currently, our Army and Navy have climatological operations under way to learn more about weather extremes in relation to human beings.

How much cold can we stand? Dr. J. D. Akerman entered a special cold room at the University of Minnesota to find out. While he was there, his body temperature fell to 84 degrees, and Dr. Akerman went to the hospital for four months because of exposure. But the Air Forces and the Navy got an improved flying suit out of his courageous experiment and the experiments of other scientists.

Research at the University of Cincinnati shows that we can enjoy as much vitality at a weather temperature of 90 degrees as at the so-called "ideal" temperature of 70—provided we double our intake of vitamin B. Russian scientists found that the approach of violent Arctic storms is preceded by a sharp drop in the number of heart beats per minute. Dr. C. A. Mills found that weather shifts produce striking changes in the body's physical measurements. Some people, he reported, gain or lose as much as "several pounds" with every major shift.

Facts like these are being assembled for practical use in military medicine, for our military leaders know that weather helps to win—and lose—wars. In any future conflict, weather will be the same inexorable factor that whipped Napoleon on his march back from Moscow. Hence our government, with the aid of medicine and science, has determined to check one enemy far in advance.

America's scientists and military leaders are hopeful, however, that the new discoveries will never be tested in war but will be applied instead to making tomorrow's citizens psychologically and physically weather-proof in a world at peace.

A Problem in Murder

(Solution to mystery on page 85)

The murderess was Jessica, who described the notes to Arthur as having been written in bright blue ink. She had written them with Jeanette's pen, using ink that writes bright blue but in time turns almost black, as the letters appear in the pictures. If Jessica had seen the notes weeks after they were written, as she claimed, she would not have described them as printed in "bright blue."

They Borrow Time —*from Death*

by **Don Moore**

Doomed by their doctors but sustained by faith, the members of a unique club found the courage to laugh and live on

"YOU HAVE ONLY A short while to live!"

Suppose your doctor gave you the news bluntly, in the same words which have pushed thousands of your fellow human beings against Death's doorway. With the doorknob turning from the other side, what would you do? Would you—could you—slam the door in Death's face? And laugh? And live on?

I have had the rare privilege of knowing not just one person but a whole group who have done this. They call themselves the Borrowed Timers. Surely theirs is one of the world's most extraordinary organizations, for they are the living dead—*living* in the fullest and best sense of the word.

It was about seven years ago that I first heard of the Borrowed Timers. While writing a column for a radio magazine, a sudden impulse prompted me to hint that I'd like to hear from shut-in radio listeners. Among the responses was a letter which began:

"Greetings from the Borrowed Timers! We're just some shut-ins who enjoy reading your column, and who want to reply to your invitation by telling a story of 60 cents, a pair of scissors, an idea and an ideal."

What an understatement that turned out to be! Actually, that first letter raised the curtain on a real-life drama—one of the most extraordinary dramas of fortitude and courage that I have ever been privileged to witness.

The Borrowed Timers began to take shape in 1930 when Federal Engineer Guyer D. Thomas was assigned to Ellensburg, Washington, where he met the Jesse Greens of the Greenacres dairy farm. Five years later, Mrs. Green was stricken with a heart ailment. Doctors gave her virtually no chance to live.

In 1936, Thomas also fell critically ill, and made what was scheduled to be his last trip to the Green ranch. At death's door after a stomach operation, he had returned to Greenacres in the desperate hope that plenty of fresh milk and mountain air might bring improvement.

Mrs. Green had a friend, Lucile Bolding, an arthritis victim who was beyond medical aid after several major operations. These three, tortured alike with pain and mental suffering, found themselves brought together by circumstance, along with Mr. Green, Mrs. Thomas and five children in each family.

Living under suspended sentences, they organized themselves as the "Borrowed Timers." At first the little society was intended as a grimly playful gesture to help the condemned trio forget their physical misery. And give them a fresh though frail hold on life. But soon they found themselves developing a definite philosophy.

"The unexpected things in life furnish the most intense interest," they told me. "A child lights a firecracker. Normally it explodes with the usual bang for the usual thrill. But another child lights a fuse and races away, tensely awaiting the explosion. No bang.

"That's thrill number one in dramatic suspense. The child edges back, getting thrill number two in approaching the loaded climax. He breaks open the firecracker and fashions a sizzler for thrill number three. There was only one kick from the expected performance—but three from the dud!"

In a sense, the Borrowed Timers' fuses had gone out. But they dared to edge back, pick up the duds and light them again. And today, they are still getting a bang out of the sizzlers.

Along with their philosophy they developed a unique business. Deciding that the children needed something to remind them of bedtime prayers, the women cut out little shield-shaped pieces of cloth and mounted white crosses on them. Thomas called on his chemical knowledge and treated the crosses so they would glow in the darkness, long after lights were turned off for the night.

Then, as they reported to me in that first letter, "Ten-year-old Mary wanted to buy herself a flower pot, so she took some of the emblems and went forth to raise cash. When she came back she said, 'I visited the fire station and the men just teased me. So I went to the chief and told him if he didn't buy my emblems, I wouldn't go to his fires. He bought all of them!' "

Promptly the little group pooled their cash assets of 60 cents and their limited physical resources and went to work in earnest on this new enterprise. They hoped to support themselves and at the same time spread their message of the therapeutic value of faith, hope and humor.

But just when business was picking up for the Greenacres clan, adversity struck with a different weapon. Fire destroyed the ten-room ranch home. That night the homeless group surveyed the ruins. Later they told me, "All over the charred Greenacres lay hundreds of the little crosses, scattered during the fire, a twinkling Flanders Field for the old homestead."

A Flanders Field! Every time I re-read the letter of the Borrowed Timers, I think of these and many other "failing hands" carrying their own torches and trying to give light to others—and a glorious surge of inspiration thrills me.

Fortunately the fire did not destroy the luminous-cross project. The Borrowed Timers set up makeshift headquarters and went on to create an extended market.

And gradually they enlarged their organization to include other full-fledged death-defiers—such as the "fatally burned" girl who had been given up for dead after 32 hours on the operating table. Even a sleeping-sickness victim was enrolled as a member.

The enlarged group continued to share their limited physical capacities, some working in bed, while always the stronger helped to care for the weaker. Complaining about ailments was against the rules. Of mixed faiths, they have never held organized religious services. But they earnestly practice individual prayer, for they believe with Tennyson that "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Eventually the Borrowed Timers prospered enough so that they were able to move to San Diego, California, with their business. Then came the war, and I lost touch with them. Now we correspond again and Guyer Thomas tells me that he currently operates the luminous-cross business in San Diego with the help of local people. The Greens have returned to the Washington mountains where Mrs. Green's health seems to be better. "In other words," says Guyer, "we couldn't make a sea gull out of a grouse."

As for Nancy Green, she writes from Ellensburg: "I'm on the biggest experiment of my life, and having fun at it. I wanted to see just what a so-called invalid could really do. So I worked as a waitress, a cashier and a grocery clerk. Now we are back in the country on an old ranch. I am cooking for a crew of men on 520 acres, feeling fine, having fun. . . . And by the way, I'll be a grandma soon again!"

Young Grandma Green and businessman Thomas and others of the Borrowed Timers continue to keep their idea and their ideal intact. *There still have been no deaths among the pioneering group!* They seldom call a doctor. And they are dreaming of a nation-wide or even worldwide group of those who can pass the one test required for membership: to live at least 90 days past the time when medical help officially turns the case over to the patient himself.

A common remark in Ellensburg puts it this way: "You've got to be dead three months before you can join the Borrowed Timers." The membership requirement is no grim jest. It is a sound psychological challenge to the prospective member's will to live.

I LEAVE IT TO EACH person to explain for himself the probable reasons for the Borrowed Timers' remarkable record. Faith, prayer, pluck, mountain air, sunshine or an inexplicable Force — take your choice. But I want to add this possible clue: an old Scotch sheepman out that way says simply, "They dinna gie a hoot."

Guyer Thomas adds to that clue: "Really, we get a bigger kick out of the humorous side of our lives than the dramatic. We don't take ourselves too seriously. And we know from experience that there is a darn sight more real health in one good laugh than in a whole bottleful of pills."

Often when I find myself fearing little fears or worrying little worries, I think of the Borrowed Timers and their philosophy. Then I edge back, pick up the duds and make myself some little sizzlers.

My seven-year-old daughter Judy recently reached the scared-of-the-dark stage. I pinned one of the prayer reminders over her bed, and now she thinks the little cross helps to lighten her bedroom. I look at my little girl serenely asleep under the shining symbol, and I too am comforted.

I think of a post-war world in chaos. People disabled, starving, desperate, fearful, and my mind re-creates the picture of Greenacres ranch in ashes, with those little white crosses in the darkness. A Flanders Field!

I don't mean that if everybody had a luminous prayer reminder, everything would be all right. The Borrowed Timers do not preach this either, for they are neither cranks nor hucksters.

But I accept my friends as living proof that hope and fearlessness in any circumstance, mutual helpfulness, a sense of humor, the will to enjoy life and the recognition that the human spirit can live and grow, are the answer to many of the problems that we, the healthy and able-bodied, so foolishly permit to mar our lives.

"This Week End I Earned $11.50 in Two Hours!"

A.M.S. of Flint, Michigan

That's typical of the spare-time earning record of thousands of Coronet Community Representatives—folks in all walks of life who are now devoting leisure moments to selling subscriptions (new and renewals) to a complete list of the nation's most popular magazines.

Many of Coronet's Community Representatives never sold anything before! They are discovering for the first time how easy and interesting it is to sell subscriptions to friends and neighbors in their own community, and they're adding between $300 and $500 a year to their income while doing so.

The same fine opportunity is open to *you*. You need no experience . . . no capital for investment. Just mail 25c in coin to: Coronet, Dept. 215, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Complete information and supplies will be sent to you by return mail to help you get started at once.

Unfurled from the Show World

Cellulines

Jane Wyman received a fan letter from a prisoner in Sing Sing, who wrote:

"I loved your performance in *The Yearling*. It is the best thing I've seen in three years, two months and nine days." —John Sisuly

A lean, brown young man, and rather handsome, too, showed up at a movie studio and presented a letter which admitted him for an interview. He said he was a good cowhand, knew all the trick stuff, and wanted a job in Westerns.

"Tenor or baritone?" asked the man in the casting office.

"I can't sing," replied the applicant, "but I can ride anything on four legs."

"Play a guitar or banjo?" asked the studio executive.

"No . . . but I'm not stage-shy. I made most of the big rodeos, and I rode four times in Madison Square—"

"Play the accordion, maybe?"

"Can't play anything," admitted the young man, "but, mister, you give me a rope and I'll show—"

The casting director waved him out impatiently.

"And you call yourself a cowboy!" he scoffed. —Paul Norton

Sam Goldwyn, the reputed Mr. Malaprop of the movie industry, met with a group of newspapermen on his return from a visit to Europe.

"Now gentlemen," he told the reporters, "listen slowly." —Edward Frank Allen

When the films were in their infancy, David Freedman claimed to have arranged a splendid contract for Francis X. Bushman through a well-conceived stratagem. Bushman had been making movies in Chicago at $250 a week. Freedman brought him to New York and met him at Grand Central to take him across Broadway to the offices of Metro.

Freedman carried a sack of 2,000 pennies, which he strewed along behind him in a thin trickle. First children and then curious adults began to follow. By the time the pair had crossed 42nd Street to Broadway and entered the Metro offices, a vast throng was surging in their wake. Looking out the window, the executives of Metro were easily induced to sign Bushman at a thousand dollars a week. —*Thesaurus of Anecdotes*

Air Lines

A vacuum-cleaner salesman knocked at the door of a house in a rural district.

"Good morning," he said brightly when a woman appeared. "I'd like to demonstrate this vacuum cleaner for you. Wonderful machine—absolutely uncanny!"

He pushed inside and, ignoring the housewife's frantic protests, began strewing the rug with scraps of newspaper. Next he added a shovelful of ashes and bits of kindling wood from the fireplace.

"Quite a mess, isn't it?" the salesman said brightly. "Now, where's your electric outlet? Just watch—you're going to get the surprise of your life!"

The outraged housewife picked up the poker. "Somebody's going to get a surprise!" she cried fiercely. "We have no electricity!"

—*Can You Top This?* NBC

Comedian Jack Benny was once riding in a taxicab, and as the driver neared his destination he found that the brakes wouldn't hold.

"Hey!" yelled Jack. "Why don't you stop?"

"I can't stop!" replied the driver as the taxi sped forward. "I think the brakes are shot."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Jack shouted. "Can't you at least turn off the meter?" —John Sisuly

Client (phoning from prison): "They've pulled up my cuffs, they've shaved my head, they've ripped my trousers up the sides—well, I want your advice. What should I do?"

Lawyer: "Don't sit down!"

—*Amos 'n Andy Show,* NBC

Comic Section

Girl: George is an unfeeling brute. He must have been an incubator baby.

Gracie: Oh, no, that's not true. He must have had a mother. I'm sure George's father would never have been happy with any such arrangement. —*Burns and Allen Show,* NBC

The nicest thing about being a mink is that you can hang around a beautiful woman long after you're dead. —Billy DeWolfe

Star Grazing

Woman's greatest asset is man's imagination. —Barbara Stanwyck

I knew her when she didn't know where her next husband was coming from. —Anne Baxter

A modern girl with a bleaches-and-cream complexion. —Jack Haley

With the Critics

It was a first-knife audience.

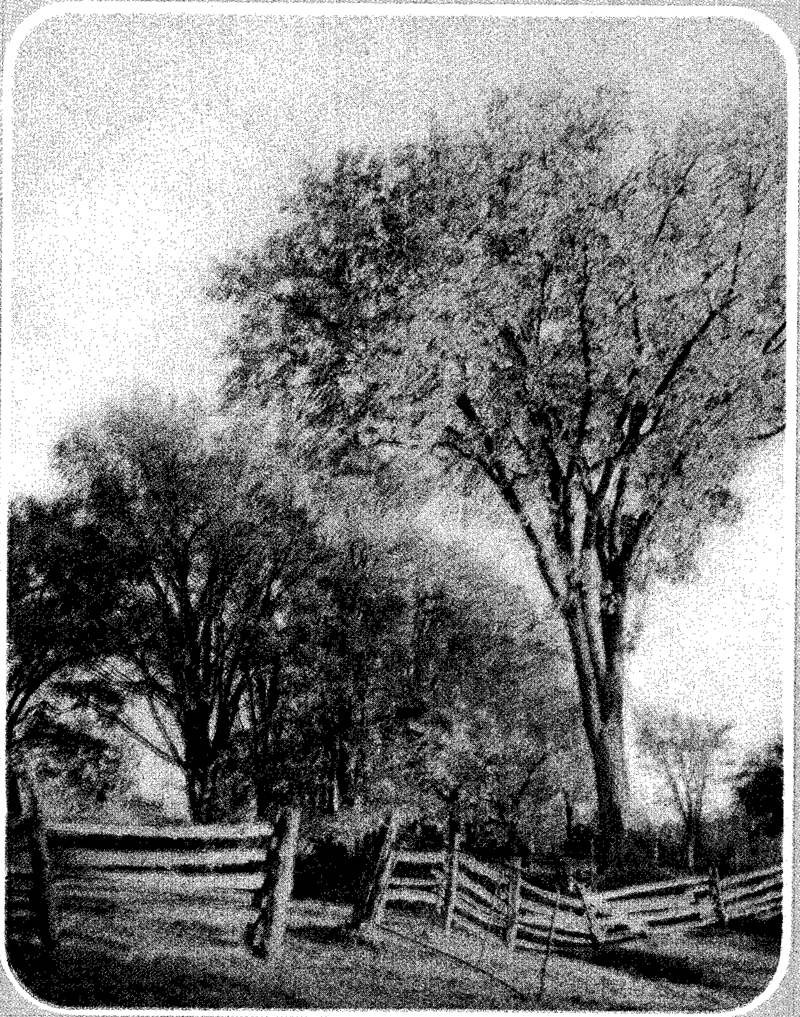
—Ozzie Nelson in Walter Winchell's Column

The shortest drama review on record was turned in by the critic of a London gazette. The play was called *Dreadful Night.* The critic's complete comment was "Exactly."

—From *Anything for a Laugh* by Bennett Cerf

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

PORTRAIT OF NATURE: ONE OF A SERIES



FARM AT PORT ELGIN, CANADA

KODACHROME BY JOE CLARK

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.
—HELEN HUNT JACKSON

God Bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside
her and guide
Thru the night with
a light from above
From the mountains

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

IRVING BERLIN: Song Writer to the World

by GEORGE FRAZIER

Although Irving Berlin, who is 59, has been writing songs for more than 40 years, he still goes through the same creative agony he suffered in 1907. That year, while working as a singing waiter in a Chinatown saloon called Nigger Mike's, he turned out *Marie from Sunny Italy*, a tune which earned about 37 cents in royalties.

Since then, he has produced some 800 songs of such high quality that he is generally acknowledged to be the outstanding member of his profession. Not even so reassuring a fact as this, however, can dispel Irving Berlin's gnawing fear that his next effort may be a failure.

Berlin, a spruce little man with a leathery, deeply-seamed face, brown eyes which are usually framed by shell-rimmed glasses, and a voice so thin and raspy that Joe Frisco once remarked, "You gotta hug him to hear him," admits rather wistfully that this is so.

"I go through the same contortions, the same headaches, the same gripings, when I'm writing an *Easter Parade*," he says, "as I did with the songs I wrote 35 years ago."

But among his colleagues, these misgivings have become the source of such kindly quips as "Berlin looks kind of worried. He must have another hit song."

Great
Living
Americans
XIII

If, as seems reasonable, a song writer's talent can be measured by his income, then Berlin is just beginning to hit his stride. When he sold *Marie from Sunny Italy*, he was making $7 a week plus whatever he got in tips from Nigger Mike Salter's clientele. He'll do a lot better than that during 1947.

He will, for example, receive $600,000 from M-G-M for the score of the picture *Easter Parade*. The $650,000 movie sale of *Annie Get Your Gun*, in which he has a 30 per cent interest in the picture rights, will bring him another wad. As author of the score for *Annie*, he makes around $2,500 a week in royalties. As publisher of this music, he has already received $400,000.

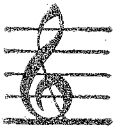
His royalties on recordings of his songs are hard to estimate, but one company alone—Decca—paid him $63,000 for a quarter-year. His 12½ per cent of the gross of the movie *Blue Skies* will come to around $1,250,000. In addition, he will receive payments from ASCAP for the performance rights to his music. As a Double-A member (the highest ASCAP classification), he will get about $20,000 this year. As a publisher, he will receive between $135,000 and $150,000 more.

Apart from these remunerations, Berlin has valuable real estate holdings. One of them, for example, is a third-interest in the Music Box Theater, which provides him with pocket money.

If, however, anyone should contend that money is a crass yardstick by which to measure talent, there are always the songs themselves, a considerable number of which would stack up imposingly on any all-time hit parade. What makes this all the more remarkable is that Berlin, between his flights of inspiration, has somehow managed to devote considerable time and talent to charitable and patriotic enterprises.

Yip, Yip, Yaphank, the all-soldier show which he wrote and played in during World War I, brought the government $83,000, while *This Is the Army*, its World War II sequel, with which he trouped for three years, has already grossed $9,553,000 for Army Emergency Relief.

His *God Bless America*, a song which many people consider the only authentic national anthem, has enriched the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts by $137,610.35, while *Arms for the Love of America* and *Any Bonds Today?* have made $10,326 for the Army Ordnance Association; *I Threw A Kiss in the Ocean*, $19,225.64 for Navy Relief; *Angels of Mercy*, $8,959.93 for the Red Cross; and *The President's Birthday Ball*, $1,205.39 for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.



CLEARLY, ANYONE who has achieved an output so staggering is worth examining in detail. With Berlin, however, this is no easy matter, since he is an immensely complicated individual. Outwardly, he is an absent-minded little man who sometimes finds himself trying to ascend an escalator which happens to be descending. It is not at all unusual for him to hop forgetfully into a taxi after he has instructed his chauffeur to wait for him. Nor is absent-mindedness his only eccentricity. On any list of the world's most nervous men, he would occupy a prominent place.

His right to such recognition includes gestures like constantly flattening his hair down in back, picking stray crumbs from a dinner table, and rising suddenly from his chair and pacing back and forth across a room with all the restlessness of a terrier in a pet-shop window. While listening to other people talk, his face is screwed up alertly and he sits forward as if to pounce greedily upon the first utterance which is at variance with his own views on the subject.

Women have been known to observe that he looks "kind of cute," but no one outside of his immediate family could be myopic enough to consider him handsome. He is, however, an irreproachable dresser, wearing beautifully tailored suits and exercising considerable care to select his ties and shirts with a view toward enhancing the deep tan he manages to retain practically the whole year round.

He is a shrewd businessman, justly celebrated for his ability to write a stiff contract. Once the contract has been signed, however, he almost invariably provides far more service than is demanded of him. He has a sharp sense of publicity values and delights in giving interviews, despite a tendency to tell the interviewer how the story should be angled. Inasmuch as this is sometimes extremely helpful, however, no one resents it.

Although a gourmet with a palate for the delicacies served by fashionable restaurants, he prefers to do his own cooking whenever possible. It happens to be of an exceedingly high order. During the Italian tour of *This Is the Army*, he insisted upon preparing all the meals for the family with which he was billeted. Sometimes, late at night in New York, he conveys his companions to a Chinese restaurant in Columbus Circle, where he goes into the kitchen and whips up authentic Cantonese dishes.

If the circumstances call for it, he has a ready wit; once, during a game of "Categories" in which the participants were expected to name a fruit beginning with "h," he suggested "half-a-grapefruit." Although he had no formal schooling, his ear is responsive to the delicate nuances of the English language, and rarely does he have to resort to profanity to achieve effect.

He smokes only when working—and never without chewing gum at the same time. His rather limited drinking is confined to either brandy or beer. He enjoys nothing more than a good talk and, when in New York, can be found almost nightly at the Stork Club with his wife and Irving Hoffman, a massive man of vast perception, cleverness and integrity who is a kind of great shah among the people of show business.

Everything considered, Irving Berlin manages to give a remarkable impression of a man who does practically no work. Yet this aspect of his behavior provides a significant clue, for Berlin is actually hard at work almost every waking minute. So when he ingenuously endeavors to buck a descending escalator or fails to remember that his car is waiting, it is because he has more immediate concerns. More often than not, these concerns happen to be songs which he is in the process of writing.

Except for a vacation in Bermuda last summer, Berlin has not relaxed in almost 50 years. Even in Bermuda, he found it impossible to avoid a certain amount of anxiety about his career. A neighbor who happened to drop by on a Saturday evening found the Berlins and Hoffman listening to the Lucky Strike *Hit Parade*. Two of Berlin's songs had already been played, and everyone was waiting to hear if there would be a third. As it turned out, there was, and Berlin thus became the first man ever to have three tunes on one *Hit Parade*.

Berlin is unable to provide much help when it comes to trying to explain his prodigious achievements. "I was born with a first-rate talent," he says, "and the rest has been energy." While this is true, it is far from being the whole story.

A man who has been close to Berlin for two decades shakes his head when asked about the subject. "I've spent years trying to figure out what makes Berlin tick," he says, "and, believe me, it's a tough job. If I had to give an opinion, though, I'd say it's his terrific urge to do everything bigger and better than either he or anyone else has ever done it before."

Berlin's reactions to various situations over the years would seem to confirm this observation. In the case of *This Is the Army*, instead of being elated by the fabulous success of his soldier show, he was obsessed by the clammy fear that he would never again be able to do anything as good. Then he plunged into the preparation of *Blue Skies* and, after the usual preliminary torture, began to realize that the movie would be among Paramount's biggest hits.

His delight, however, did not last long. This time it was a dread that his next venture, *Annie Get Your Gun*, might be inferior to *Blue Skies*. Now, with *Annie* established as one of the most walloping smashes in musical-comedy history, Berlin is beginning to suspect that he won't be able to equal it with *Easter Parade*, his new movie.

"It must be hell being Irving Berlin," a music publisher remarked not long ago. "The poor guy's his own toughest competition."

Berlin would doubtless agree, for there have been many times when the distinction of being Irving Berlin must have proved trying. One of them occurred when *This Is the Army* opened in Philadelphia. After the performance he and a friend were having a nightcap at the Walton Roof when the master of ceremonies asked Berlin if he would do a song. As always, Berlin agreed.

When he asked the audience what they wanted to hear, there were shouts for *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, a number written by Frank Loesser. Berlin graciously sang it, but back at his table he began to shake his head.

"That's what happens all the time," he complained. "If I didn't sing *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, people'd say: 'Berlin's jealous because he didn't write it himself.' So I sang it and in six months someone will start the story that Irving Berlin, that bum, got up in Philadelphia one night and tried to claim he wrote *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*."

Curiously enough, there is ample reason for this uneasiness, inasmuch as Berlin, over the years, has had a number of such baseless accusations brought against him. For a long while, this slander took the shape of a rumor that his songs were actually written by a little colored boy. Day by day, year after year, Berlin and all the rest of the world grew older, but the little colored boy remained ageless.

Preposterous as the canard was, those who envied Berlin's fantastic success were delighted to propagate the legend. The rumor was regarded as fair game by the wits of the age and every few days another "little colored boy" story began making the rounds.

One of the best had its inception the afternoon Berlin and the late Wilson Mizner were visiting a girl who was convalescing from pneumonia. As they were about to say good-bye, Berlin quietly snitched a rose from a vase at the bedside. They were going down in the elevator when a beautiful girl whom Berlin greatly admired got on. Bowing with immense courtliness, he presented the rose to her.

"With each petal," he said, "goes one of my most beautiful melodies."

Looking at him in astonishment, Mizner exclaimed: "And the bum stole the rose, too!"

Another time, when Berlin returned from Florida with a deep tan, he dropped in at the Friar's Club. Harry Ruby looked at him and said, "There's the little colored boy who writes Berlin's songs." Later someone asked Ruby how old the little colored boy was. "Just about Irving's age," he replied.

* * *

LOOKING BACK to the underprivileged neighborhood in which Berlin spent his childhood, it is pertinent to remark that proletarian art — or, more accurately, pseudo-art—in the U.S. is characterized by its devotion to a rags-to-riches saga known as The American Story. The radio blares it forth by the hour, while the movies spend millions each year interpreting it to audiences everywhere. The sticky results are almost invariably a libel upon America. If there is such a thing as The American Story, however, it might well be the life of Irving Berlin.

Berlin, youngest of Cantor Moses and Leah Lipkin Baline's eight children, was born in South Russia in 1888. He was named Israel and for years afterward was to know no name but Izzy. In 1893, the Balines and six of their children came to this country, setting up their first home on New York's lower East Side. With the father's death in 1896, the older children had to go to work in sweatshops, while Izzy remained at home with his mother.

To all appearances, Berlin's early life was one of deprivation and hardship, but invariably he denies it was unhappy. Not long ago, in an interview with Ward Morehouse of the New York *Sun*, Berlin gave a fresh and disarming interpretation of the hackneyed rags-to-riches formula.

"When I was a kid I never knew there was food like this in the world," he told Morehouse as they dined in a plushy restaurant. "But you never miss luxury until you've had it. I never felt poverty because I'd never known anything else. My parents were poor, but let's be realistic about it. I didn't starve. I wasn't cold or hungry. There always was bread and butter and hot tea. I slept better in tenement and lodging houses at 15 cents a night than I do now in a nice bed."

Berlin was 14 when he left home to make his own way. Four years intervened before he took his now-celebrated job as a singing waiter at Nigger Mike Salter's Pelham Cafe in Chinatown. In those years, he managed to make ends meet by following such varied pursuits as singing in a saloon for 50 cents a night, passing the hat for a blind pianist in a Bowery dive and plugging Harry Von Tilzer songs in Tony Pastor's music hall on 14th Street.

Nigger Mike's was scarcely in a class with the Stork Club, but Berlin nevertheless recalls it with a good deal of affection. A saloon run by a Russian Jew who got his nickname because of a swarthy complexion, it sold beer for a nickel and whiskey for a dime. Berlin's hours were from 8 in the evening until 6 in the morning. It was at a table in Nigger Mike's that he wrote *Marie from Sunny Italy*.

Berlin is pretty insistent that his approach to song writing has not changed in the 40 years since he sweated out *Marie from Sunny Italy*.

"I'm a lot better off doing a song when I have a reason," he says. "Someone would say, 'We gotta have a ballad,' so I'd go home and think in terms of a ballad. With *Annie Get Your Gun*, the situations in the plot gave me the springboard. Sometimes, of course, the song gives me the plot. For instance, with the movie *Easter Parade*, the idea came from the mention of the bonnet in the song, so I decided I'd have the story take place in a milliner's shop. When you've got a reason, it comes a lot easier."

Berlin had a reason for writing *Marie from Sunny Italy*—an urge to put himself on an equal footing with two singing waiters in a place a few doors from Nigger Mike's who had written an Italian song. Ultimately, when Berlin was fired by Nigger Mike for falling asleep behind the bar, he went to work as an entertainer at Jimmy Kelly's place on 14th Street.

Alexander's Ragtime Band, his first conspicuous success, came in 1911, after he had moved uptown and was turning out songs on a $25 weekly drawing account. Although it was eventually to sweep the country, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* did not meet with enthusiasm when Berlin first submitted it to publishers. Some objected that it was too long; others that it had an impossible range which would make singers shy from it. When George M. Cohan had it introduced in the Friars' Frolic of 1911, however, it created an immediate sensation.

IN FEBRUARY, 1912, Berlin, who by now was a celebrity, married Dorothy Goetz. Five months later she died of typhoid contracted during their honeymoon in Cuba. Berlin's reaction to certain emotional crises in his life is remarkably like the classic attitude which inspired Tennyson to write *In Memoriam* and Shelley to bewail the passing of Keats in *Adonais*. Irving Berlin lamented the death of his wife in the ballad called *When I Lost You*.

Beyond this, however, he found himself incapable of working, and with E. Ray Goetz, his late wife's brother, he went to Europe. On his return he immersed himself in writing the score for *Watch Your Step*, a musical comedy featuring Vernon and Irene Castle. The show turned out to be a resounding hit both here and in England.

Three years later, while a sergeant at Camp Upton, Berlin wrote *Yip, Yip, Yaphank*. It was a superb show with an excellent cast, but the high moment in every performance came when the frail, sorrowful-looking little sergeant stepped from the wings and sang, in the voice that inspired "You gotta hug him to hear him":

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh, how I love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call:
You gotta get up, you gotta get up,
*You gotta get up this morning.**

Twenty-five years later, in *This Is the Army*, Berlin again put on his World War I uniform and sang this song. The wild enthusiasm of audiences all over the world testified that a quarter-century had not affected either its or Berlin's appeal.

By 1926, Berlin had written the scores for two *Ziegfeld Follies* and four *Music Box Revues*. "He was," in one biographer's words, "the Lullaby Kid. He was also a Dorothy Dix working in the idiom of popular music. Couples at country-club dances grew misty-eyed when the band went into *Always*, because they were positive that Berlin had written it just for them. When they quarreled and parted in the bittersweetness of the 1920s, it was Berlin who gave eloquence to their heartbreak by way of *What'll I Do?* and *Remember* and *All Alone*."

By now, Berlin's fame was great, but it was to become even greater when he married Ellin Mackay on January 4, 1926. This was the sort of story for which newspapers stop presses. Here was the immigrant—the exile from Czarist Russia—marrying the attractive daughter of Clarence Mackay, the snobbish, wealthy head of Postal Telegraph. It was the confirmation of the Declaration of Independence's assertion that all men are created equal. It was compelling testimony to the heart-warming fact that American girls have minds of their own.

---

*Copyright 1918—Irving Berlin

One magazine article about Berlin investigated his marriage to Miss Mackay at considerable length. “The legend of the Berlin-Mackay romance,” it disclosed, “has been greatly distorted. The song writer from the lower East Side did not lay siege to the heiress to the Mackay millions. If anything, it was the other way around.

“Ellin Mackay was the sort of girl who could have been terrific in the saffron dusks of the tea-dancing ’20s. She could have been a prom-trotter and the darling of Yale, Harvard and Princeton stag lines. She was like something out of Scott Fitzgerald—lovely and cultured and rich—and the world was her oyster. But toward callow youth, toward the coonskin-coated crew-cuts who thought she was ‘keen’ and whose mothers regarded her as highly desirable, she was polite but stubborn.

“Essentially cerebral, she had a distinct flair for writing, and one of her pieces, *Why We Go to Cabarets: A Post-Debutante Explains*, had proved the necessary shot in the circulation arm of a small metropolitan weekly called *The New Yorker*. Berlin, she decided, was for her. As far as he was concerned, that made it unanimous and Mr. Mackay’s thoughts on the matter were not solicited.”

At one point, when the romance appeared to be getting out of hand, Mackay shipped his daughter to Europe in the hope that she would be attracted to some nobleman. It was only after she and Berlin had been married a while that her father and her husband became friendly.

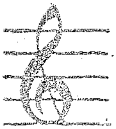
One evening, as they strolled around Mackay’s Long Island show-place, “Harbor Hill,” the father-in-law told Berlin about a sumptuous party he had given there for the Prince of Wales a few years before.

“Irvin’,” he said, Anglicizing the pronunciation, “it was marvelous. I wish you could have been here.”

What he failed to mention, however, was that on the evening in question, he had hired private detectives to see that Berlin did not crash the gate.

As matters have turned out, the Berlin-Mackay marriage has been a complete success. The Berlins have three daughters—Mary Ellin, 20, who goes to Barnard College; Linda, 15, who attends Shipley School in Bryn Mawr; and Elizabeth, 11, a student at Brearley School in New York City.

Berlin is devoted to them and they idolize him, but he is sometimes brought up short by their independence. He is amused, for example, by the fact that Mary Ellin, a promising pianist, will play *White Christmas* and other extracts from his catalogue when they have been requested, but finds a lot more enjoyment in the work of men like Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Cole Porter.



LOOKING BACK over his life, Berlin is inclined to fasten upon certain incidents as stepping stones in his career. In a letter written to an interviewer several years ago, he named a few:

“First in point of time was the opening night of *Watch Your Step* in 1915 at the New Amsterdam Theater. It was the first time I had heard my songs played by a large orchestra. Second was the opening of *Yip, Yip, Yaphank* in 1918 at the Century. Third, the *Follies of 1919*, which included *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* and *Mandy*. Fourth, the first *Music Box Revue* in 1921. Fifth, *As Thousands Cheer*, in 1933, and, of course, *This Is the Army*.

"I notice that I have listed opening nights of musical shows as important dates. Of course, there have been others in between and before, such as my appearing in London at the Hippodrome Theater in 1913, when I introduced *International Rag*, which I wrote for that performance, and sang *Alexander*, *Everybody's Doin' It* and other songs that became popular there. When I asked the audience what other songs of mine they would like to hear, they shouted *Robert E. Lee*, *Kitchy-Koo* and several others I had not written. Having been billed as 'The Ragtime King,' they thought I wrote every ragtime song they had ever heard.

"I would say that the *Music Box Revues* represent the best music I have done, although *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* is, in my opinion, the best individual song I've ever written for a musical show.

"There is one other date I think I should mention. That was when Rudy Vallee sang *Say It Isn't So* for the first time. I had had a long spell of depression about my work. I felt that I was through. I had written several songs, including *How Deep Is the Ocean?*—but I didn't publish any of them, thinking they weren't good enough. *Say It Isn't So* broke the ice and I realize now it was just a frame of mind, but at the time it seemed pretty serious."

Today, Berlin considers his songs for the movie *Top Hat* as his best score, and the music for *Annie Get Your Gun* as his most successful job. On the whole, however, it seems almost certain that *This Is the Army* will go down in history as his greatest achievement.

One night recently, Abel Green, editor of *Variety*, and Jack Bregman, the music publisher, sat in the Stork Club discussing the songs that had come out of the war. "I wonder," mused Bregman, "who the Irving Berlin of World War II was?"

Green nodded toward a corner table, where Berlin and his wife were seated. "The Irving Berlin of World War II," he said, "was Irving Berlin."

Berlin's participation in *This Is the Army* was impressive proof of his own credo that there's no business like show business. The writing of the score was only one of his contributions. Although he was 54 when it opened, he performed with all the verve of the youngest member of the cast, and he was on hand when it played in England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, New Guinea, the Philippines and the Admiralties.

In Naples, he and Marlene Dietrich put on an impromptu act for fellow occupants of an air-raid shelter. In Rome, he arranged for a civilian showing of *This Is the Army* for the benefit of Italian war orphans. Tickets were $12 apiece and the unforgettable moment of the evening came when Berlin responded to thunderous applause by singing *Oi-Marie* in Italian. Recently he wrote a friend about this.

"I deliberately planned to do it," he explained. "The show was given for the benefit of an Italian charity and was the only one we gave for civilians. The house was crowded with fascists, and using one of the Italian-American boys in *This Is the Army* as an interpreter, I told the audience that when I came to America as a refugee more than 50 years ago, we lived in an Italian neighborhood and we kids would teach each other the songs we brought over from the old country.

"I taught the Italians some of our Yiddish songs, and they taught me some of their songs. One that I never forgot was *Oi-Marie*. It was heart-warming to see those fascists stand up and sing this simple Neapolitan folk song as though it were their national anthem."

At an audience with the Pope, Berlin thanked the Vatican for having sheltered Italian Jews during the war. In Belfast, he chatted backstage with a Jewish couple who had a thick brogue. "Sure, we have no problems at all here in Belfast," said the man. "There are only 300 Jewish families—about a thousand souls. But I must say we have a damn big job on our hands patching things up between the Catholics and Protestants."

Although there is no false modesty about Berlin, he is, nevertheless, his own most ruthless critic, and can be mercilessly dispassionate about a song like *Just a Blue Serge Suit*, which was one of his first post-war efforts.

"It was a wonderful idea," he says, "but I handled it badly and it stank."

With the same objectivity, he is inclined to belittle his prodigious output. "I've turned out 800 songs," he admits, "but actually, I've merely rewritten seven or eight of my best ones over and over again. Take *Easter Parade*, for example. It's actually a melody taken from a thing maybe you never heard, called *Smile and Show Your Dimples*."

Berlin may even dismiss *White Christmas* as a creative feat, but he is unabashedly delighted with its commercial appeal. Probably the most valuable copyright in the world, he calls it "a little publishing house in itself." Written in 1942, it sold 1,000,000 copies in four months. Since then, its sales total 5,000,000 recordings and almost 3,000,000 copies of sheet music. A standard—the trade name for a tune which goes on year after year—it sells some 350,000 copies each Christmas.

"The great thing about song writing," says Berlin, "is that you don't know when you've written a *White Christmas*. That one fell out of the heavens."

* * *

LAYMEN ARE CURIOUS about one particular aspect of song writing—which comes first, the hen or the egg. In Berlin's case, it can only be said that he has worked both ways. Once, he wrote almost exclusively while seated at "Buick," his specially constructed piano which shifts from F-sharp—the only key he can play in—to whatever key he wishes to use. Nowadays, he does most of his work away from the piano.

In the beginning, he wrote mostly in terms of melodic phrases. The "come on and hear" of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, for example, was a phrase arranged in thirds. This, in turn, suggested *Everybody's Doin' It*. Gradually, as he learned his trade, he acquired a fluency with melody. *Say It with Music*, for instance, was devised with one finger on the piano.

"My talent, such as it is, is construction," he says. He also maintains that there is no such thing as a great lyric. "You can't separate words from music," he insists.

Berlin demurs from the general opinion that he is the world's greatest song writer. "Look," he says, jutting out his lower lip, "there are some darned good guys around. You take Dick Rodgers, for example. Dick's better than a song writer. He's a composer. And Oscar Hammerstein. He can write any kind of song, but he's more than a song writer. He's a poet."

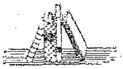
Looking back over 40 years, Berlin says he has had the greatest admiration for Gus Edwards and Bill Cobb, who wrote *Schooldays* and *Sunbonnet Sue;* Jerome and Schwartz, who collaborated on *Bedelia* and *Chinatown, My Chinatown;* Eddie Madden, who wrote *By the Light of the Silvery Moon;* Vincent Byron, who turned out *Tammany* and *Woodman, Woodman, Spare That Tree,* which he and Berlin wrote for Bert Williams in 1911; Harry Von Tilzer, Andrew Sterling, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren. These men, he says, are naturals—"guys," as he puts it, "who just couldn't help but write songs. There are guys who write songs with pencils and those who write 'em with chisels. When you've been around, you know which are which."

After 40 productive years, there should be no doubt as to which kind of song writer Irving Berlin is. He has worked steadily through two wars; through Coolidge and Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt; through ukuleles and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Benny Goodman. Obviously, his talent is ageless. At 59, he has changed little since the Chinatown nights when he was a singing waiter named Izzy Baline.

Not long ago, a friend kidded him about the Beekman Place mansion overlooking the East River which he had just purchased from Secretary of the Navy Forrestal.

"You're getting to be quite a swell," said the friend.

Berlin shook his head. "Not me," he protested. "I'm just going back home. Hell, when I was a kid my mother used to have her hands full fishing me out of the East River. Now maybe Ellin'll have the same job to do."



The Age of Science

A MAN HUNTING an apartment came across a rather nice place. He located the building superintendent and said: "I think this apartment will suit me very well, but what are all those stains on the ceiling?"

The superintendent explained that the last occupant had been a professor who was always experimenting with new chemicals.

"Oh, I see," said the man, "then those are the marks made by the chemicals."

"No," said the superintendent, "they're the professor." —*Jobber Topics*

The Life of the Party

PETER DONALD,
GUEST EDITOR

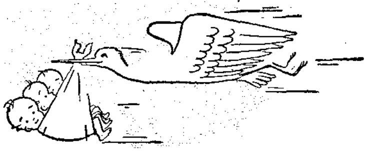
Peter Donald, this month's guest editor, is a star on two top-ranking shows heard over the NBC network—*Can You Top This?* and the Fred Allen program. As Ajax Cassidy, the newest inhabitant of Allen's Alley, the versatile Donald may not be "long for this world," but there's plenty of life — and laughter—in the Game Book he has assembled for your enjoyment.

What's in It?

The other day a friend offered me some chewing gum. I took a piece and started to chew, but when he asked me what its ingredients were, darned if I could tell him. Do *you* know? If you do, you'll have no trouble with No. 2 below. Anyway, here's a test to see how good you are at identifying the component parts of some things you've used or heard about all your life. Just fill in each blank with the letter alongside what you consider the correct word in the list at the right. To get you started, I've filled in the first blank for you. (Correct answers are on page 133.)

1. By mixing g. (nitroglycerine) with o. (infusorial earth) dynamite is produced.
2. Chewing gum is made from. . . . . . which is the juice of the. . . . . .tree.
3. Snuff is nothing much more than . . . .
4. German silver is not silver at all; it's. . . ., ..., and . . . . .
5. Caviar comes from the. . . . . .of the . . . .
6. When you eat a marshmallow you are eating . . . . . ., ..., ... and . . . .
7. If it were not for. . . . . .you would not have tapioca pudding.
8. Most cheese is made from . . . . . .

a. sturgeon
b. sugar
c. nickel
d. flannel
e. crystal quartz
f. corn syrup
g. nitroglycerine
h. roe
i. sapodilla
j. copper
k. powdered tobacco
l. mica
m. curds
n. lead
o. infusorial earth
p. chicle
q. cassava
r. graphite
s. starch
t. gelatin
u. isinglass
v. cacao
w. zinc
x. tin
y. powdered alum
z. ivory



Triplets You Should Know

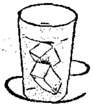
There are many three-word expressions like HOP, SKIP and JUMP, or MAN, WOMAN and CHILD. Twelve of these expressions can be found in the 36 words listed below. It's up to you to spot them by number as fast as you can. The record for this game is four minutes—can you better it? The first answer is 1-6-21, or RED, WHITE and BLUE. (The other answers are on page 133.) Now: READY, SET, GO!

1. Red
2. Wise
3. Line
4. Woman
5. Look
6. White
7. Lock
8. Willing
9. Hook
10. Fat
11. Stop
12. Moon
13. Song
14. Sinker
15. Wine
16. Barrel
17. Ready
18. Listen
19. Forty
20. Sun
21. Blue
22. Stock
23. Stars
24. Sweat
25. Knife
26. Wealthy
27. Fair
28. Able
29. Blood
30. Hope
31. Healthy
32. Fork
33. Spoon
34. Charity
35. Tears
36. Faith

Two Games in One

1. **AMERICAN CITIES:** In exactly ten minutes, write down the names of as many American cities as you can think of beginning with the letter "S" and having a population of more than 100,000. If, in going over your completed list, you find that you have included a city that should not have been included, strike it out—and also strike out one of the cities you rightfully included. Thus, for every mistake you make you forfeit one correct answer.

2. **WORLD CITIES:** This game is played just like the one above, only make the population 500,000 or more, and use the letter "M" for the list of world cities. (The correct list of cities for both games is on page 133.)



Opera-Star Helen Jepson's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Most people find this one hard to believe even when they're shown. Put the question to your friends: "Is the distance around the bottom of an ordinary highball glass greater or less than its height?" The majority will say less. Measure it with a piece of string and see for yourself whether they're right or wrong.

Fun With Initials

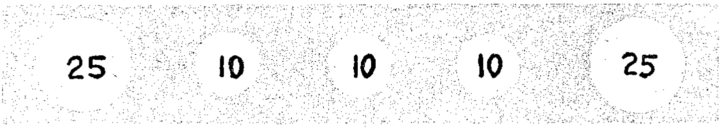
Here's an interesting game for large or small groups. You can either write the initials of famous people—like HST for Harry S. Truman or GCM for George C. Marshall—or you can take the initials of the players themselves. Pass out pencils and paper so each player can write down the initials you have chosen. The object of the game is to identify the person decided upon by writing a descriptive phrase of three words beginning with his own initials. For example, you might have a guest with the initials AOT. If he is the punctual type, his initials would spell *A*lways *O*n *T*ime. The player writing the largest number of accurate descriptions wins the game.

The Mysterious Number

If I add 1,000 to a certain whole number the result is MORE than if I multiply that whole number by 1,000. What is the number? (See answer on page 133.)

Close Quarters

Here are five coins—three dimes (B) and two quarters (A). The problem is to hold or arrange them so that each coin touches four other coins. If you can't do it, turn to page 133 for the answer.



Try These on Your LAUGH METER

Here are three stories you may have heard when I told them on *Can You Top This?* One of them hit the top of the Laugh Meter with a score of 1,000, but the other two didn't do as well. Now I'm giving you a chance to test your sense of humor against that of an average radio audience by scoring each of the jokes after you've read it here. The highest possible score, of course, is 1,000. The Laugh Meter scores as registered on *Can You Top This?* are on page 133. And now for the stories:

* * *

A dumb taxi driver rolled his cab into line in front of the Waldorf. The cabs ahead of him pulled away as each got a fare. As soon as his cab was at the front of the line, a man rushed up and cried, "Take me to Grand Central Station!"

"I'm sorry," said the driver, "but you'll have to take the taxi behind me."

The same thing happened five or six times. Finally the doorman approached our dopey friend. "What's the matter, Bud?" he asked. "A lot of people come up to you and ask you to take them somewhere. Why don't you do it?"

"What!" the driver asked indignantly, "and lose my place in line?"

* * *

Cassidy was working as a hod carrier on a construction job, but he wasn't working very hard.

"Cassidy, you lazy, good-for-nothin' spalpeen, you!" yelled Mulligan, the foreman. "That hod of yours is designed to carry 12 bricks on each trip. Understand? Twelve bricks!"

So Cassidy started making his trip up with 12 bricks each time. But after about 20 minutes he found there were only 11 bricks left. He walked over to the bottom of the ladder and yelled: "Hey, Mulligan. Can you hear me up there?"

"Yes, I can hear you. What do you want?"

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Mulligan," said Cassidy politely, "but I'm short one brick for this trip. Would you mind throwing one down to me?"

* * *

Sadie DeKalb, the belle of Brooklyn, was helping her friend Gertrude Gowanus figure out her income tax.

"What does this mean?" asked Gertrude, pointing at the section marked "Estimated Tax."

"That," explained Sadie, "means they want you to guess how much you're gonna make next year."

"Oh, they do, do they?" said Gertrude. "In that case, I'm not gonna put my name on the blank. If I've gotta guess how much I'm gonna make, let them guess what my name is!"

Answers

Triplets You Should Know

1-6-21   31-26-2   9-3-14   15-4-13
11-5-18   7-22-16   17-8-28   27-10-19
20-12-23   29-24-35   25-32-33
36-30-34

What's In It?

1. g o   2. p i   3. k   4. w c j
5. h a   6. b f s t   7. q   8: m

The Mysterious Number is
ONE

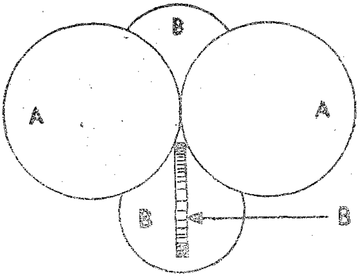
Two Games in One

AMERICAN CITIES (Over 100,000): St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Paul, San Antonio, Syracuse, San Diego, Salt Lake City, Springfield, Scranton, Spokane, Sacramento, Somerville and South Bend.

WORLD CITIES (Over 500,000): Madras, India; Madrid, Spain; Manchester, England; Marseilles, France; Melbourne, Australia; Mexico City, Mexico; Milan, Italy; Montevideo, Uruguay; Montreal, Canada; Moscow, U.S.S.R.; Mukden, China; Munich, Germany, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Close Quarters

Two dimes are on the bottom touching each other, as shown. The two quarters are placed on top of the two dimes so that each quarter touches the two dimes and a quarter. Holding this arrangement in position with your left hand, place the third dime vertically in the position shown so that the edge of it is touching the four coins. In this way each of the coins is touching four other coins.



Try These on Your Laugh Meter

No. 1........1,000   No. 2........300   No. 3........900

by **ALFRED H. SINKS**

Mad Dogs Are Killers!

THE PATIENT CANNOT stop babbling. A desperate urge to get it all said while he is still able to form words drives him to talk, talk, talk. The cold fingers of paralysis are closing on his throat. Breath comes in gasping, choking, sobbing sounds. He knows that he must die. Terror dilates his eyes. Deep-sunken, tormented, they dart this way and that.

The nurse holds out a glass of water. The patient presses it avidly to his burning lips. But the throat muscles are stiff. He cannot swallow. The effort to force down the cooling drink convulses his whole body in spasms of pain.

[redacted]

Next time, the sight of water and the memory of pain may drive him into a screaming rage. He may strike the glass away. He may butt, kick and bite. No wonder that for centuries this disease was called hydrophobia—fear of water!

Pain-maddened, the patient may try to kill those who try to help him. Afterward he may be quiet, sobbing with remorse, begging forgiveness. He is perfectly aware of everything he does; the disease does not even permit its victims the poor comfort of unconsciousness.

The sufferer may toss and fume in his earthly inferno several days, until his wasted body can no longer survive the awful convulsive seizures. Then his heart gives up.

Laboratory technicians examine a sliver of his brain tissue under the microscope. They find the egg-shaped structures called Negri bodies. The cause of death—rabies—is established beyond doubt.

Death from rabies is probably the most agonizing torture known to man. Doctors say that the mere sight of such suffering shreds their own nerves. And yet—no man, woman or child need undergo this fatal torment. Science today has everything it needs to deal with rabies—everything, that is, except the help of plain, everyday, well-meaning people!

Public health officials from abroad, where half a dozen countries stamped out the disease years ago, are amazed to learn that in America human beings still succumb to this centuries-old scourge. Yet, among us rabies is actually on the increase. Last year 30,000 people were inoculated after having been bitten by rabid or suspect dogs. Nearly all of them were saved, although occasionally even those who have been vaccinated die.

But figures do not reflect the suffering caused by the disease, the wild terror it spreads in its path. And the number of families touched by this terror each year is far greater than most people realize.

The mere exposure to rabies is terrifying. For months the victim cannot be sure whether he has the disease. The deadly virus which causes it may have succumbed to the vaccine, or it may be working its slow way through the nervous system to the brain. Once it reaches the brain, there is no hope.

This sinister killer can be transmitted in only one way—through infected animals, especially neglected and stray dogs. Hence the preventive vaccination of all licensed dogs and the elimination of strays is the obvious basis of any intelligent effort we may make to wipe out rabies.

Yet such suggestions frequently bring down a storm of abuse on community health officers. Some officials have been lambasted so hard and so often that they have grown timid. Even members of Congress and of state legislatures have been amazed by the stubborn opposition to sensible control measures.

To stop the needless killing and terrorizing of innocent people, we must learn, first, to distinguish between the facts about rabies and the nonsense so widely quoted in connection with the disease.

Second, we must make certain that our community officials have the necessary powers to stop the spread of rabies.

Third, we must support whatever local action is taken, and see to it that our neighbors give their support as well.

Unless we do these three things, we may wake up some day to find that our community is in the grip of a terrifying epidemic.

SINCE THE DAWN OF HISTORY the appearance of a "mad" dog has struck terror in human hearts. For at least 2,300 years, it was known that the bite of such an animal could cause madness and death; but not until Pasteur's monumental work in the 1880s was the curtain of mystery lifted.

Now we know that the rabid animal carries the virus in his saliva and transmits it by biting. Healthy dogs do not suddenly "go mad"; they contract rabies after having been bitten by another infected animal.

Only when the virus reaches the brain do the first symptoms appear, from two to eight weeks after exposure. And only after these first symptoms appear can the dog transmit the infection.

A dog may suffer from "furious"

or "dumb" rabies. A dog with "dumb" rabies seldom bites, but crawls away and hides. Paralysis begins at the throat, spreads rapidly, and within a few days he dies in a coma.

In the first stages of "furious" rabies, a dog may seem quite gentle, although resentful of being handled. In the later stages, he becomes restless and excited. His eyes are glazed; he has a howl-like bark. He cannot swallow water because his throat is constricted. He flies at cats, birds, dogs, chickens or people; in fact, he is apt to fling himself at any moving object that gets in front of him.

There is nothing so terrifying as an encounter with a rabid dog on a crowded street or a lonely road. You cannot frighten him away. He is insensible to pain, and as unpredictable as a blind man at the wheel of a speeding car!

He may roam for miles, fighting his way free of any confinement. As the paralysis spreads he begins to stagger, and finally falls. In six days or less, the disease has run its course and the dog is dead.

It takes only one such dog to start an epidemic. By 1918, health authorities had kept the British Isles completely free of rabies for 16 years. One pet, smuggled into the country by airplane, brought it back, and the resulting epidemic took four years to suppress!

And in 1943, when Washington, D.C., had been free of rabies for years, a dog from a neighboring city brought in the disease. Within a few months the epidemic had spread to three near-by counties in Maryland and Virginia. Hundreds of people were bitten and thousands of animals destroyed.

Besides dogs, rabies infects cats, hogs, cows, horses, sheep and many wild species. A wild animal with rabies forgets his instinctive fear of man. Last winter in northern New York, a rabid fox flung himself at a bus, trying to get at the terrified passengers inside. Another fox trotted down the busy main street of a Georgia town, entered the courthouse and snarled at a judge as he was leaving the courtroom.

FOR HUMAN VICTIMS of rabies, there is hope in vaccinations. Pasteur first used vaccines successfully in 1885. But until recently the vaccine produced commercially in the United States was often of poor quality. It varied widely in potency; occasionally it was more of a danger than a help.

Then, in 1940, Karl Habel, a young physician at the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland, devised a method of testing vaccines on white mice to determine their potency. Now every tube sold for human use in the U. S. must pass this test and meet government standards. As a result, in the last six years some vaccines have

There isn't much in the way of careers that Alfred H. Sinks hasn't tried. A native of Cleveland, Ohio, he has been a ditch digger, a public-relations expert, a farmer, a schoolteacher, an engineering draftsman, a newspaperman and foreign correspondent, and a magazine editor. He professes to have no hobbies, but adds: "I'm forever in pursuit of Things That Matter, hence my interest in science, which does far more to shape our modes of thought and action than do the philosophers or the political bigwigs."

been stepped up 10 to 100 times in potency without increasing danger to the patient!

In spite of this improvement, however, physicians do not like to use vaccine on patients unless there is strong evidence that the animal was rabid. Vaccination is still a long and expensive process, calling for a treatment each day for two to three weeks. It does not always stop the disease. And finally, it occasionally backfires. In about one in 4,000 cases, paralysis results, and sometimes the patient dies.

Often the patient is a frightened child brought to the doctor by an hysterical mother. Their story of what happened is likely to be vague. The animal that did the biting may be miles away. Was it rabid or just mischievous? Examination of the wound tells nothing. If the child is free of infection, it may be harmed by the vaccine. Should the doctor vaccinate? It is a difficult decision.

The decision should seldom, if ever, have to be made. *How much more sensible to remove the threat of rabies from the community—by one-shot, preventive vaccination of dogs!* Although this will not give absolute protection, vaccinating a dog once a year considerably increases his chances of resisting the terrible disease. And the more dogs that are immunized, the harder it is for rabies to spread.

If the disease can thus be checked in advance, harsh measures are not necessary. But once the situation gets out of hand, health officers have to be ruthless. Dogs must be muzzled or kept on leash—or picked up and destroyed.

In New York City last year, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to destroy 55,110 homeless, unlicensed, unclaimed, ill or aged dogs. Yet it is just such necessary though drastic action that stirs a public outcry, especially from dog lovers and representatives of humane societies.

My town happens to be one in which the rabies situation grew serious. Recently the health commissioner thought it might be wise to make vaccination of dogs compulsory. A public hearing was therefore held so that the opposition could air its views.

Among the speakers was the head of a state-wide organization of several thousand members. In the commissioner's proposal, the lady saw evidence that the city administration wanted to impose a "dictatorship." She urged action against "such attempts to destroy our rights as Americans," declared that vaccination was nothing but a racket, and finished with the flat statement that there is not, and never has been, any such disease as rabies!

The same sort of talk has been heard in many communities throughout the U. S. When efforts to guard public health are greeted by such abuse from a noisy minority —while the majority of voters maintain silence—officials are naturally loath to act. Consequently America is years behind Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Australia, New Zealand and others in the suppression of rabies.

Most nations have quarantine laws to prevent importation of suspect dogs, yet our Congress failed to take even that simple step until 1946. Today, 9 of our 48 states are free, or almost free, of rabies. Of the remaining 39, only 12 have a comprehensive program for controlling spread of the disease.

Acute danger spots exist in New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Ohio, Illinois and California — spots where the threat is serious enough to warrant quarantine and other stringent measures.

However, local campaigns against rabies in towns, cities and counties are not enough. A rabid animal can't read road signs; it will bite in one county as readily as in another. The U. S. Public Health Service is urging each state to set up a control unit and then to cooperate with neighboring states. In addition, the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service stand ready to help local officials do the job.

These Federal authorities are alert to the ever-present threat of rabies. They know from bitter experience what happens when an epidemic gets out of hand. That is why they are eager to help you—and your community—take precautionary steps.

With every town and state doing its part, they believe that rabies can be eliminated from America within the next ten years.

Grounds for Divorce

A Chicagoan shed her husband for spanking her with a newspaper which printed the results of a race in which his horse paid $33—but not to him. She had denied him $10 with which to bet on the sure shot.

—William Tusher

◆

A man was granted a decree of divorce because his wife treated him like a "very small child, made him cover chairs with paper before sitting down, ordered him, when outdoors, to walk behind her."

—London *Daily Express*

◆

A woman in Illinois told a judge that her marriage lasted only eight days, and was just one practical joke after another.

"One day my husband tied my ankles to a bed sheet and hoisted me toward the chandelier," she complained. "When I objected to this, he told me that I had no sense of humor and left me." —Joseph C. Stacey

Are your nerves frayed and your vision blurred by the tension of modern life? Then just try collecting your thoughts!

I Was Once a *SCATTERBRAIN*

by **WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**

I USED TO BE THE world's worst scatterbrain. Now my optimism is up, my ulcers are down, and I keep remarkably free of tension and worry.

The miracle has not occurred because of money in the bank or because my burden is less—I have nine in my family at this writing—but because I have managed to harness a maverick mind that ran amok for years in a thousand different directions. At 58, I know I am achieving more, with less effort, than ever before in my life.

I well remember my champion "jinx day" in the office a number of years ago. Something set my nerves to jangling and I proceeded to a procession of boners: I mixed up the mail, put an important file in the wrong place, forgot a business appointment, lost my topcoat in a restaurant, ruined a financial report by subtracting instead of adding, roused those around me into rage because of my fussiness, and then took the wrong train home.

What was it that upset me in the first place and started the chain of fumbles? Well, that is the one thing I can't recall!

Charitably we call this absent-mindedness, but actually it is the typical 20th-century fevered brain and high-strung nervous system on a perpetual binge—something that may well be called the "great American weakness." And it is a weakness that leaves in its wake the evils of nervous tension, confused and frenzied thinking, wasted energy and a sense of frustration.

Now people who are possessed of, and often by, an active imagination are not to be scorned. They do the creative work of the world while the plodders do the chores. But unless they practice heroic self-discipline, which is foreign to their character, they burn themselves out in wishful-thinking, instead of channeling their mental powers into avenues of achievement.

I got my start toward the magic collect-your-thoughts formula back in postgraduate days. I had come from a hair-trigger family, and high tension was our middle name. I had always thought that being very busy was the hallmark of success. Then a psychology professor jarred me out of that notion by a remark in one of his lectures: "*Remember, young men, strenuosity is not always efficiency!*"

His idea seemed worth while, but not something to be translated into action immediately. Then, when I was 45, an incident, or an accident, made it come alive within me.

Rushing to my newspaper office to write a story for an edition whose deadline was near, I slipped and fell, knocking a woman down. And yet the notes in my pocket concerned a Safety First convention!

At that moment I started deliberately—not naturally—to slow down in order to get more done. Since then, I have found that the "mad pace" at which most people live is a sort of hysteria, akin to the urge for speed that one feels when he gets out on the highway in his car. The only "why" is the blind, surging impulse to pass other drivers, an impulse that is really rooted in a lust for power.

My slow-down plan was further implemented when I read the story about a man who was trapped by a landslide and faced death. He had five minutes in which to save himself. He succeeded with a simple formula: "I spent three minutes devising a way out, and two minutes taking it." In other words, he first collected his thoughts, then went to work.

IN SLOWING DOWN, I have managed to develop a working philosophy that has proved to be both helpful and satisfying. For years, I had cherished the secret and egotistical notion, as most people do, that I was "indispensable." But my notion was rudely shattered by three experiences.

Brought up in old-fashioned journalism, I used to think that the newspaper publisher was the earth's one irreplaceable character. I awakened from that dream when three editor-owners of my paper died in quick succession. Did the publication quit? Not at all. Circulation continued to go up.

To get rid of the messiah complex gives one a sense of real release—he begins to see himself in true perspective. He realizes that he is important, but not indispensable. He is doing useful work, but the burden of the world is not on his shoulders. If he doesn't carry on, some one else will.

Once you adopt this slant, humor replaces grimness, tension eases, the muddled brain clears, and thought can be logical and stimulating. You have joined a select five per cent of humanity, for it is said that only five per cent think, another five per cent think they think, while the rest would rather die than think.

After you have forced yourself to slow down, the next logical step is to practice selectivity in thinking. No wonder this is an addlebrained age, what with the urge for sensation, the screech for attention, the diversions and the distractions. No wonder, also, that mental hospitals are overflowing with people with broken minds and shattered nervous systems. The human being was not designed to withstand the constant beating, thumping and pounding of modern competition.

Yet, just as you can turn off an ear-blasting radio commercial, so you can turn off the fury of this noisy age by keeping your mind on the main road and forgetting the countless side roads that look so inviting but lead only to stone walls. The fear of missing something sends more people to their graves than overeating. I learned this lesson at the circus, where for years I tried to see how much I could take in at one performance. If I missed an act, I berated myself for stupidity. By trying to view three rings at once, I got only a blur, but my vanity was satisfied.

Finally I decided on a different tactic. I would make three trips to the circus and concentrate on one ring at each performance, forgetting everything else. The result? I really enjoyed the circus for the first time in my life!

Selectivity in thinking? Yes. But not in thinking about business, or how to make more money to buy more stock to sell in order to make more money to buy more stock, *ad infinitum.*

Free your mind from paralyzing routine. Do a little mental courting of the *big* things in life, remembering that original thinking is like making love—it cannot be forced but can be enticed.

The simple act of taking a walk at night and contemplating the stars does something to you, as proved by a story a prison chaplain told me a few years ago. He was using convict labor to build a chapel inside the penitentiary walls, and had been given permission to keep a group of prisoners out of their cells after dark in order to rush the altar to completion.

It was midnight when the work stopped, and the chaplain led his band of killers and thieves across the prison yard to the cell blocks. It was a silent and eerie journey behind those high walls. Suddenly one of the prisoners spoke up: "Can we stop here a moment?"

"Certainly, Jim. But what for?"

"I just want to stop and look at the stars. I haven't seen them in 17 years. They seem to make me come alive."

That is meditative thinking—a sure aid to frazzled nerves. Another avenue to ease of mind is adventurous thinking. After all, thinking is the supreme adventure—the mind takes wings and with the speed of light travels instantaneously anywhere. You can attend lectures and sermons to glean leads for original thought. You can read about or listen to the latest scientific developments, and then project the mind into the possible outcome of this atomic age. You can turn to the daily newspaper columns in search of items for diversionary thinking.

Here is a challenging thought I

snagged from a newspaper column on the day I write this: "Those who live to get, live to regret." You can spend hours thinking that one over.

THE SUPREME THRILL of thought comes, of course, in projecting the mind beyond time and space. Maintaining a spirit of wonderment about the supreme mystery of life itself is as good a balance wheel as I know for keeping the engine of the mind and spirit running smoothly in these days of doubt and struggle.

A discussion-group meeting can be held once a week, not to consider salesmanship, production techniques or the like, but to reason out such questions as "Where did we come from?" . . . "Why are we here?" . . . "Where are we going?" . . . "Is there a God, and if so, why may we believe in Him?" . . . "Is free will possible in a mechanistic world?" . . . "Why does indulgence, which we like, destroy, and discipline, which we abhor, develop?" . . . "Is man a success for what he is, or for what he does?" The topics are endless—your own mind will supply more.

Thinking has a moral quality. People who think honestly and objectively seldom go wrong. Thinking puts people into the only true aristocracy—that of intelligence. It is the incentive to heroic action—the process that provides all the progress the world has ever had, or ever will have.

Best of all, disciplined thinking brings life, its relationships and purposes, its objectives and rewards, into sharp focus. Today, the simplicity of peasant life is gone forever. Instead of the 14 essentials that were considered necessary for happy living a century ago, there are now said to be something like 65. Thousands of new commodities and gadgets have been added to our existence in the last 100 years. In the midst of unparalleled complexity and confusion, the mad pace speeds up. Every week is Hysteria Week. Time pell-mells by, and our minds are caught up in the swirl.

What is the answer to this hysteria and confusion? Seek sanctuary and quiet in the inner chambers of the mind and spirit. Remember the popular song of a few years ago, *Let the Rest of the World Go By*? That is the first step in collecting one's thoughts so as to live sensibly.

People with a wholesome faith in God and man, and in the ultimate triumph of good, have a poise, a sense of release from tension; they generally live longer and get more done.

Their achievements suggest this slogan: collect your thoughts, and live on dividends of happiness!

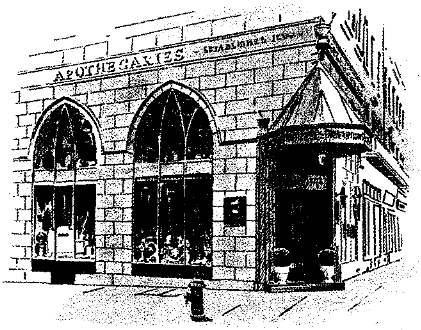
Philosophy Footnote

Take a chance! Even a turtle gets nowhere until he sticks his neck out.

—*Journal-Gazette*

In an Emergency

—*They All Call Lascoff's*



by DONALD B. ROBINSON

From a remarkable New York drugstore, rare prescriptions go around the world

IT WAS MIDNIGHT when the phone rang in Lascoff's Pharmacy in New York City. A druggist in a Midwest village needed help to save a woman who was sinking fast after a heart attack.

In a last-moment effort to pull her through, the local doctor had prescribed an exceptional combination of potent drugs. The druggist was distraught; he could not fill the prescription to his satisfaction.

It was what pharmacists call "a shotgun prescription." It specified digitalis, theobromine, phenobarbital, codeine and a number of other chemicals, all of which had to be mixed in a liquid that the dying woman could swallow. The druggist had the ingredients, but no matter how he stirred them, they kept precipitating to the bottom.

Like hundreds of other druggists all over the United States, the Midwesterner, when faced with dire emergency, had turned for aid to Lascoff's, one of America's most unusual pharmacies.

"Minutes count," he told Dr. Frederick Lascoff, the proprietor. "What shall I do?"

"I'll call you back," said Lascoff.

Into his laboratory went the tall, heavy-set, 46-year-old New Yorker. There he started experimenting with the prescription; but the chemicals refused to combine. And the clock was ticking on.

Desperate, Lascoff decided to use a special suspending agent. It worked! The drugs began to blend; a healthy brownish-red color spread evenly through the glass mortar. Lascoff snatched up the phone.

Not for a month did he hear the

final results. Then the village druggist wrote him a simple note:

"That heart case came into the store this afternoon to buy an ice-cream soda. Thanks."

That midnight phone call for the Lascoff Pharmacy, which is known literally throughout the world for its achievements in the prescription field, was routine. Never a day passes that this drugstore does not receive a score of letters and phone calls from all parts of the globe, seeking advice on preparing prescriptions.

Druggists have come from 48 states, from every section of Europe, even from Australia to inspect its workings. Its customers include foreign potentates, cabinet ministers and a wide assortment of celebrities, ranging from Jack Dempsey to Albert Einstein.

Recently a letter came from a woman in the Soviet Zone of Germany, enclosing a prescription written in Polish. She asked that Lascoff's fill it and send it to her brother, who was suffering from palsy in Warsaw. The medicine went promptly on its way.

Lascoff's is noted also for its fabulous collection of rare drugs, chemicals and herbs. In its vaults are such exotic items as licorice, marshmallow root for coughs, chamomile for sedative teas, mandrake root, dried violets, rose and bergamot for sachets.

There are also scarce drugs like $300-an-ounce Eumydrine for sick eyes, rubidium iodide for asthma, quinidine for the heart, colchicine for gout. Lascoff's was among the first to stock the new $180-an-ounce-miracle drug, Streptomycin. And when a Balkan scientist with an unpronounceable name developed a treatment for Parkinsonism, a nerve malady, Lascoff's had to send all the way to Sofia to obtain the details, but it now carries the Bulgarian belladonna preparation.

Lascoff's even has a refrigeratorful of leeches, of which it sells three to four dozen a month to battered prize fighters, who find them the best cure for a black eye. A nearby convent purchased some, too. The old-fashioned nuns liked them for headaches.

NO ONE EVER SHOUTS "Ham on rye with a chocolate-malted!" at Lascoff's. Located in a remodeled brownstone house on upper Lexington Avenue, it is all drugstore. There are no soda fountains, telephone booths, candy, books or toys. Nothing but drugs and a few allied products.

Each tall Gothic window displays the traditional apothecary's globe of tinted water. One wall is covered with a priceless exhibit of medieval herb jars, as well as iron, bronze and alabaster mortars of the 15th century, and other relics of past alchemy. On other walls is the biggest individually owned pharmaceutical library in the U. S., comprising more than 1,000 volumes in a dozen languages, one of them, *The New London Dispensatory*, dating back to 1682.

On a tiny balcony are old drawings of famous pharmacists of the past, even a wooden pestle which was used by the American Army in the Revolutionary War.

Most important, of course, is the shining white laboratory in the rear where 13 graduate pharmacists, all in white, concentrate on filling prescriptions. Whereas the average drugstore makes up approximately 600 prescriptions a month, Lascoff's handles 7,000, ranging from 25-cent Argyrol to Streptomycin items of $200 and $300. Prescriptions costing more than $100 are not unusual.

One of the most expensive consisted of a hard-to-find Asiatic musk, soaked in Napoleon brandy (furnished by the customer), at $50 an ounce. It was used constantly until her death by a famous New York society dowager. Whether she actually needed the musk or merely liked her brandy that way, no one at Lascoff's can say

Prescription No. 1, medicine for a new-born baby, was filled by the store's founder, the late Dr. J. Leon Lascoff, on the evening of March 11, 1899. That was just seven years after Lascoff arrived in this country. Dressed in high hat, Prince Albert coat and striped trousers, the usual costume for a professional man in Europe, he had found his first job in a drugstore near New York's waterfront. Still wearing the high hat, he was put to work washing windows at $2 a week.

His genius for pharmacy was soon discovered, however, and he went to the prescription counter. Later, he worked for a large drug company where he became the first chemist to make saccharine in tablet form. In 1899, he opened his own drugstore.

At the time of his death in 1943, "J. L." was a legend in his profession. He was president of the American Pharmaceutical Association, served on the New York State Board of Pharmacy, taught at Rutgers University and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Columbia College of Pharmacy. In 1937, he was given the Remington Medal, pharmacy's highest award.

A small, dark, bald-headed man with professorial dignity, he always resisted the temptation to add soda fountains or other profitable side ventures to his store. His sole concession to the new trend was a cosmetics counter, his excuse being that cold cream, the first cosmetic, was invented by Galen, a second-century Greek physician. He also sold nail and hair brushes, asserting that these were necessary to health.

On November 29, 1936, Dr. Lascoff filled prescription 1,000,000, an event duly commemorated in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoon. It was a sedative for a woman with a stomach-ache.

"Gee, I'm glad my wife got sick," the customer remarked when he received a handsome present at Lascoff's with the prescription.

ON THE ELDER LASCOFF's death, his son, Frederick, succeeded him in running the store and in every other post of honor. Frederick, who is a larger image of his father, is also on the New York State Board of Pharmacy, on the Columbia board, and even edits, as did his father, a column in *Drug Topics* which brings him some 3,600 inquiries a year.

A recent and typical day's questions included: "Please send me a formula for a cover cream suitable for black eyes"—this from a druggist in Louisiana. Then there was a query from upper New York State: "A farmer customer wishes a chemical compound which will not allow the earth to freeze." And a druggist in New Jersey sought help for a doctor friend.

The physician had had his pancreas removed and felt he needed Holadin, a glandular derivative. Manufacture of it had ceased during the war, but Dr. Lascoff appealed to readers of his column and secured enough Holadin to last the ailing doctor for two years.

It looks now as though there will be a third-generation Lascoff in the pharmaceutical field. He is ten-year-old Frederick, Jr., who filled his first capsule at the age of five. His greatest game today is seeing how many pharmaceutical preparations he can identify by odor. Not long ago, when Lascoff's passed the 1,500,000 prescription mark, Lascoff estimated that by the time prescription 2,000,000 comes in, Fred, Jr., should be competent to fill it.

Recently, the store received one of the most extraordinary orders on record, calling for a weird melange of oils and herbs, unlike anything known to modern medical science. Though harmless, it baffled the whole Lascoff staff. Eventually they discovered that it originated in the Bible. A Harlem customer was using the compound for mystic rites.

Because of its vast stock, Lascoff's is continually asked by other drugstores to fill prescriptions. Not long ago, it received a request for Hiera Picra, oldest drug known to man, reputedly used in ancient Egypt as a laxative. A California physician had recommended it and a Los Angeles pharmacist called New York. Lascoff's had it.

Dr. Lascoff likes to recall the time he answered the phone and heard a deep masculine voice ask for eight ounces of Catnip Oil.

"What on earth do you want that for?" he inquired.

"To hunt lions," the voice answered in most casual tones.

It was Martin Johnson, the African explorer.

Sometimes, even Lascoff's is caught unprepared. Last time this happened was at 2 o'clock on an icy December morning when Lascoff was awakened at home by a doctor's phone call.

"A boy patient in the hospital is critically ill with flu," he declared. "I want to give him some of this new rabbit serum. Have you got it?"

Lascoff arose, dressed and went to his store. He had some rabbit serum but not enough. Immediately he phoned an official of the company that manufactures it. At 3 A. M. he met the official and drove downtown to the factory to get extra units. It was 5 o'clock in the morning when he personally delivered them to the doctor at the hospital. And the boy lived.

As a scientist, Dr. Lascoff regrets that the public does not generally realize how much work and study go into the making of a pharmacist. "The pharmacist has to spend four arduous years at college and then has to pass a stiff state examination before he can fill prescriptions," he points out. "He belongs to a profession with a high ethical code. On his skill and training depends a patient's life. He is the doctor's closest collaborator and the public should recognize it."

However, Lascoff is pleased to report that the number of "pure pharmacies"—drugstores which sell drugs exclusively—is increasing throughout America. There were just 400 in 1938, now there are more than 1,000, most of them opened by veterans whose military service determined them to be professional men, not proprietors of a general store.

Even many of the ordinary drugstores that sell the usual run of candy, cigarettes, lunch snacks and similar items are now trying to recapture the atmosphere of a real pharmacy, Dr. Lascoff reports. As proof, he shows a letter which he received recently from a Midwestern drugstore, containing perhaps the most unusual request ever to reach him.

"My customers are beginning to object to food odors in my establishment," this druggist wrote. "Can you please tell me what I can do to make my drugstore smell like a drugstore?"

That was a tough one, requiring considerable study. At last the Lascoff staff evolved a formula, comprising phenol, valerian, asafoetida and iodoform. Dr. Lascoff, instructing the questioner to mix these ingredients and "allow them to stand in an exposed container," promised they would give forth a real drugstore smell.

"But that's one difficulty we will never have here," he says of his own pharmacy.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

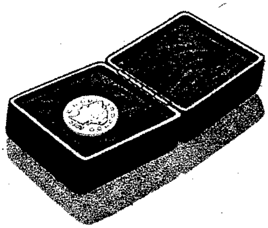
A New Report on Sex Crimes: A year ago, an outspoken Coronet article, "Sex Crimes: Their Cause and Cure," roused the public to awareness of a growing American menace. Since then, what has been done to safeguard our children? This new report gives heartening evidence that State authorities are determined to end the toll of sex crimes with strict yet sensible laws.

Do Second Marriages Work?: When a first marriage has been doomed by divorce or death, what are the chances for a successful second venture? Here are vital facts for the man or woman considering a return trip to the altar.

The Crime of the Century: In this exclusive story, Elmer Irey, former intelligence chief, tells how his T-men solved the Lindbergh case and sent Bruno Hauptmann to the chair.

Trees: For a new appreciation of Joyce Kilmer's beloved poem—a poem that has been translated into almost every spoken language—see Coronet's pictorial interpretation in eight pages of rich, full color.

Back to College: With higher education in America enjoying its biggest boom, Coronet presents a 16-page photographic tribute to the millions of students who are giving new meaning to our campus traditions.



Coin Collectors Aren't So Crazy!

by **Robert J. Kaller and Ben A. Martin**

A fast-growing hobby may seem mad and fantastic, but actually it's a sound way of investing your money.

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED so often in the past 30 years that almost everyone now knows that the 1913 Liberty-head nickel *is* worth $50. But the joker is this: the coin isn't worth $50—but $3,750!

This intriguing if mysterious fact is typical of a growing American hobby—numismatics or coin-collecting. Since the annual sales of the major dealers total more than $20,000,000 a year and since there are 25,000 recognized collectors in the U. S. alone, we can hardly insist that they are all crazy. Nevertheless, if a more fantastic, freakish — or profitable — hobby has come along in recent years, we haven't yet heard of it.

Consider the case of the Chicagoan who recently became interested in collecting coins and now walks around with three "worn-out discs" in a chamois case next to his skin. Apparently valueless, they would be spurned by any self-respecting holdup man. Even if a thief were inconsiderate enough to take the coins, he could not possibly sell them anywhere. As well known as the Mona Lisa painting, the three "worn-out discs" are worth $15,000!

Aside from minor varieties, errors and freaks, coins obtain their value because of rarity, condition and age. Emphasis being on condition, coins of the United States are the ones sought by the majority of collectors, who have abandoned haphazard hunts in attics and cellars and now do business with regular dealers.

In part, at least, the fatal fascination that numismatics holds for the average fan appears to stem from the age-old desire to get something for nothing. For example, when the Jefferson nickel came out, rumor said the flag was accidentally left off the top of Monticello and that the Treasury planned to issue a new coin with the oversight corrected. Immediately, people rushed to corner the market in nickels before they were recalled. The same rush started when gossip reported that the Washington quarter was to be issued for only one year.

An enterprising woman cashier employed by the New York City subways sank her personal savings in this venture. Every day she would stagger to work in her change-booth with a load of ordinary quarters, and all day long she would exchange them for Washington quarters. Although all she eventually got for her pains was a huge load of quarters, each worth exactly 25 cents, her approach marked her as a genuine collector in spirit.

The Jefferson-nickel and Washington-quarter rumors were the product of ignorance. In both cases the new coins had resulted from an authorized change in design, and since all new designs are checked by historical societies, the chances of error are virtually nil.

More intriguing are some of the true stories of coins. It is true, for instance, that the Treasury occasionally sends out what are known as "overdates." An example is the 1942 dime that became a collectors' item when it was found that the 1942 date-inscription had been superimposed on 1941. Collectors are currently paying around $5 for a good copy of this freak.

Last year a suburbanite attended a coin auction in New York City and bought two $20 gold pieces dated 1909 for $85. He had examined them before the sale, and re-examination at home confirmed his good luck. The 1909 was superimposed on 1908—the 8 being clearly visible to the naked eye! The two coins are now valued at $500 by the collector. The amusing angle to the story is that the dealer, considered one of the shrewdest in the business, had examined the coins before the auction.

On the strictly business side, coin collecting often proves more profitable than the purchase of stocks, bonds or jewelry. Many collectors trade on profits realized from the sale of coins bought at face value. They buy a roll of each U. S. coin minted, and also a full set from each mint, from the U.S. Treasury each year. The only extra charge over face value is postage.

If you had followed this plan for a number of years, here are the prices you would now be offered for your uncirculated hoard:

Half-Dollar	1921	$40
"	1923(s)	12
"	1938(d)	3
Quarter	1919(s)	35
"	1927(s)	20
"	1932(d)	20
Nickel	1912(d)	15
"	1921(s)	10
"	1925(s)	20
"	1926(s)	20
"	1927(s)	25

(s for San Francisco mint, d for Denver)

These, however, are the prices offered by a dealer not for the *roll* of coins but for each coin in the roll. In other words, taking the last item listed, you would have paid $2 for a roll of 40 nickels, and could now collect $1,000!

As for our old friend, the Liberty-head nickel of 1913, it is further proof of the surprises that jolt even the experts. Max Mehl of Fort Worth, Texas, one of the most eminent coin authorities, included the following statement in his catalogue of the Fred E. Olsen collection auctioned in November, 1944:

"The regular issue of the Liberty-head nickels was discontinued in 1912, and the Buffalo nickels appeared in 1913. Five of the Liberty-head were struck in 1913, and all five were immediately absorbed by private collectors. Mr. Olsen paid $900 for this coin. Since its purchase, he was offered $1,000."

But at auction, the coin actually brought $3,750!

Of course, such windfalls are unusual, but even if there is no leap in coin value because of increased demand or passage of time, you can always get back 100 cents on the dollar.

If you have any old coins salted away, look through them for these: 1804 silver dollar (worth about $10,500), 1815 five-dollar gold piece (worth about $3,000), the small eagle five-dollar gold piece of 1798 (worth about $5,000), the $20 gold piece of 1933 (worth about $1,500), or the 1822 five-dollar gold piece (worth about $15,000). But with rare exceptions, foreign coins bring little. In fact, you can buy a piece from the time of Brutus or the Caesars for less than 50 cents, American money.

Perhaps 95 per cent of the dealer's business is with confirmed collectors, while the bulk of his profits comes from his auctions. The auction has grown to its present stature because the average collector lacks facilities for a good sale. When he wants to dispose of part or all of his collection, it is easiest to turn it over to a recognized dealer.

None of the dealers will disclose exact figures on his assets or annual gross. But when you consider that one of them in New York City sold five collections for a total of $600,000, and that the recent Numismatic Gallery auction brought in $100,000, you can surmise that an active dealer is far from bankrupt.

What do *we* collect? Well, we have discovered a sure-fire investment in what are known as U. S. Proof Coins. The Treasury charges a premium to deliver especially fine copies of each year's coinage to collectors. The high luster of these coins is produced by the regular dies when they are new and polished. The impression is made with more than normal pressure so that a fine relief results, and the number of impressions is limited by the number of requests accompanied by a U.S. money order.

While no U.S. Proof Coins have been issued since 1942, dealers and collectors expect a resumption of this practice.

The total of such coins runs below 15,000 for each issue, in contrast to the regular run totaling millions. Our proof sets from 1936 to 1942 cost about $14. The current price for the seven sets is about $140—or a mere 1,000 per cent profit.

Now if we had only bought ten sets of each . . . . . !

His two loose teeth were attributed to his one loose tongue.

—Salty Smith in Rock Island *Argus*

The Questions They Ask at the ZOO!

by Jo Chamberlin

Some of the queries are pretty tough, but they seldom stump the young master minds of Bronx Zoo's Question House

Do fish sleep and do birds have ears? Can you feel a duck's pulse? Are pandas vegetarians? Are zebras striped when born? Do squirrels forget where they bury nuts? Can alligators shed their teeth?

If you think your children ask a lot of questions, how would you like to have a hundred hard ones fired at you during a single day? That is the challenge met by four young people who run the Question House at New York's Bronx Park Zoo. They know all the answers, and have yet to be stumped.

The Question House is a remarkable institution. Established in 1945 to give on-the-spot answers to visitors' queries, it has developed into a lively, year-round enterprise which helps all kinds of people—students, artists, scientists, farmers, businessmen and teachers. By mail, phone and in person the queries pour in, winter and summer, but the project has never lost its friendly, over-the-counter flavor. The four "Quiz Kids of the Zoo" who operate it are merely amused, not impressed, by the nickname bestowed upon them by fans among the Zoo's 3,000,000 annual visitors from all over the country.

They can help an artist find a jungle pattern for wallpaper, or tell a Hollywood writer that snakes do not charm birds, regardless of what the movie producer says. An Army Air Force pilot is advised what to feed his ailing South American ocelot, while a Texas doctor learns where to secure South African clawed frogs for a certain pregnancy test.

A practical answer is given a schoolboy who tearfully inquires: "What makes my little turtles die?" And the necessary information is mailed to one young man who writes frankly: "I've always been a black sheep. Where can I buy one to keep me company?"

A woman bacteriologist recently called for help on a food problem. She had adopted as pets two young baboons a sailor had brought from Africa. On shipboard, "Jocko" and "Junior" had become accustomed to good Navy food, including clam chowder, apricots, duckling and freshly baked bread. The Question House decided that the pets would be just as healthy and far less expensive to feed on a more standard baboon diet, such as lettuce, celery, carrots and fruit.

Perhaps the hardest questions are put by very young children. An honest reply is always given, suited to the age of the youngster.

"Are the animals in the zoo happy?"

"How can you tell a boy lion from a girl lion?"

"Will a two-hump camel go twice as fast as a one-hump camel?"

"How soon can I expect a family from the white mice I bought?"

"Why is a flounder flat?"

"How can I get rid of my puppy's fleas?"

"Why are turtles slow?"

"Is it all right for a corn snake to be in Summit, New Jersey?"

"When did God make the first elephant, and how long did it take Him to do it?"

One boy writes: "Please send me about ten monkeys, and all they need to eat. Do not write to Mother. Just send the monkeys. Thank you. Alfred W." Fortunately for Alfred's mother, the Zoo does not dispose of its animals in this fashion, and it tactfully encouraged the boy to acquire a pet dog or cat.

When inquiries come from well-informed persons, considerable research may be required for the answer. A big-game hunter wants to know if the musk-ox he shot is the largest on record. An Army doctor, experimenting with the Rh blood factor, wants more information about the monkeys he is using in his tests. A Midwest manufacturer, who once hunted the pronghorn antelope in Wyoming, is interested in their preservation and requests further information about the breed. A farmer, concerned for the safety of his children, wants to know how he can rid his place of copperhead snakes.

Bill Amos, one of the four "Quiz Kids," was reared in the Philippines and Japan, and has spent 21 of his 25 years in the spirited pursuit of nature. The other four years he spent in Navy Intelligence as one of a handful of Americans who knew Japanese. In fact, he had studied biology on Tokyo Bay before returning to America to major in zoology at Rutgers. Among his personal pets have been pythons, giant ants, monkeys, tropical birds, lizards and huge spiders.

Ruth Dauchy, 31, studied ornithology and entomology at Holyoke and Cornell. For three years she supervised the Children's Zoo—a division of the Bronx Zoo especially designed for youngsters, where a parent can't even get in unless accompanied by a child. Miss Dauchy tells more exciting animal stories than any a mere parent can think up, and knows more of them. Equally amazing, she feels no urge toward infanticide when she hears for the twentieth time the same request: "Please tell it again!"

Herbert Knoblock, 27, has a fine knowledge of animal care. While in the Army he taught survival techniques in a jungle-warfare school and later was a medical administrative officer. Previously, he had worked in the Zoo's animal hospital.

The fourth member of the "Quiz Kids" team is Ann Orth, 20, whose principal interest is ornithology. In her home she has a modest zoo of her own; it includes tree frogs, a turtle, a salamander, numerous birds and other creatures. Miss Orth often rises at 4:30 A.M. to ramble in the woods, observing birds, and in winter she frequently visits windswept Jones Beach to watch the sea birds. She is particularly successful in answering questions asked by children.

One of the Question House's most important jobs is to promote the conservation of American wildlife. On special occasions the members accompany hikers on long country jaunts and talk to camp groups deep in the woods. Throughout the year they give talks, illustrated with color movies, to school, youth and club groups.

Mere words, however, are not enough for schoolchildren, so they have two star troupers—Jeffery, a strutting rooster named for the famous Lord Jeffery Amherst, and Petunia, an amiable skunk which enjoys being petted by the children. Jeffery and Petunia are definitely "box office" and always play to packed houses.

PET OWNERS WHO CALL on the Question House for help are anxious to give their charges the right food and surroundings, whether the pet is a bird, snake, eel, alley cat or rare jungle creature. A Wall Street financier found a baby robin in his back yard. He could not locate the nest, so he decided to raise the orphan himself. If he could build a substantial bank, he told associates, he could perform a simple chore like this.

The first day, he telephoned the Zoo three times to find out what to feed the fledgling, how often, and what kind of nest he should make for the night. During the next few days the banker, or his bewildered secretary, called at least once a day to ask about the right temperature, water and feeding for the feathered infant. When last heard from, the robin was doing fine.

The Question House perpetually wonders why so many people cling to ancient myths about animals. Age-old superstitions are hotly defended as fact, even backed up with modern eyewitness stories. When the "eyewitness" is questioned, however, he usually admits that it was his grandfather who actually saw a snake swallow its young when danger threatened. And so it goes with many other myths.

For instance: elephants do not go to an "elephant graveyard" to die. Pulp-magazine authors are to blame for this notion. No snakes make hoops of themselves and roll downhill. Marsh or swamp rabbits do not swim by means of their huge ears. Snake charmers in India are not immune to snake bite because of their spiritual powers. These practical men usually remove the reptile's fang. Furthermore, a hundred naturalists have not heard swans sing when the birds are mortally hurt, as compared with the one qualified observer who has. However, these are all appealing myths, and people will go right on believing them.

"We are never bored with our work," says Bill Amos, "because we never have the slightest idea what the next question will be."

During one recent day, a magazine researcher phoned to inquire whether it was possible to mount an elephant by walking up his trunk and grasping his ears. A church janitor called to ask where he could buy some of "that new pigeon repellent." A radio breakfast-cereal program called to find out what its hero, a woodsman and trapper, would call young beavers.

And a New Jersey woman phoned that "millions" of black insects were coming out of the walls of her stucco home, carrying bits of debris! Was this debris part of the walls? If she disregarded the insects, would they go away, or would they take her house with them? The Zoo decided they were a variety of black ant, and advised the woman to call an exterminator.

But the oddest call came from a downtown New York bank. A man with a dignified voice said that he and his fellow workers wanted to bestow a nickname on a girl in the office.

"What," he asked, "is a long technical name for a female wolf?"

For the first time in their career, the master minds of the Question House were unable to give a completely satisfactory answer.

Improving on the Dictionary

E-con'o-mist—A man who plans what to do with money that isn't his.

Home—A place where you can take off your new shoes and put on your old manners.
—Paul H. Gilbert in *The Wyatt Way*

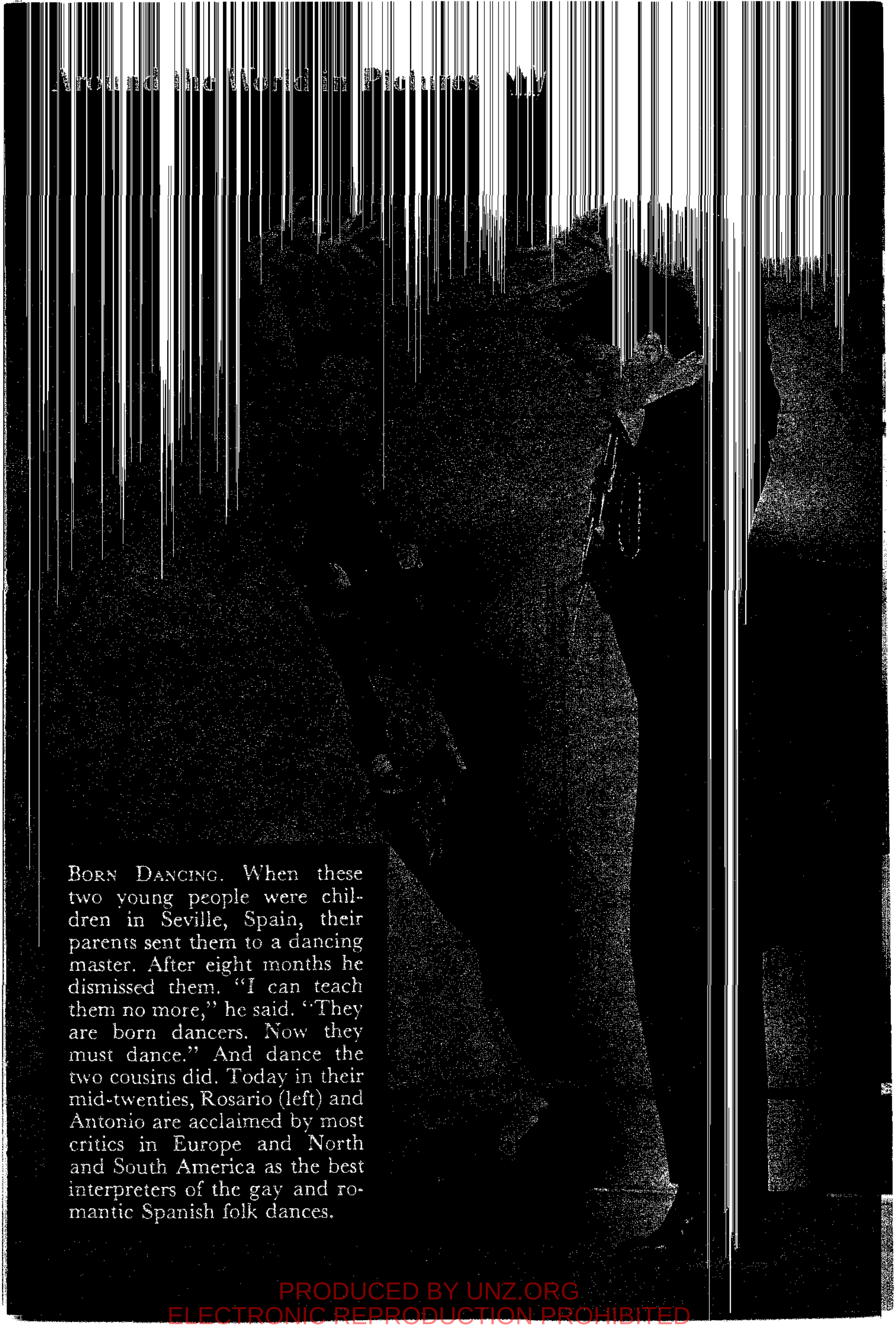
Middle Age—The time when a man is always thinking that in a week or two he will feel just as good as ever. —Don Marquis

Op'ti-mist—A man who gets treed by a lion but enjoys the scenery.

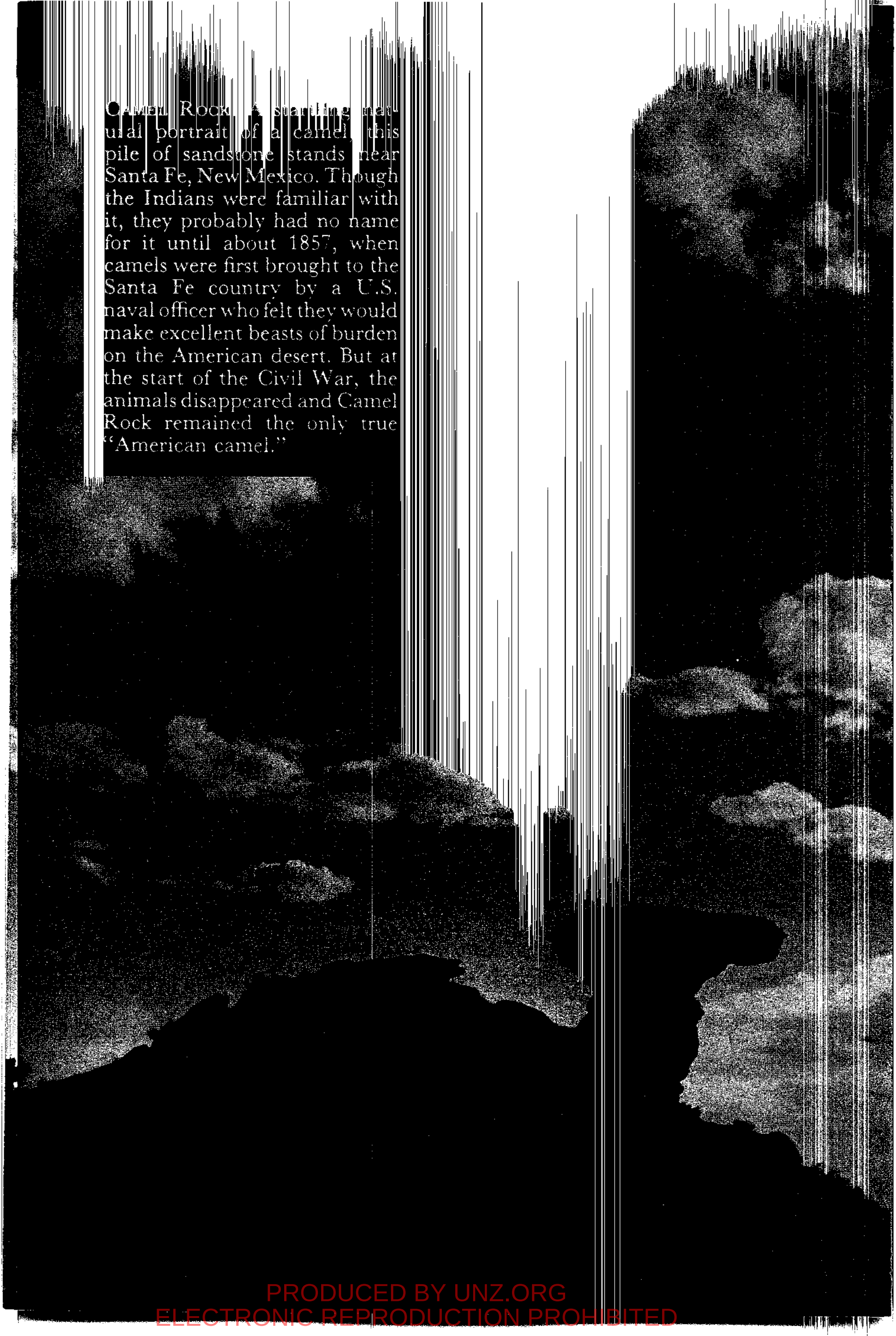
Par'a-site—A man who goes through a swinging door on someone else's push.

Wid'ow—A woman who no longer finds fault with her husband.

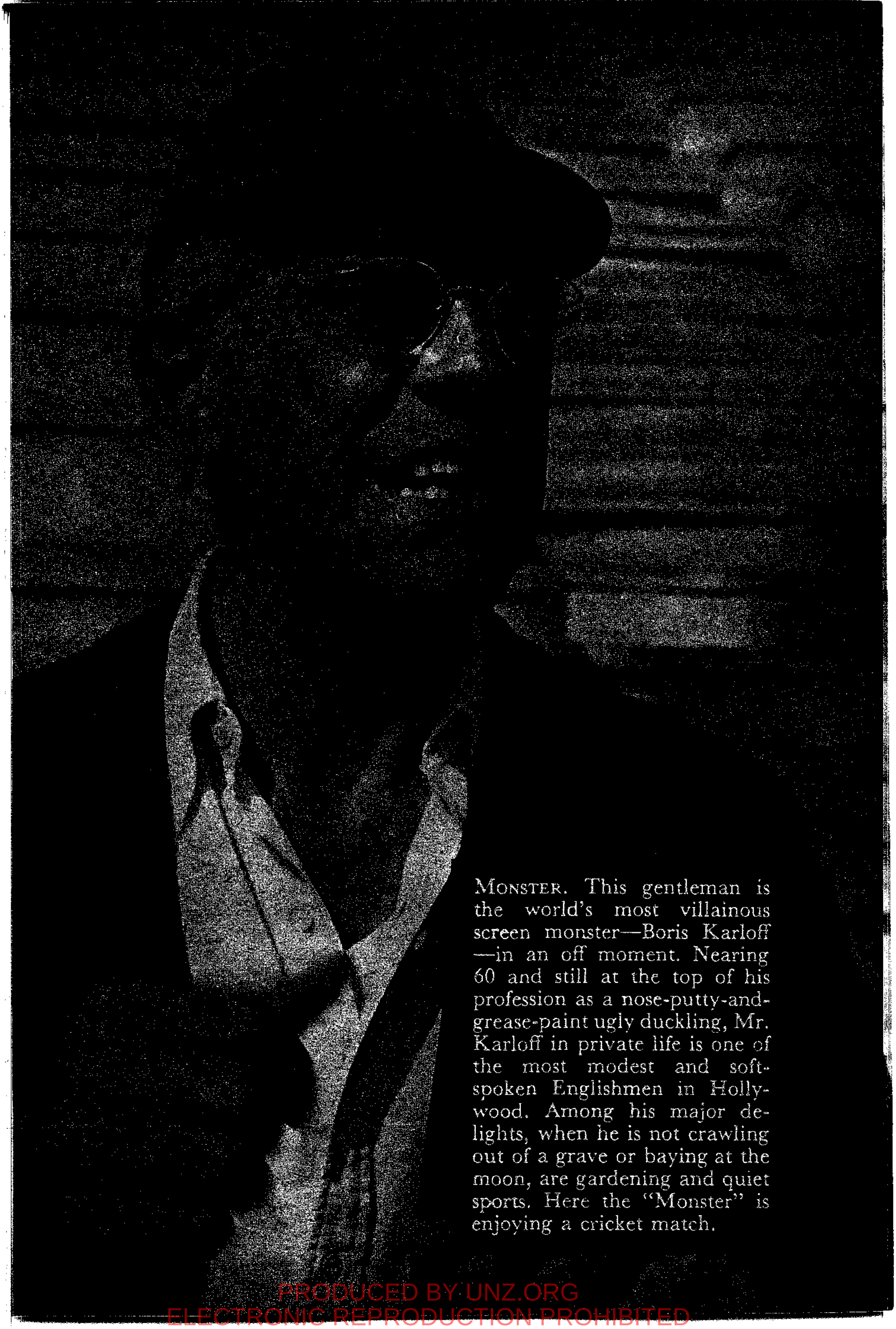
Wom'an—A person who reaches for a chair when she answers the telephone.



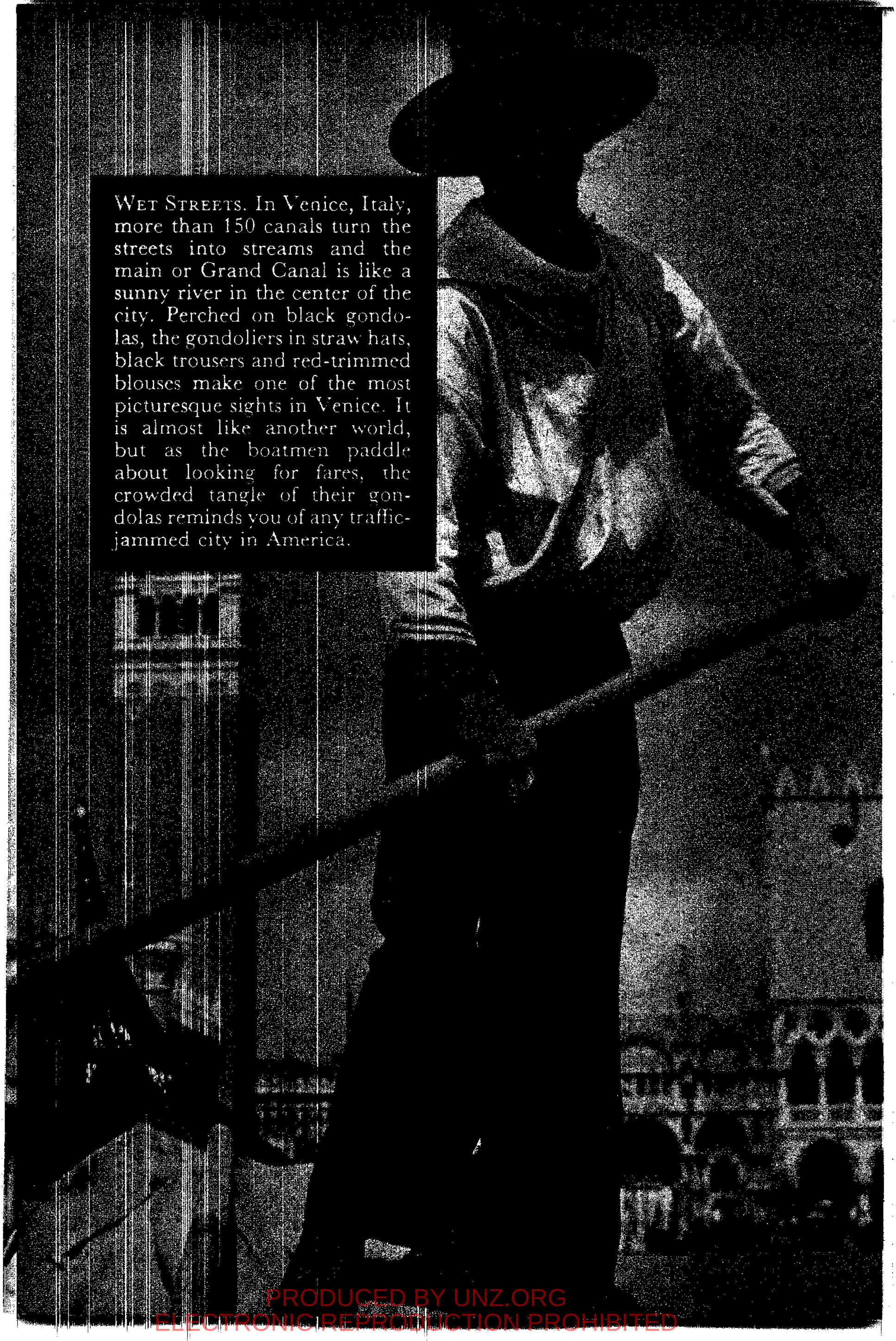
BORN DANCING. When these two young people were children in Seville, Spain, their parents sent them to a dancing master. After eight months he dismissed them. "I can teach them no more," he said. "They are born dancers. Now they must dance." And dance the two cousins did. Today in their mid-twenties, Rosario (left) and Antonio are acclaimed by most critics in Europe and North and South America as the best interpreters of the gay and romantic Spanish folk dances.



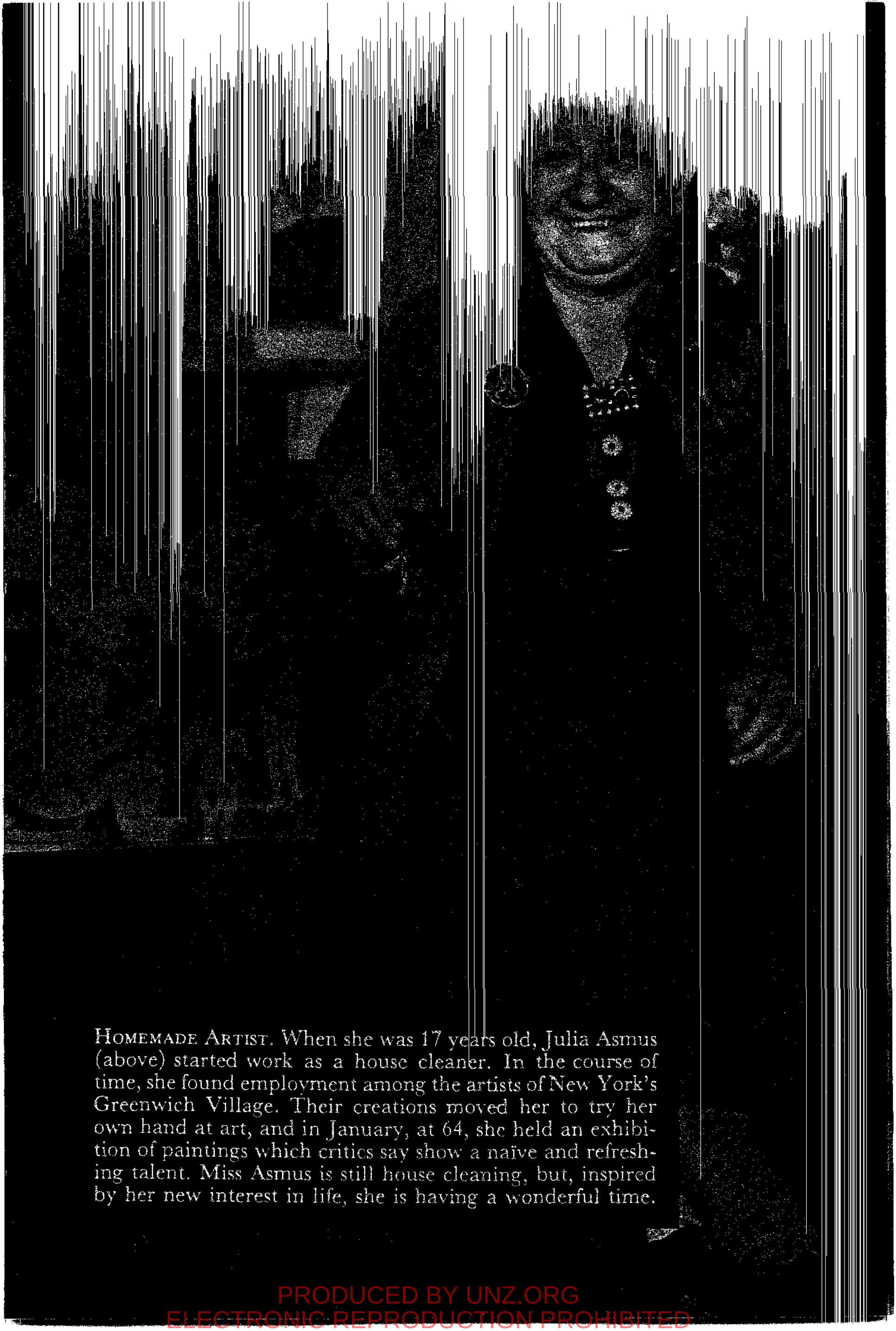
CAMEL ROCK. A startling natural portrait of a camel, this pile of sandstone stands near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Though the Indians were familiar with it, they probably had no name for it until about 1857, when camels were first brought to the Santa Fe country by a U.S. naval officer who felt they would make excellent beasts of burden on the American desert. But at the start of the Civil War, the animals disappeared and Camel Rock remained the only true "American camel."



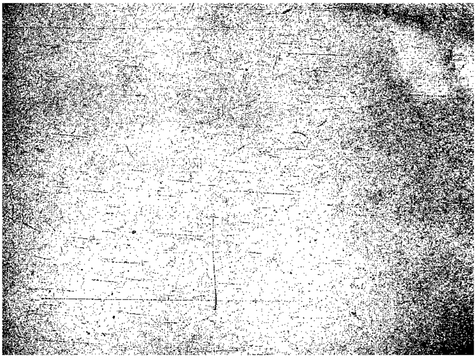
MONSTER. This gentleman is the world's most villainous screen monster—Boris Karloff—in an off moment. Nearing 60 and still at the top of his profession as a nose-putty-and-grease-paint ugly duckling, Mr. Karloff in private life is one of the most modest and soft-spoken Englishmen in Hollywood. Among his major delights, when he is not crawling out of a grave or baying at the moon, are gardening and quiet sports. Here the "Monster" is enjoying a cricket match.



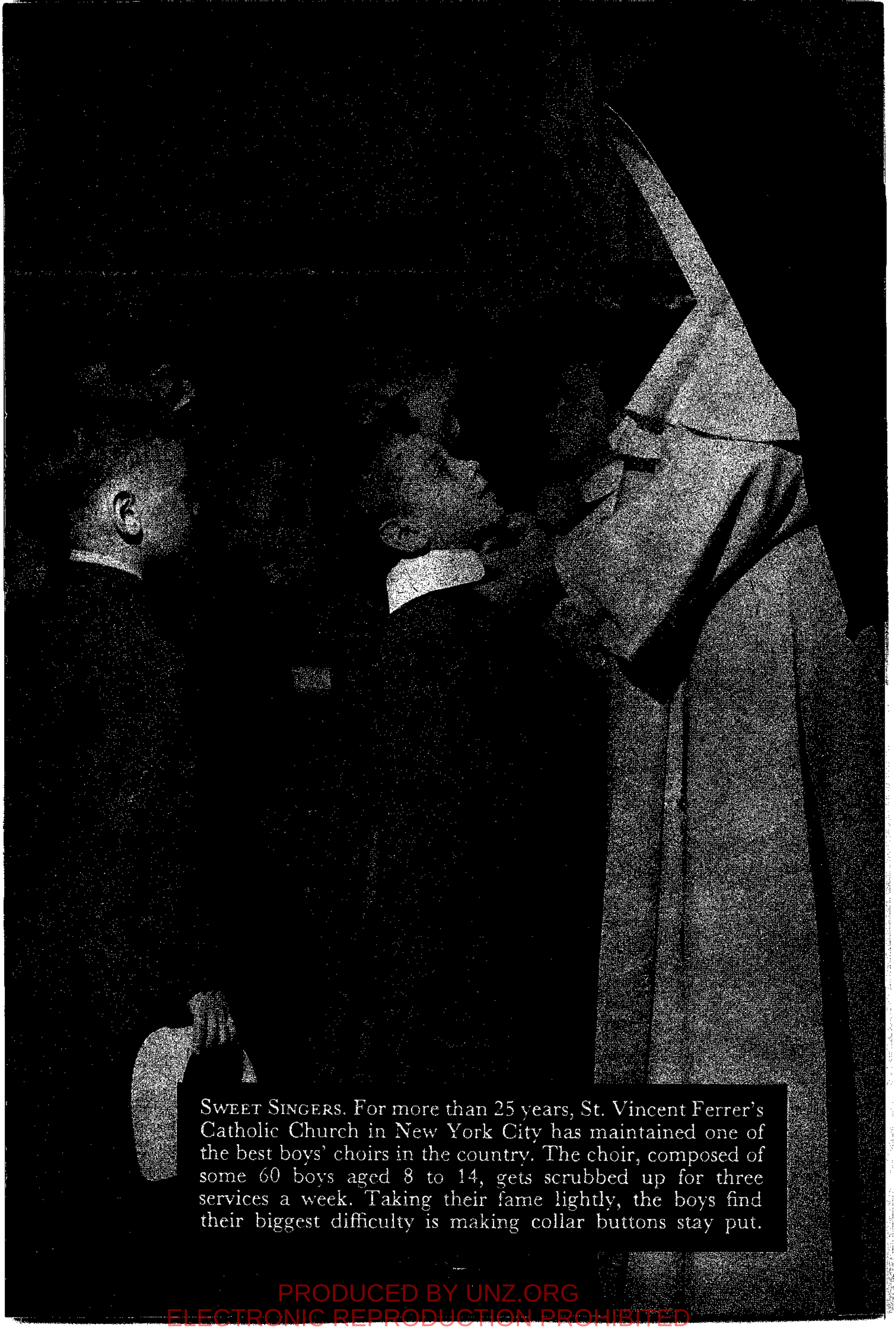
Wet Streets. In Venice, Italy, more than 150 canals turn the streets into streams and the main or Grand Canal is like a sunny river in the center of the city. Perched on black gondolas, the gondoliers in straw hats, black trousers and red-trimmed blouses make one of the most picturesque sights in Venice. It is almost like another world, but as the boatmen paddle about looking for fares, the crowded tangle of their gondolas reminds you of any traffic-jammed city in America.



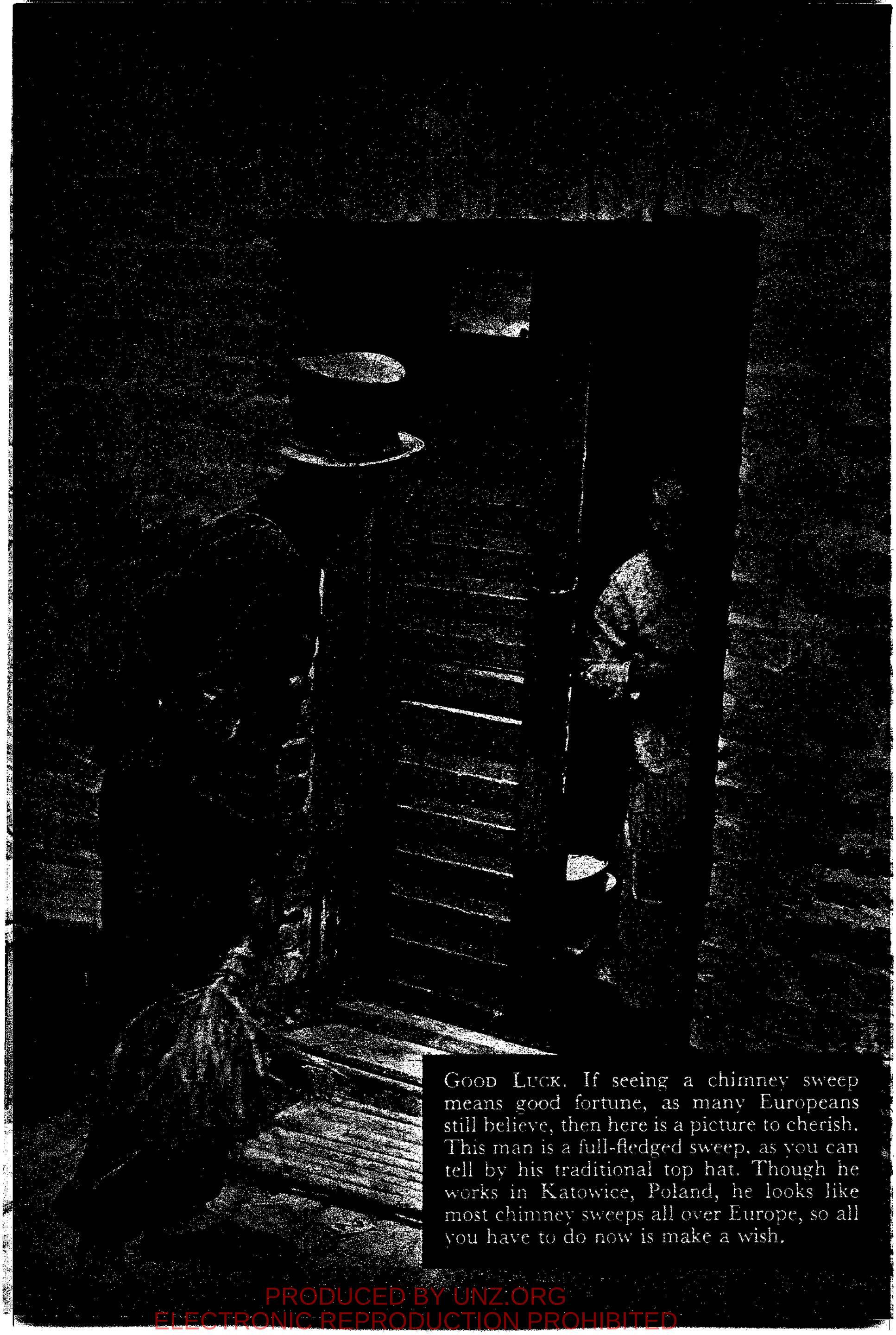
HOMEMADE ARTIST. When she was 17 years old, Julia Asmus (above) started work as a house cleaner. In the course of time, she found employment among the artists of New York's Greenwich Village. Their creations moved her to try her own hand at art, and in January, at 64, she held an exhibition of paintings which critics say show a naïve and refreshing talent. Miss Asmus is still house cleaning, but, inspired by her new interest in life, she is having a wonderful time.



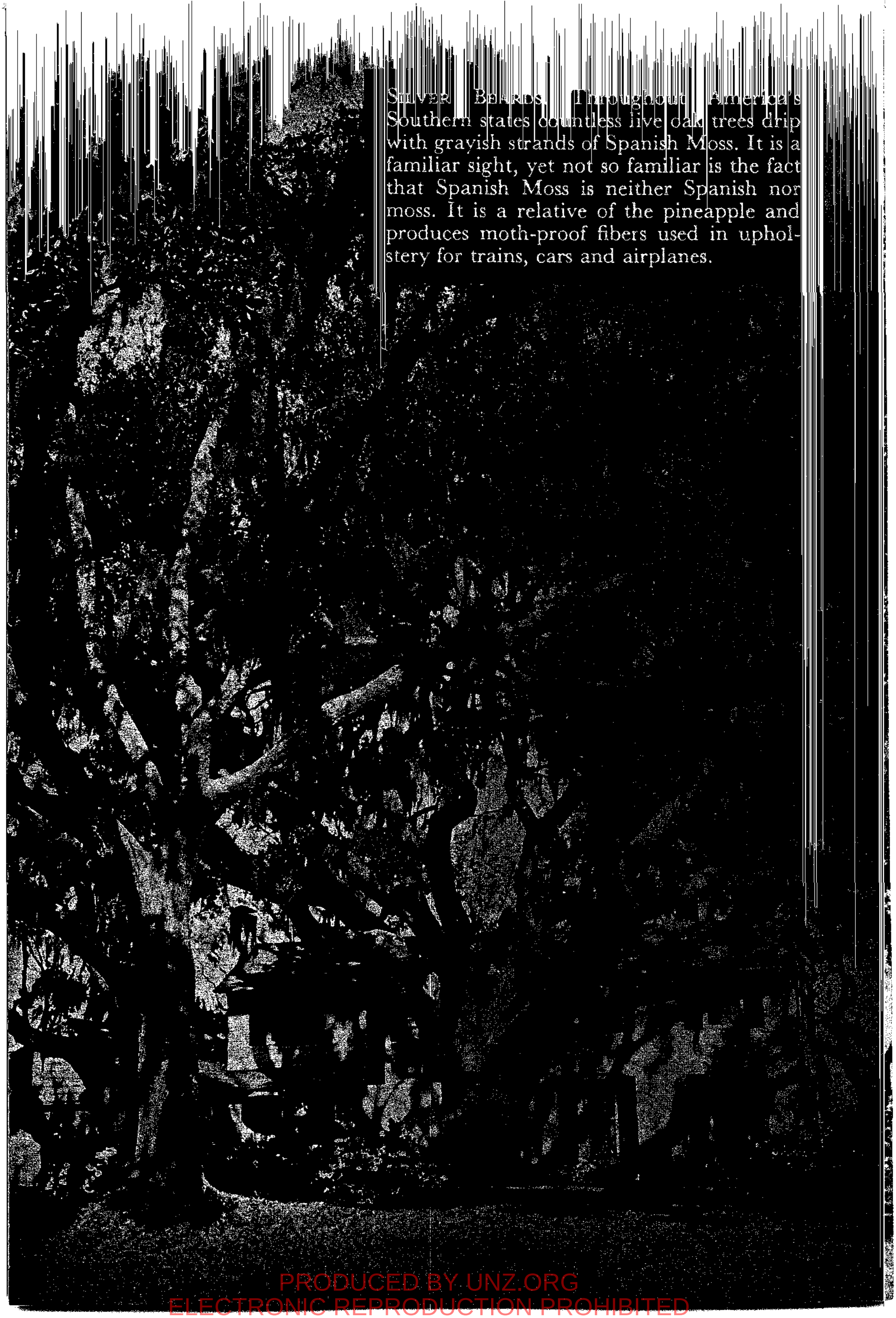
MAN-MADE ISLAND. One of the most remarkable of the U.S. Navy's wartime leftovers is this landing strip in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Built directly over the water on little more than a ring of coral, it is almost 500 miles from the nearest land. Today, because of the enterprise of some Hawaiian fishermen, it is the center of a thriving industry, where fresh fish are loaded onto commercial planes to be flown to Honolulu in three hours several times a week.



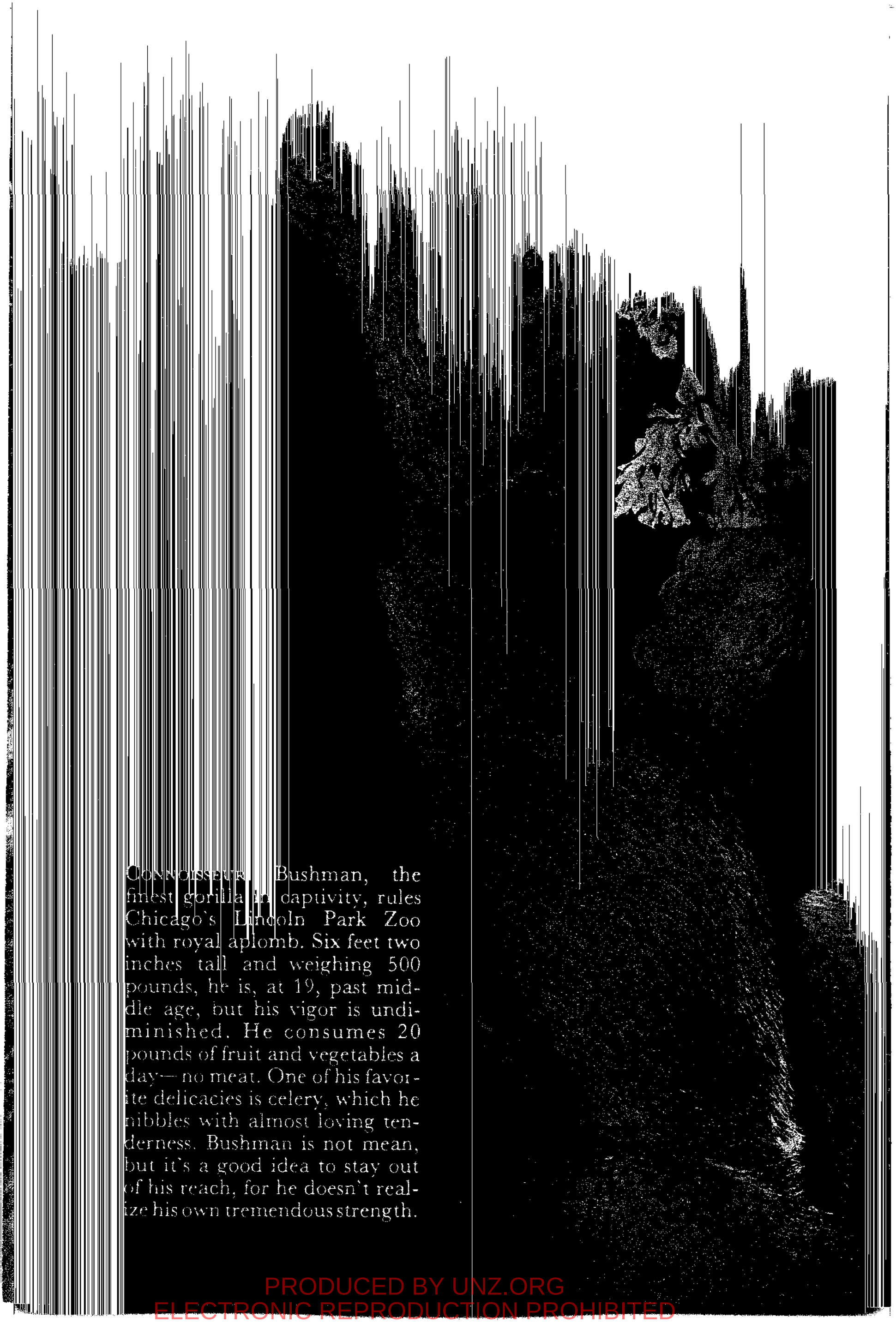
SWEET SINGERS. For more than 25 years, St. Vincent Ferrer's Catholic Church in New York City has maintained one of the best boys' choirs in the country. The choir, composed of some 60 boys aged 8 to 14, gets scrubbed up for three services a week. Taking their fame lightly, the boys find their biggest difficulty is making collar buttons stay put.



Good Luck. If seeing a chimney sweep means good fortune, as many Europeans still believe, then here is a picture to cherish. This man is a full-fledged sweep, as you can tell by his traditional top hat. Though he works in Katowice, Poland, he looks like most chimney sweeps all over Europe, so all you have to do now is make a wish.



Silver Beards. Throughout America's Southern states countless live oak trees drip with grayish strands of Spanish Moss. It is a familiar sight, yet not so familiar is the fact that Spanish Moss is neither Spanish nor moss. It is a relative of the pineapple and produces moth-proof fibers used in upholstery for trains, cars and airplanes.



CONNOISSEUR Bushman, the finest gorilla in captivity, rules Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo with royal aplomb. Six feet two inches tall and weighing 500 pounds, he is, at 19, past middle age, but his vigor is undiminished. He consumes 20 pounds of fruit and vegetables a day—no meat. One of his favorite delicacies is celery, which he nibbles with almost loving tenderness. Bushman is not mean, but it's a good idea to stay out of his reach, for he doesn't realize his own tremendous strength.

by **STANLEY S. JACOBS**

Hike Your Way to *Happiness*

Americans of all ages are finding fun, good fellowship and sometimes romance while getting their outdoor exercise

AFTER WALKING HIS rounds all week, a mailman in Evansville, Indiana, found fun and companionship as a member of that city's Municipal Hiking Club. In Chicago, such diverse personalities as a banker, a war veteran and a labor leader are fast friends today—but none of them knew the others existed a few months ago. Joining a hiking club was their touchstone to friendship.

Elsewhere in America, more than a million men, women and teen-agers are finding new pleasures in a pursuit that costs little or nothing. You can join any of the more than 3,000 organized hiking clubs without worrying about your purse. The average dues are a dollar a year, to pay for news bulletins, maps, invitation notices and membership cards.

Recently in Glendale, California, one club was composed exclusively of housewives. These ladies in boots, including young brides and grandmothers, took ten-mile hikes in their stride. Chicago's famed Prairie Club, a mammoth hiking organization incorporated in 1911, attracts people of all types—lawyers, doctors, salesgirls, laborers, teachers, bookkeepers, students and salesmen. During one 18-month period, some 3,000 adults and youngsters made 125 walking trips in and around Chicago.

The Chicago Recreation Commission does a professional job of publicizing the Prairie Club's weekly trips, chiefly through newspaper releases which lure young people, middle-aged and oldsters.

Before a hike is started, a talk on nature is sometimes given by an authority, and leaflets containing historical information on places to be visited are handed out. Once a week, after dinner in a park field house, the walkers do some more footwork in folk dances.

On Sundays in Mill Creek Park in Youngstown, Ohio, the park's own hiking club does its stint within the reservation's boundaries. The early-morning hikes are followed by breakfast for all the members.

Even in supposedly blasé Manhattan, hiking is high on the list of preferred hobbies with hundreds of city-born people. J. Otis Swift, nature editor for the New York *World-Telegram*, learned this more than 20 years ago. At that time he was writing a nature column for the old New York *World*. One day, in his column, he casually invited readers to hike with him to Yonkers the following week end. Several people met Swift at the appointed place, all eager to sniff the countryside and to use their legs for a change.

Week by week, the number of hikers increased. Today, a hiking brotherhood named after Swift has some 30 participating clubs. Nearly 200,000 men and women have discovered sun, stars, fresh air, simple food and jolly companionship through a vast hiking network which began when a journalist invited his readers to take a walk.

The walkers, called "Yosians," encourage offshoot groups within the organization to form their own hiking clubs. For example, a dozen men and women might have a common interest—music. They will invite other music-loving hikers and walk to concert halls, museums, music shrines, homes of composers and other places of interest to the music-minded. Some of these special groups within the Yosians are composed of walkers who are interested in religion, astronomy, bird life, entomology and geology.

Hikers of Omaha take their hobby seriously enough to own buildings and equipment worth nearly $3,000. The club, consisting chiefly of teachers and office workers, has 5,000 hikers a year covering the Nebraska and Iowa countryside.

Around Louisville, Kentucky, farm families cooperate with the city's hiking club by serving suppers for 75 cents. After dinner, the farmers, their families and the hikers gather round a roaring fire and sing old songs.

TWO CLUBS IN NEW ENGLAND symbolize the spirit of mutual helpfulness which animates hiking organizations. In these clubs, every chore is performed according to a community plan. The chairman of the house committee serves for three months, then is supplanted by another elected official. The chairman selects a host and hostess for each hike; buys food, ice and milk; posts assignments on the club's bulletin board; and sees that everybody is responsible for some duty—bringing food, providing entertainment, washing dishes or introducing games and stunts.

Romances develop quietly in most clubs. A Louisiana organization provides miniature silver shoes as wedding gifts for members who first met while hiking. And many clubs feature in their monthly bulletins a column devoted to romances, engagements and weddings.

Few clubs have age limits. Most will welcome members from 16 to 60. And references are seldom demanded, since a desire to hike is considered sufficient recommendation. But one Eastern club was compelled to make a 50-50 split of men and women members, to ensure enough manpower for the heavier chores.

Leaders are cooperative people. One woman, a librarian, keeps a pair of pruning shears in her pack and clips scrub oak and blueberry sprouts which grow along the mountain trails her club likes to use.

"It's just a courtesy to hikers who may follow us," she says. "Hiking is essentially a hobby based on cooperation."

The correctness of her remark was proved by the development of the Appalachian Trail, called by hikers "the world's longest footpath." Winding from Maine to Georgia, the trail was created largely through the efforts of walkers over a 12-year period when they charted footpaths through 14 states. You scale mountains and wade through swamps on a hike over the Appalachian Trail, while inexpensive hostels along the way provide comfortable rest facilities.

Men who know the value of peak physical condition laud hiking as the one sport which almost everybody can enjoy. Lawson Robertson, coach of American Olympic teams, says: "Walking is the most natural form of exercise. It puts the least burden on the system and is the easiest to take!"

Yet one needn't march strenuously through rugged terrain to be a good hiker. Many veteran walkers in New York have never been outside the city's five boroughs. They arrange their weekly outings with the aid of the "New York Walk Book," which provides directions for scores of interesting hikes within the metropolitan area.

Whoever you are, whatever you do, you will find a kindred soul in the hiking brotherhood. So say 65 nuns of one city, who banded together in their own hiking club. In another city, watchmakers united under the name of the "Timeology Fellowship." They have a fine time on week ends, marching along while discussing mainsprings and escapements.

As for personal friendship, this is what happened to a young Des Moines woman who came to Chicago and lived in the city for eight months without making a friend. Finally, in desperation, she responded to Prairie Club publicity and timidly embarked on a hike with other strangers the following Sunday.

"Today I have dozens of good friends in Chicago, all of them hikers like myself," she says. "Thanks to the Prairie Club, I know more people in Chicago than I knew in Des Moines after living there 20 years!"

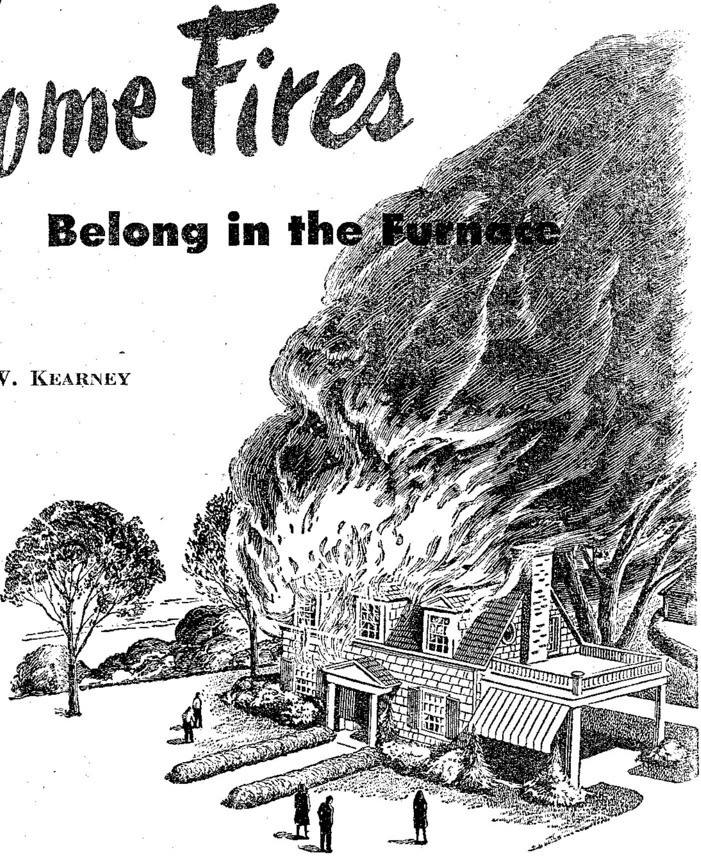
The Only Way

Trouble is so high you can't climb over it. So wide you can't walk around it. So deep you can't dig under it. The only way to beat it is to duck your head and wade right through. —Eleanor Gutterman

Home Fires

Belong in the Furnace

by PAUL W. KEARNEY



WHEN PAINTERS WERE working last year in the 32-room Rubel mansion in Roslyn, Long Island, cleaning paneled walls with benzine and turpentine, one of the workmen struck a spark with his metal scraper. After the smoke had cleared away, the country showplace was in ruins.

A butler in the Guggenheim mansion in Washington, D.C., smelled smoke at 1:30 A.M., and found the drawing room ablaze. Despite the firemen's efforts, by 4 o'clock the big mansion, housing an irreplaceable art collection, had been wrecked at a cost of $750,000.

After reading these items, you should ask yourself two questions:

1. If millionaires' mansions can be wiped out so swiftly, what chance would my $8,500 home stand if fire got loose in its vitals?

2. If my home should catch fire tomorrow—and one does every other minute of a 24-hour day—how and when could I replace it?

There is only one sensible answer to both of these questions: keep fires from starting. And in order to do this effectively, you must first understand the causes of most of them, to wit:

1. *Defective heating plants and chimneys.*

According to the National Fire Protection Association, "defective chimneys and flues are responsible for more home fires in the U. S. than any other one cause."

Grim statistics of death and destruction tell a horrifying story of stupidity and carelessness on the part of many home owners; how long has it been since you checked *your* house for the little hazards that often cause big fires?

In Colorado, a family of six was wiped out because a furnace pipe had been placed too close to a wooden partition. In Pennsylvania, a householder mentioned to some neighbors that his chimney flue was cracked, but before he got around to having it fixed the flue set fire to his house, cremating him, his wife and their little daughter.

Chimneys should be cleaned and inspected *once a year* by a man who knows his business. An easy way to check defective flues is (a) to close off the chimney at the top by laying a board over it; (b) build a smudge fire in the furnace (using a handful of rags); (c) go through the house to see if smoke is escaping into any room.

Another good test is to feel the walls alongside the chimney. If, while the furnace is operating, those walls are too hot for the bare hand, you are in for trouble. Don't just tell the neighbors about it: get it fixed as quickly as possible.

2. *Electrical defects.*

Five members of a family of six died last year in a blaze which swept a bungalow in Malden, Massachusetts. Not long before, three children were burned to death when fire destroyed their Texas home.

The first blaze was traced to faulty wiring installed by a home mechanic in violation of local fire laws. In the second case, the cause was "overfusing"—that is, replacing 15-ampere fuses with 25s after the former had repeatedly failed.

Regardless of how much you may think you know about electricity, it is dangerous to tamper with house wiring. Secondly, when fuses begin to blow, find out WHY.

A fuse is the safety valve of your electrical system, designed to blow out when the line is overloaded. If you bridge the fuse by putting a penny behind it—or add a heavier fuse to take the overload—the weakest wire in the system becomes white-hot and, eventually, splashes molten metal into a hollow space behind a wall or ceiling.

3. *Rubbish and trash.*

A Pennsylvania home owner recently scraped his living-room floor, swept up the oily scrapings, dumped them in a cardboard carton and carried them to the cellar. During the night the scrapings ignited, spontaneously. The resulting fire killed the householder, his wife and their daughter.

The number of fires started every year by spontaneous ignition in rubbish is almost countless. In one case the offender was a pile of old newspapers in the basement; in another, a cotton bag stripped off a ham and tossed into a barrel; in still another, a discarded mattress in the attic. Thousands of fires start automatically when oil or grease is left on combustible material in a spot which lacks ventilation.

For example, do you leave your oiled floor-mop in a corner? Or your furniture-polishing cloths in a basket or can? If so, you are inviting the firemen to call. Mops or rags, if hung on a hook where heat can dissipate, will not spontaneously ignite.

When Memphis embarked on a wholesale clean-up campaign in residential cellars and attics, home fires were reduced more than 50 per cent in a year. And six other cities, all the way from Providence to Fort Worth, cut residential fire losses sharply by the simple expedient of throwing out trash!

4. *Carelessness with matches and smoking.*

Every year, some 29,000 dwelling fires are attributable to children playing with matches. Last year, 11 people died in a fire due to careless handling and storage of matches in a Kansas City apartment house.

Why parents have not yet learned to keep matches out of reach of youngsters is hard to explain. And yet it is no more baffling than the fact that adults still throw lighted cigarettes into wastebaskets or out of windows—or persist in the suicidal custom of smoking in bed.

In New York, a man smoking in bed succeeded in killing six other people who lived in his apartment house, although he himself escaped death. In Washington, a smoker who dozed off in an overstuffed chair started a fire which took the lives of three people who lived on the floor above.

At least 130,000 fires a year are traceable to carelessness with matches and cigarettes. And yet what can you say on this grim subject that hasn't been said a thousand times before?

5. *Ignorant handling of inflammable liquids.*

Another 23,000 fires are started every year by people who don't know the facts of life—and death—involved in handling gasoline, benzine and kerosene. Dry-cleaning at home is one of the best ways yet devised for getting acquainted with your undertaker, for no matter how many rule-of-thumb safeguards you have learned, the fact remains that it is *impossible to use gasoline safely in the home.* Even if no open flame or pilot light is near-by, static is an ever-present danger.

To employ gasoline or such for cleaning waxed floors or removing paint from walls is a plain invitation to disaster. No economy argument yet conceived refutes the fact that one gallon of gasoline produces a vapor mixture equal to *six pounds of dynamite* in explosive power. And a spark from a cat's back is enough to set it off.

Kerosene, of course, is not as

dangerous as gasoline or benzine, yet in Youngstown, Ohio, five children died when their mother resorted to the old dodge of "speeding up" the kitchen stove with kerosene. Especially in rural communities, this time-honored custom has cost hundreds of lives.

I even saw it practiced in a small Florida resort hotel whose only protection against cold snaps was a fireplace in each room. Firewood was laid in advance, and the arriving guest was given a can of kerosene to use in case he desired a fire!

A HEARTY RESPECT for these five major causes of fire would work wonders in reducing residential losses. Certain structural corrections, too, can make fires less likely or less serious. Old and curled wooden shingles, for example, play a leading role in about 17,000 exposure fires a year—that is, fires which leap from one building to another. If local laws do not require fire-retardant roofings, the law of self-preservation does.

Likewise, homes properly insulated for winter-heating economy and summer comfort also eliminate one of the fireman's worst problems: those hollow walls and hidden voids through which fire scuttles like a cockroach. Much of the damage done to a burning home is mistakenly blamed on the exuberance of firemen and their liking for axe work. Actually, they hate that kind of labor: it is hard and dangerous. Yet if fire is creeping through hidden voids, they must "open up" fast and far, or else you will have no house.

A minor correction which would reduce fire hazards—not only in old houses but also in new ones where combustible fibreboard is used to partition off rumpus rooms—is the wider use of fire-stopping methods in basements. Ceilings should be covered with a heavy application of cement or gypsum plaster on metal lath. Tacking asbestos board over a flimsy, wood-lath ceiling offers slight protection, for heat radiates through asbestos.

Another precaution is to fire-stop the door at the head of the cellar stairs with metal sheathing on both sides—or install a sturdy, one-piece door without panels. Ordinary doors with 5/16-inch panels burn through quickly, leaving the heat free to sweep upstairs.

Despite these precautions, however, there will still be fires—in places where people go, if not in their own homes. Thus the vital question is: what to do?

Most fire deaths occur because the imperiled people do the wrong thing, as was graphically demonstrated in last year's tragic wave of hotel fires. The one basic fact about fire behavior that cannot be repeated too often is this: *hot gases always rise.* Hence rooms above the source of a blaze are the most dangerous ones.

Every one of the 61 deaths in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago were due to toxic gas, not to burns. And it is significant that in both the LaSalle and the Winecoff hotels, the upper rooms whose doors or transoms were open (and these comprised more than 50 per cent of the total) were gutted. Yet some adjoining rooms, with doors and transoms closed, were not even smoke-marked!

All of which proves the old rule:

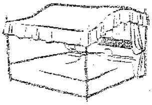
in a blazing building, never open a door that is hot to the touch. A hot door means that you cannot live long enough in the hall to reach the stairs or a fire escape. Your only hope is to keep the door (and transom) shut and wait at the window for rescue.

True, a flimsy door will burn through eventually. But I have letters from half a dozen people who followed these directions in the Canfield and LaSalle hotel fires—and lived—while others, not forewarned, died in the halls. One man remained safely behind his closed door for 40 minutes before firemen took him out on a ladder! He managed to survive by wetting sheets and blankets and using them to caulk cracks around the door before opening the window.

The same safety rules apply in the home. Never open a hot door—and don't sleep with the bedroom door open. The importance of this latter precaution was dramatically proved to George McIntire of Burlington, New Jersey, who was aroused at 5 o'clock one winter morning by an angry glow in the sky. The Kortman bungalow, 100 yards away, was ablaze. After telephoning the fire department, McIntire rushed out to arouse the Kortmans, only to find the terrific heat a barrier to entering the house.

He yelled, banged on the door, smashed a window, but got no response from those in the house. The firemen themselves could not get in until they had deluged the bungalow with water. Then, when they reached the bedrooms, they found five bodies: the 21-year-old father; his 19-year-old wife; her sister; a cousin; and a ten-month-old baby—all dead in bed.

They had left their doors open to share the furnace heat. But toxic gases had killed them before they even knew there was a fire!



. . . And So to Bed!

THE CARTOONIST, Rube Goldberg, sleeps with a pillow under his feet instead of under his head.

❋

ENRICO CARUSO expected any hotel that he honored with a visit to take special pains for his comfort at night. He sometimes used as many as three mattresses and 18 pillows.

❋

WHEN MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK visited the White House, she let it be known that only pure linen sheets should be used on her bed, and that they must be changed if she so much as lay down for an instant. Consequently, she used more than a dozen sheets a day.

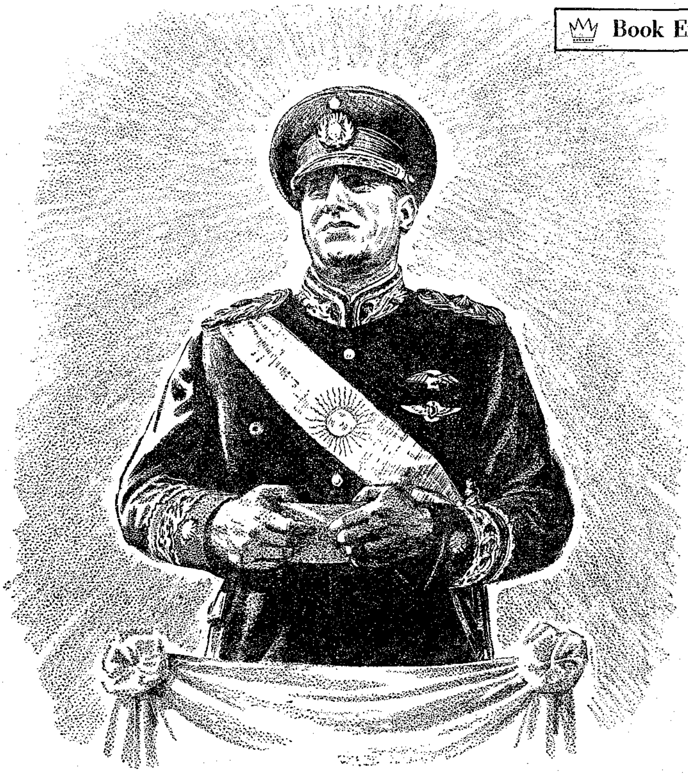
❋

THE EARL OF WARWICK, famous in English history as "The Kingmaker," slept upon a bed that was 12 feet square.

❋

BUT THE DUKE OF Wellington used a cot barely 18 inches wide, on the theory that it was not healthful to turn and toss during one's sleep. —WEBB B. GARRISON

Book Excerpt



PERÓN

Strong Man of Argentina

by RUTH AND LEONARD GREENUP

Here, condensed on the following pages, is a penetrating analysis of an important, though controversial, public figure—the President of Argentina. Written by two young Americans in easy journalistic style, it is nevertheless a serious effort to explain the life and achievements of a South American politico-militarist who is determined to lead his country and its people into a new era of plenty.

Excerpted from the book *Revolution Before Breakfast: Argentine, 1941-1946*, published at $4.00 and copyright 1947 by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

PERÓN

Strong Man of Argentina

by Ruth and Leonard Greenup

Foreword: **Ruth and Leonard Greenup, both born and educated in the U. S., were married in Buenos Aires in 1941 and lived there, working on various newspapers, until 1945. They came to know Argentina and its people intimately, from the beef baron to the peon whose only luxury is plenty of beef. "After we returned to New York," they say, "our friends wanted to know what makes the Argentinians tick. They expected us to write a book. The friendly prodding reached the point where it became most embarrassing *not* to write a book. So we did." The result was *Revolution Before Breakfast, Argentine, 1941-1946,* from which this excerpt about Perón was taken.**

ARGENTINA, LIKE most South American countries, has been swept off her feet in times past by strong, chieftain-type leaders known as *caudillos*. Men of action and strong personal leadership, rather than refined oratory and finesse, have captured the people much as the old-time *gauchos* robbed meek and civilized men of their wives and daughters and carried them off on their saddles to live like nomads on the unsettled South American plains.

For a time in the 20th century it seemed that the day of the *caudillo* had ended, and that Argentina had settled into the routine of legal government and colorless leadership. But the new trend reckoned without Juan Domingo Perón.

The man embodies the greatest success story in Latin America today. He got what he wanted with fabulous swiftness. Perón came out of nowhere in 1943 as a colonel, by 1944 was strong enough to run the military government, and then wooed the nation to win the presidency by a landslide in 1946. He came up so fast that his story sounds like an accident in history. It wasn't. Perón planned it that way.

The qualities that have intrigued the biographers of Perón have been his charming manner, his gift of gab, his endowments as a politician, his ruthlessness and his enormous physical energy. Yet his most spectacular asset is his showmanship, a supremely valuable tool in building himself up for the presidency. The only way he could get and keep what he wanted was to sell himself to the people.

One of the greatest disasters Argentina has ever known gave Perón's genius for press-agentry a heaven-sent opportunity. That was the San Juan earthquake early in 1944. Even before it became generally known that thousands had perished, Perón was on the radio appealing for aid for the stricken inhabitants, and he kept up his pleas until the generous Argentines were contributing clothes, beds, food, medicine and millions of pesos to help the colonel's relief campaign.

Perón departed far from tradition to put his appeal across. With an actress on each arm he walked down swank Calle Florida in Buenos Aires to solicit contributions, knowing that even though he was doing what no staid member of the government would dare to do, his picture would appear in hundreds of papers. The San Juan catastrophe came to be known almost as Col. Juan Perón's earthquake, and the publicity was worth more than a million pesos of advertising.

Perón's genius extended to organizing political and labor demonstrations, and he was accused with some justice of hiring young men to stand near the microphones at government rallies to chant his name so that it would be heard again and again over the radio, leading the listeners to believe that Perón had a giant following and would bear watching. Needless to say, he would.

One of Perón's greatest achievements in the field of exhibitionism saved his political career, if not his life. This was in October, 1945, when opposing army, navy, student and professional elements decided that Perón must be eliminated before he became a real menace. The coup forced Perón's ejection from the offices of Vice-president, Minister of War and Secretary of Labor in the Farrell government. Perón himself was arrested and taken to an isle in the River Plate, where he was held while leaders of the opposition set about organizing a new regime.

While the new government was struggling over reorganization, Perón got back into Buenos Aires by pretending he was seriously ill and required treatment. Once in the hospital, he quickly rallied his forces, and labor leaders under his spell called their men into the streets. The laborers, 50,000 strong, gathered in front of Government House and demanded to see their leader, Perón. They kept yelling in a frenzy so impressive that it was finally deemed advisable for him to leave his "sickbed" and appear on the balcony, along with other members of the Farrell regime, to reassure the workers.

Perón capitalized on this to the full, even reminding his followers that it was only his loyalty to the "sweaty masses"—in which he included himself — that had persuaded him to leave the hospital. To top off this impressive scene, Perón ordered the workers to stage a general strike next day, which was done with sufficient violence to discourage anyone who might have been rash enough to plot against the colonel's regained freedom and health.

In his campaign for the presidency, Perón used practically all the tricks known to the American politician, from kissing babies to drinking cheap wine with the workers in third-rate bars. In the past three years he probably has shaken as many hands as did James Farley as Postmaster General.

He personally inaugurated maternity wards, a little outside the usual ken of the Argentine politician, and even got down into ditches to dig real dirt, a procedure that is practically unknown to the Argentine government official. Perón also had pictures taken of himself talking with real working newspapermen, and on important occasions in wintertime wore the white coat of his summer uniform to distinguish himself from the rest of the crowd wearing regulation garb.

Not content with breaking all traditions, he also began speaking of himself as "Argentina's first soldier," "Argentina's first worker" and "Argentina's first airman," all depending on whether he was addressing a group of fellow army officers, a labor meeting or officers of the air corps. Transparent as this strategy was, it lifted him out of the ordinary run of army politicians, and got his picture printed and his name mentioned much more often than any press agent would have dreamed possible.

PERÓN'S PERSONAL appearance was one of his greatest assets in winning fame and fortune. He is a handsome man, well and massively built, tall but so broad-shouldered that he seems of medium height. If he has a slight paunch, he keeps it well concealed by his tailored uniforms and street clothes. His carriage is military and erect. His strong, white teeth flash often in a smile, and one Argentine woman told me that if he was ever defeated in politics, he needn't worry, for he could always make money posing for toothpaste ads.

The military life Perón has led, and his days as a farm youth in the country, probably account for his rugged physique. Perón was born in 1895 on a farm owned by his father, 65 miles south of Buenos Aires. At ten, when his family moved to Buenos Aires to enable him to complete his primary studies, he was already a strong boy. He later became an excellent horseman, and was an outstanding recruit for the Argentine Military Academy, from which he was graduated as a second lieutenant at 18. In 1919, he became a full lieutenant when he entered Sargento Cabral Officers School.

Here he concentrated on sports, becoming a champion fencer, boxer and pistol shot. His physical prowess tended to obscure his mental energy and achievement, and even today there is a widespread misconception that Perón is little more than a gifted talker and lucky fool. He stayed in the school six years, leaving it as a captain in December, 1924.

In 1930, he was appointed to a post in the Ministry of War, then was named professor of military history in the Superior War School. In 1936, while serving as military attaché in Chile, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and three years later was sent to Europe to study mountain warfare in the Tyrol region. After observing World War II for nearly two years, he returned home and was named a colonel on June 30, 1942, less than a year before the 1943 revolution which he and other colonels helped direct to success.

In the 32 years between his induction into the military academy and the 1943 revolution, Perón was a thoroughgoing student of military history and theory. And, because of the traditional orientation of the Argentine Army on the lines of the German military machine, Perón was exposed to the leading German military and political theory of that day. He learned that the "leaders" had won the great battles of history. He believed that without the "leaders," the untutored masses of armies might never have succeeded in altering history.

Having accepted the "leader" principle, Perón ruthlessly broke down the minds of history's greatest military men to learn what constituted their genius. In his *Notes of Military History*, written in 1934, Major Perón's admiration for Alexander the Great is undisguised. This "most accomplished leader," says Perón, "had all the qualities for it. His great eyes shone with extraordinary limpidness; the nose aquiline; his head, slightly inclined toward the left shoulder, giving him a majestic aspect."

We have seen more than one picture of Perón with his head slightly inclined to the left, perhaps with the idea of giving himself that same "majestic aspect."

It did not escape Perón that most of his military heroes were also gifted with political ability, and he became convinced of the inseparability of politics and military affairs. He studied the rise of fascism in Italy and naziism in Germany and the New Deal in the U.S., and in the two totalitarian and the one democratic systems he saw elements that could be put to work for Perón in Argentina.

Because Hitler and Mussolini lost the war, Perón has never publicly described himself as being like them, but he has vigorously fostered the legend that Perón is a Latin Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his wife, Eva, has been presented to the Argentine public as a second Eleanor Roosevelt.

Making allowances for the relative size and importance of Argentina and the U.S., there *are* many likenesses between Perón and Roosevelt. The rich in Argentina refer scathingly to Perón as "that man," and there are people who swear by Perón's great new ideas for bettering the poor man's lot and raising the stature of Argentina.

Perón and Roosevelt shared other qualities: immense personal charm, spontaneous wit, agile minds, boundless confidence in themselves and their ideas, a wide appeal to the masses and an amazing aptitude for coining phrases that stick. In lieu of the "forgotten man," Perón raised up "the shirtless ones." Perón also has an iron determination, political savvy and plenty of courage that shows up best when he is confronted with seemingly insurmountable circumstances.

It is about there that the comparison between Perón and Roosevelt must end. For the two men, both magnificently equipped as leaders, were as unlike as night and day in their methods of getting what they wanted.

To Perón, his word was law, and

he did not hesitate to use brute force to impose it; his thugs went into the streets to beat and intimidate opponents, thousands of whom were arrested or exiled.

Perón paid lip service to the democracy of Roosevelt in an attempt to win the approval of Latin America and the world, but his regime made real use of techniques learned from Hitler and Mussolini. It was under him that the federal police was organized into a huge organization useful in crushing civil liberties and capable of facing the army in a fight, if that ever became necessary. And it was under Perón that the country's independent labor unions were broken and forced into organizations modeled on Mussolini's syndicates.

IT IS DIFFICULT to be objective about Perón. Few Argentines can. Either they hate him as a demagogue and a dangerous fraud, or they admire him with a feeling almost of worship. In general, the rich fear he will take away their wealth and traditional political power (he has already defeated them decisively in the political field), while the poor see a Messiah to raise their standards of living beyond their wildest dreams.

A good share of Perón's ability to win friends, however, is his penchant for adapting himself to the viewpoint of whichever group he happens to be courting at the moment. Thus one day he can speak soothingly to the magnates of industry and agriculture, then the following day raise the hopes of labor with promises of sharing not only the profits but also the wealth of the country. And entirely apart from his political and economic ideas, Perón has a personal magnetism that draws people overwhelmingly to him.

For example, what Roosevelt called the "wolves" of the American press, on junkets to South America, have been almost invariably enchanted by Perón on first sight. And not until a correspondent has been in Argentina for some time is he likely to write anything unfavorable to the new Argentine President.

Much of Perón's charm is nothing but sex appeal. I have seen many women and girls tossing flowers in his path, and in Rosario, women fainted by the dozens in a huge square where Perón was speaking, while girls of bobby-sox age chased his train as it moved slowly along the campaign route.

Perón has never attempted to deny his manly charms. At the height of gossip about his romance with radio actress Eva Duarte, Perón issued a statement. "I am accused by my enemies of associating with women," he said. "Of course I do. What do they expect me to do? Go around with men?"

As a matter of fact, Perón is admired and envied by a great many men, and the widespread rumors of his virile powers certainly did him no political harm. Mobs of workers eager to shake hands with him almost crushed the candidate's party during his campaign tour through the industrial cities.

Perón, every inch a he-man, has a warm smile which is accentuated by the numerous horizontal lines around his eyes. The "bags" under the eyes serve to make his face more interesting. He has a muddy complexion, probably traceable to his Scottish grandmother, but this is no novelty or handicap in Argentina, which racially is "whiter" than the population of the United States. In other ways, being mainly of Italian descent, he is completely satisfying to the nationalistic Argentines. He is absolutely at ease in any gathering, whether in a mansion of some industrialist or in a lowly bar in the Avellaneda slaughterhouse district.

Perched happily alongside Perón on the top rung of the Argentine ladder is Eva Duarte de Perón, who also knew what she wanted—and got it. Eva, known as Evita or "Little Eva," is less than 30 years old, younger and more glamorous than any first lady in Argentine memory. She and Perón make a very handsome couple.

Evita also is notable for her ability to flout the conventions. In the first place, she had virtual public recognition as Perón's lady love long before they were married, and the conventional folk of Argentina were scandalized at the prospect of Perón's becoming President without legalizing their relationship. The political convenience of a wedding played into Evita's hands, and a few months before the election they took their vows in a church ceremony. Evita also received the Pope's blessing for the marriage—an enviable achievement considering she had been the most gossiped-about woman in many a year.

When Evita first came out of obscurity in the early days of the revolution, she had dark hair worn in a long bob. Today she is a blonde, her hair done in up-sweep style. Her clothes are designed by exclusive French houses in Buenos Aires. Her jewels are spectacular and she is fond of displaying them. And all this from a girl who a few years back earned $35 a month as a part-time radio actress.

Evita's meteoric rise is as fabulous as that of her husband. She is just as audacious, ruthless, ambitious and courageous as Perón. Like Perón, Evita has found her looks a great asset. She is slightly taller than the average Argentine woman, with a Lana Turner figure and beautiful legs. Although stories vary on how she met Perón, friends who knew her when she was still struggling in radio tell how she used to say over and over, "I will be somebody. I can feel it, I will be somebody some day."

Evita was shrewd enough to recognize that her best chance of being "somebody" was to hitch onto the rising star of Perón. One of her early activities was to organize artists and radio workers into an industry-wide union. She did this with full approval of the Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare—Perón—and then paid him for the privilege of bossing the industry by using radio to boost Perón to the almost complete exclusion of others in the military government.

Perón began to be presented to the people as a Latin superman, the most intelligent man in the military regime. In fact, after Perón's temporary ouster in 1945, Evita outlined to union leaders and the "shirtless ones" the strategy for the frenzied gatherings that brought him back to power. After that, they were married and Evita campaigned at Perón's side for the presidency.

Her presence marked the beginning of a new political way of life for the Argentines, who are accustomed to their first ladies being gracious and entertaining but removed from political activities. Evita began going out on her own to inspect working districts, factories and housing projects, and made speeches in behalf of the new government. She was installed in an office of her own and did not hesitate to call in cabinet members to administer tongue-lashings or to distribute largesse. And while Perón was known as a "strong man" abroad, some Argentines began to suspect that at home he was a henpecked husband.

Evita wears furs and jewels when she goes out among the working class, and they love it, probably because it gives them hope to see a working girl who has made good. Paradoxically, the only group that approves of the luxury-loving First Lady is the working class, since the respectable middle and upper class families, aghast at the phenomenon of Evita, still don't consider her entirely acceptable to high society.

Persons who have visited the Presidential Palace say that never have a chief executive and his lady lived in such luxury—amid crystal, silver, paintings and brocades. Some observers see in Evita's love of finery the clue to what may happen to Perón's high ideals about social and economic reforms, for Evita's own ideas on politics are a great influence on the new President. She can't tolerate opposition, and is satisfied to have "yes" men in the highest government posts.

Although Evita has a German secretary and several German friends, there is no evidence that she is pro-Nazi or pro-Fascist. She seems to be merely pro-Perón or pro-Evita. Her only political philosophy is said to be that of opportunism. One version has it that she was among the first to urge Perón to cooperate with the U. S.

"Remember, the United States is a strong country, and we have to get along with her," is said to have been Evita's practical advice.

The Argentines have never seen anything like Evita. Most educated persons laugh at her attempt to pose as a Latin edition of Eleanor Roosevelt, and one of the opposition newspapers constantly pokes fun at the antics of "The Lady President" in Argentina. It does require a lively imagination to find in the youthful, glamorous and bejewelled Evita much resemblance to our own former First Lady. Evita's talent lends itself mostly to intrigue. She hasn't had much education, but has a quick wit and thinks on her feet. Yet to many Argentines, Evita is an enormous joke. The idea of a big, dashing fellow like Perón being henpecked is supremely funny.

THE OUTLINE OF Perón's rise to power shows that the new President has more than sex appeal in common with his opportunistic wife. His later years are a brilliant blend of long-range planning and immediate acceptance of sudden opportunities. Long before the rise of Hitler in Germany, Perón had sold himself on the "leader" principle, and in communicating these ideas to the students under him at the War College and to fellow army officers, he was creating the demand for a real leader in the Argentina of the future.

It was World War II that perhaps crystallized Perón's driving ambition for himself and for Argentina. He began, among the younger army officers, a crusade for "spiritual renovation" that is said to have led to formation of the GOU, a sort of elite military "lodge" comprising the most militant, idealistic, and reactionary element. It was the fountainhead for most of the ideas of the military government installed in June, 1943, including its pro-German "neutrality" and the repressive techniques required to secure complete domination of Argentina.

The first months of the revolution were Perón's time of greatest trial, danger and opportunity, for he was unknown outside the army, and there were men in government with far greater military and social prestige. In October, 1943, a general strike threatened as labor opposition to the Ramirez regime began to crystallize. This dangerous situation was made to order for Perón's talents.

On October 27, he was named head of the National Labor Department, and promptly went to work, bringing to bear on these difficulties not only the techniques of the corporative state unions he had observed in Italy and Germany, but his enormous charm and know-how in getting along with people.

He went directly to the laborers in the factories, and they were amazed to discover that Perón could talk their language, swap stories and enjoy drinking with them in neighborhood bars. Perón won converts by the thousands, and laid the foundation for deals between his department and some labor leaders. He learned which of the people he could not hope to win to his cause, and promptly sent these independent characters off to prison or concentration camps.

He worked so swiftly in disorganizing the independent unions and winning others to his cause that the general strike was called off. The department was reorganized as the Secretariat of Labor and Social Welfare, and Perón was named director in recognition of the fine job he had done. That gave him a firm foothold in the new government. Perón was recognized by many as a man who could get things done.

Most men would have been content to deal effectively with the labor troubles, but Perón saw a chance to mold labor, through his new Secretariat, to further his own political ambitions. He was aware, however, that labor and mass publicity were long-range projects and that the army remained the key to getting immediate power in the military government. So after Ramirez broke relations with the Axis, Perón rallied sufficient support to oust him as well as some of Perón's rival officers. Gen. Edelmiro J. Farrell, whose friendship with Perón was of many years' standing, was installed as President and Perón as Acting Minister of War.

In this post, Perón was able to

consolidate his grip on the armed forces by accelerating military expenditures to new record totals—more than 50 per cent of the government's annual expenditure. He sent some of his rivals to distant posts, stepped up production of army equipment in Argentine factories and strengthened the army in a way that was gratifying to commanders under him.

True, General Farrell remained in the presidency, but Perón had nothing to fear on that score. He and Farrell remained fast friends, and Gen. Luis Perlinger, a leading rival for the presidency, was left by the wayside when Perón, in July 1944, was appointed Vice-president. Now it was time for Perón to seek the kind of support that would end the "provisional" nature of his regime and put it on a permanent basis.

Police personnel was stepped up to more than 30,000, while Perón courted the working masses openly, through decrees providing pensions, better working conditions and higher wages. It was his labor and police following that saved him when he was ousted from the government in October, 1945.

The clincher for Perón's return to power was the government's decree in December, granting a bonus of one-month's salary to all Argentine workers in private industry at year's end, along with wage increases ranging from 10 to 25 per cent. Perón won the election by the greatest electoral landslide in the history of Argentina.

For the first time in his meteoric career, he appeared to be firmly in the saddle. He had the popular support necessary to win acceptance of his regime abroad; he still controlled a considerable portion of the army; he ruled the federal police; and he had the shirtless ones to counter any attempt to unseat him. These *descamisados* comprised not only some labor, but also all the have-nots, malcontents and strong backs who believed fanatically in Perón and would shed blood to keep him in power.

On the other side of the ledger were a number of weaknesses. Perón, like the Napoleon he admires, likes to run the show himself and hence tends to handle too many details and to appoint "yes" men and incompetents.

Also, he had promised to labor more than he could hope to deliver. This was true of political spoils as well as his promises to curb inflation, to rush housing projects, to divide the land and share the profits of business and industry. Perón had promised all but the millennium if he were elected. Now he was elected, and Argentine labor was not yet in paradise.

There is an odd likeness between Perón and one of the outstanding figures of Argentine history: the strange but democratic Hipólito Irigoyen. In the early part of this century, Irigoyen offered a new way of life to the Argentines, as Perón is doing now. Irigoyen instilled a sort of blind, unswerving faith in his followers. With his own magnificent hypnotism, Perón has built the same kind of following among the downtrodden masses, who have been kicked and disillusioned by their rulers so often that they are willing to obey blindly this magic new voice in the industrial age. Yet there are differences.

Irigoyen, twice elected President and ousted in his second term by the Conservative interests he so bitterly opposed, was not a ruthless political scientist but a dreamer. He was also a democrat, through and through, in his political thinking. Perón is neither a dreamer nor a democrat, at least not in the Anglo-Saxon sense.

Perón has often expressed his faith in democracy, but only contempt for its results in Argentina, sneering at the "frauds, lies, exploitation or social injustice" of earlier regimes. The revolution, he said, sought "the total moral recuperation of the people, which would automatically be followed by full internal political liberty."

Thus Perón conceived of democracy as something to be permitted only when other matters had been properly arranged. In many speeches, Perón has intertwined democracy almost inextricably with the leadership principle.

"I am a leader of the true democracy," he has declared, "born of the people to govern the people for the people. . . . "

WHERE IS PERÓN taking Argentina? Part of the answer is that Perón believes in the "destiny" of Argentina, just as he believes in the "destiny" of Perón. He believes there has been a great lag in fulfilling the destiny of Argentina, and that this should be remedied by intensifying her industrialization, raising her standard of living, increasing her population and strengthening her armed forces so that the nation's potentialities can be realized.

There are many Argentines, sound statisticians and writers and economists, who have been advocating part of this program for many years. They have said that a land of Argentina's vast resources and area could profitably support a population double or even quadruple the present 14,000,000 inhabitants, even though it would mean revamping completely the nation's economic system from a semi-colonial to a mainly industrial status.

What the economists consider a desirable theoretical possibility, Perón deems a necessity in the development of the nation's "destiny," a word that he has used time and again in referring to the future of the Great Argentina.

In speaking of "destiny," Perón is appealing to the deep-seated conviction of the Argentines that they are the greatest people in South America. One who has lived in Argentina for any time knows that the Argentines consider it the nation's right to assume leadership in South America. And it is a sore point with them that the balance of power on the Continent was upset during the war not only by the industrial growth of Brazil but also by the quantities of Lend-Lease arms supplied to Brazil and Argentina's other neighbors by the U.S.

In considering the means whereby Argentina is to improve her position of dominance in South America, it is not to be forgotten that the background of her new leader is definitely militarist-authoritarian in nature. Perón has always emphasized the use of force or the threat of armed activity as the keystone of any nation's foreign policy. Thus he was understandably surprised at the cries of outrage that came from the press and the United Nations when he said, in a speech founding a chair of national defense at the University of La Plata in 1944, that "war is an inevitable social phenomenon."

He had said the same thing in his military history in 1934, and no one had protested, the difference being that in 1934 Perón was an unknown major, while in 1944 he was recognized as the future leader of Argentina. He has made it clear, in his writings and speeches, that to his mind, war is the means whereby a nation keeps what it already has, or acquires what it needs and cannot get by peaceful methods. In peace a nation must prepare for war—either to defend its possessions or to build up military strength to insure achievement of objectives laid down by its leaders.

In the international field, Perón has sought to rebuild the prestige of Argentina, which suffered drastically in South America during the war because of her pro-German "neutrality" and the increased strength of surrounding powers through American Lend-Lease. Perón's diplomatic strategy shifted quickly in 1946, when the rather crude attempts at subversion of neighboring governments had been largely abandoned.

By establishing relations with Russia, Perón brought pressure for better relations with the U.S., and he hastened the thawing of his impassé with the "Colossus of the North" by the startling declaration that if the U.S. were to fight the Soviet Union, Argentina would be on the side of the Yankees. He also had Congress ratify the Act of Chapultepec for Inter-American collaboration, and in so doing dispelled some of the distrust of Argentina that prevailed in the U.S. and other American republics.

THE REGIMENTED FUTURE of Argentine industry is indicated by what has already happened to labor. Perón won the labor vote with glittering promises in 1946, but long before the balloting he had labor under his thumb through the conversion of labor unions into official government groups controlled by the Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare.

He had also eliminated collective bargaining, with government dictating to both employer and employee groups in labor disputes. He assured the manufacturers that the labor masses were being organized and that "in due course it will be found that the employers are controlling their workers through the unions," which the government then was organizing. A little more than a year later, Perón closed the manufacturers' organization and now controls both the industrialists and their workers.

One of the obstacles that the elections had not cleared from his path was the Supreme Court, which had consistently withstood his rule by decree under the military regime. Perón decided that the old court must go, and instructed his supporters in Congress to impeach the justices. This process had not been completed when Perón took his next great stride, the introduction of his enormous Five-Year Plan, a scheme to raise the economic and industrial potential of Argentina and give her a place among the major powers.

Even the Argentines, who supposedly had become inured to the grandiose ambitions of Perón, were startled. Taken as a whole, the blueprint would mean more power for the state (and for Perón) in an Argentina that would be stronger in armed forces, in industry, transportation and even in population. The individual would live in greater health and prosperity, but in exchange for this the State would exercise new controls over his life.

By 1951, if the section on industry was followed through, Argentina would be producing 43 per cent more manufactured goods than she did in 1943, would have a third more industrial workers receiving half again as much wages and salaries; and power installations would be increased 50 per cent.

New industries "necessary to national defense" would be encouraged and sheltered from competition. Industry would be decentralized and factories would be built far from Buenos Aires, nearer the sources of hydroelectrical energy and natural gas.

Labor, besides receiving higher wages as the result of industrialization, would be encouraged to share in ownership. Perón promised "economic advantages" to a wide range of enterprises — agricultural, livestock, forestry, commercial and industrial—if they permitted workers to share in ownership. All profits above five per cent would go into "workers stock" to replace capital stock. To assure a larger supply of skilled labor, the plan provided for new technical training schools.

More than a billion dollars would be spent on public works, including reorganization of the country's transportation system. Hundreds of thousands of workers would be required for projects stretching from one end of the Republic to the other. Some of these—such as free recreational centers—would represent social gains, and the nation's physical well-being would be advanced. Under this part of the plan, $150,000,000 would be spent for hospitals and clinics, and medicine would be virtually socialized.

Where it was deemed necessary, economic power would be extracted from the individual person or private business enterprise and transferred to the State.

The army's sinews would also be strengthened. Argentina would build airplane factories and in them produce her own military planes. A reserve of air-minded men would be created in the glider schools and clubs and through the extension of the Argentine State Merchant Air Fleet to North America and Europe. Undisclosed but presumably vast sums of money (entirely independent of congressional appropriations) would be used in the complete modernization of the Army and the construction of military factories. The armed forces would be reduced "quantitatively but not qualitatively"—which, of course, means mechanization.

More hands would be required to build the bulging new Argentina, and the plan called for 50,000 immigrants a year. Government would be "streamlined"—that is, powers would be shorn from the legislative and judicial branches and handed to the executive branch—Perón. The army staff, as well as Perón, would have authority to spend money for equipment and construction in strategic areas without requesting permission of Congress.

Perón also requested authority to reorganize the federal judiciary system, thus altering vastly the system of checks and balances set up by the Argentine Constitution, without ever bothering to tamper technically with that document or putting his amendments to the test with his people.

He would emerge, undisputed, as the most powerful man in Latin America—and one of the most absolute rulers in the world—in control of the entire political, economic and military life of his nation.

His neighbors in America are watching this great new experiment for guides to their own future. If Perón succeeds where others have failed, there will be men in Latin America to emulate the plan. But if Perón's Argentina takes the direction of European experiments in national socialism, which were unable or unwilling to live within their own borders and insisted on their right to expansion, the New World will become a dangerous place. Understandably, all eyes are on Perón.

I would not venture to predict how far Perón will get with this task, or exactly where he will lead Argentina. But I have no hesitation in saying that the coming years will be a period of real adventure for the nation, a time as colorful, as dynamic and as exciting as Juan Domingo Perón. And that is saying a great deal.

An assassin's bullet or bomb, a civil war, a military coup are ever-present possibilities in the life of a Latin-American ruler—whether he be strong man or President. A man who zooms to the top in three years can be pushed out in a day in Argentina. But one thing is certain about Perón—he will never die of boredom. And, as long as Juan Domingo Perón is in the saddle, neither will the Argentine people.

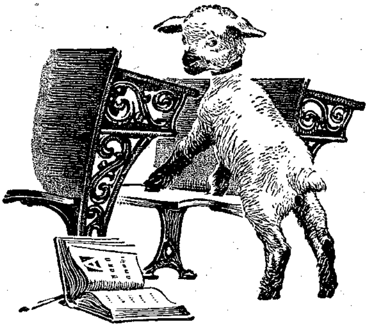
CREDITS

Photos: Page 27, 30, 31, Edward Rinker; 28 (top), Hollywood Press; 28 (bottom), 29, 32, Arthur E. Haug from Publix Pictorial Service; 33 (top and bottom), 34 (bottom), Arthur E. Haug from Nancy Hull; 34 (top, left and right), David Robbins from Keystone; 45, 46, 47 (bottom), 48, 49 (left and right), 50, 51 (left), 54, 55 (right), 56, 57 (top), Kosti Ruohomaa from Black Star; 47 (top), 52, Walt Saunders from Black Star; 51 (right), 102 (top and bottom), 103 (top and bottom), 163, International News Photos; 53 (top), Lawrence D. Thornton from Frederic Lewis; 53 (bottom), Randal Partridge from Black Star; 55 (left), Saunders from Monkmeyer Press; 57 (bottom), J. Delano from Library of Congress; 58, Forsythe from U.S.D.A.; 91, from *This Is America*, *New Americans*, RKO Pathe, Inc.; 92 (top and bottom), Keystone View Co.; 93 (top), Lewis W. Hine from Photo League; 93 (bottom), 94, 95, 96, Culver Service; 97 (top and bottom), Brown Brothers; 98 (top), 101 (bottom), Movietone News; 98 (bottom), 100, 101 (top), European Picture Service; 99, Hans Knopf from Pix, Inc.; 104, 105, Angela Calomiris from Black Star; 106, Lofman from Pix, Inc.; 155, Hans Reinhart from International News Photos; 156, Fred H. Ragsdale; 157, Jack Manning from Pix, Inc.; 158, Bruno Stefani from Publix Pictorial Service; 159, Press Association; 160-161, Oscar Sweet from *Newsweek*; 162, Official U. S. Navy Photograph; 164, John Vachon; 165, Gladys Relyea from Pix, Inc.; 166, David Mann from The Chicago *Sun*.

Verse: 3rd Cover, from the "New Blue Book of Favorite Songs," copyright by Hall & McCreary Company.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

It Made the Children Laugh and Play To See a Lamb at School



NOT SO LONG AGO, perhaps Mary's Little Lamb *was* an unusual classroom sight—but that was before the advent of modern visual education. Today, boys and girls see far more wondrous sights as part of their regular classes.

They see the mighty Columbia River surging its way to the Pacific, the members of the New York Stock Exchange buying and selling, the microscopic organisms living in a drop of water, and many other real-life dramas, through the medium of Coronet Instructional Films.

Produced in collaboration with educational authorities, Coronet's 16 mm. color-and-sound motion pictures cover all grades and subjects. Yet these stimulating visual aids are only one part of Coronet's educational program—a program which began in 1943 when the magazine was first offered to students at greatly reduced rates.

Teachers quickly endorsed the school-subscription plan, as well as the assistance provided in lesson organization by the companion Teaching Guide, compiled by recognized educators. Today, hundreds of thousands of American students eagerly anticipate receiving Coronet each month during the school year.

In addition to the Instructional Films and Teaching Guide, Coronet also offers filmstrips of the timely picture story in each issue of the magazine, as well as 2x2-inch Kodachrome slides of the full-page color features. Through these helpful and practical services, Coronet invites every school, regardless of size, to give its students a broader, more vivid concept of the ever-changing world about them.

For further information about Coronet's classroom aids, please write to the Education Department, Coronet Magazine, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Coronet

VOL. 22, No. 5; WHOLE No. 131

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor-in-Chief:
OSCAR DYSTEL

Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON

Associate Editors:
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
SEY CHASSLER
CAROL HEGGEN
ISABELLA JONES
BEN KARTMAN

Art Editor:
TONY PALAZZO

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Research Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

European Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 for one year; $5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request.

Note of Caution: Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1947, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered United States Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for September, 1947

Articles:

The Tragic Failure of America's Women MARYNIA F. FARNHAM, M.D. 3
The Truth About Your Air Force. GEN. CARL A. SPAATZ 10
The Story Behind Your Telephone Book NORMAN CARLISLE
Can the Mind Pierce Time and Space? . . . . HENRY LEE
A Monument to Scotty . . . . J. IRVING CRUMP
I Am a Minister's Wife . . . . ANONYMOUS
How You Can Retire at 55 . . . . RAY GILES
I Call It Murder! JOSEPH MCKINLEY AS TOLD TO HOYT BARNETT
The Lessons a Quiet Man Taught Me . . PAUL JENNINGS
Hollywood's Turnabout Theater. . . . . . GRACE FISCHLER
The Day Our Nation Came of Age. . . MADELYN WOOD
First Family under the Big Top . . . . . LAWRENCE LADER
How the Weather Affects Your Life . . LOUIS N. SARBACH
They Borrow Time—from Death . . . . DON MOORE
Irving Berlin: Song Writer to the World GEORGE FRAZIER
Mad Dogs Are Killers! . . . . ALFRED H. SINKS
I Was Once a Scatterbrain . . . . WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT
In an Emergency—They All Call Lascoff's DONALD B. ROBINSON 14
Coin Collectors Aren't So Crazy! ROBERT J. KALLER & BEN A. MARTIN 148
The Questions They Ask at the Zoo! . . . JO CHAMBERLIN 151
Hike Your Way to Happiness . . . . . . STANLEY S. JACOBS 167
Home Fires Belong in the Furnace . . PAUL W. KEARNEY 170

Pictorial Features:

Chicago—Queen of the Lakes 27
Country Fair 45
A Problem in Murder . . . . CRAIG RICE 85
Golden Land—the story of America's Immigrants 91
Around the World in Pictures 155
Two Men and a Vision 191

Departments:

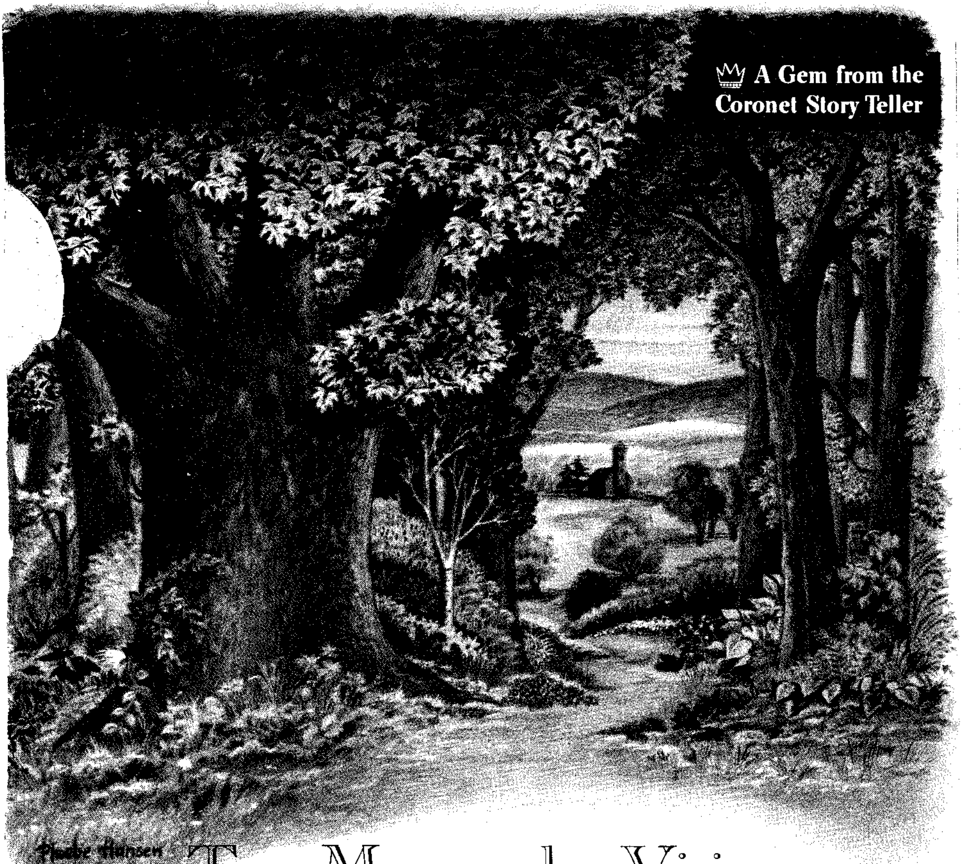
Our Human Comedy 43
The Best of Billy Rose 78
Unfurled from the Show World 115
Game Book . . . . PETER DONALD, GUEST EDITOR 129

Book Excerpt:

Perón: Strong Man of Argentina RUTH AND LEONARD GREENUP 175

This Month's Cover: In search of just the right models for Coronet's September cover, Howard Forsberg interviewed scores of youngsters in high schools throughout the Midwest. Among the schools he visited was his own Alma Mater in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, a suburb of Milwaukee. Then, instead of using two specific models for the harmonica player and his bobby-sox admirer, he did composite portraits of several attractive teen-agers. A native of Milwaukee, Forsberg now lives with his wife and two daughters in Park Ridge, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago.

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller



Two Men and a Vision

On an evening in June, 1857, the sun seemed to pause over a little glade in an Iowa forest as Dr. William Pitts watched it set. The young singing teacher suddenly had a vision of a small brown church breaking the green of the valley. Then the sun dropped behind the trees and the church faded away. Haunted by his vision, Pitts walked back to the town of Bradford and wrote a song about the imaginary church.

Soon the Rev. John K. Nutting came to Bradford and chanced upon the same little forest glade. Here, he vowed, he would erect a small brown church, rugged and strong. His followers caught his enthusiasm and started building.

The Civil War came, and men left home to fight, but those who remained worked on. In 1864 the church was finished, and at the dedication Dr. Pitts' clear voice rang out with the words of his hymn, *The Little Brown Church in the Vale:*

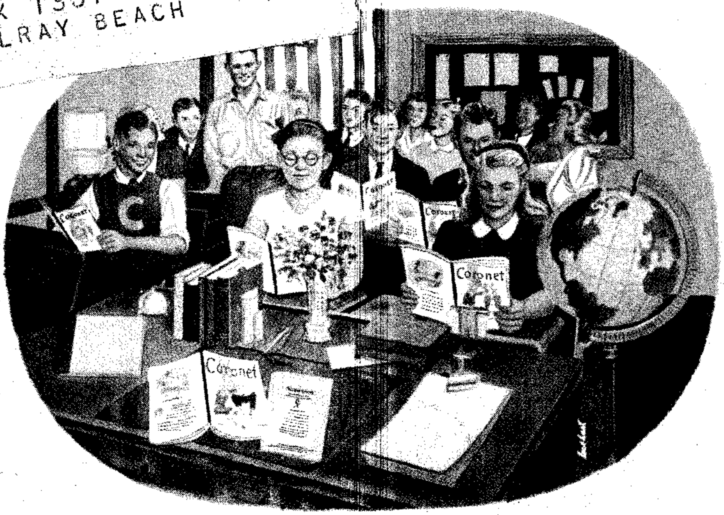
There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale—
And no spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Today the hymn is loved and sung the world over. And every year thousands journey to Iowa to cross the threshold of the Little Brown Church in the Vale. —Vera Bradshaw

9

OX10-47K C578029
MRS C H LAMMRICH
BOX 1531
DELRAY BEACH FLA

11-30-47



Portrait of a PERFECT SCHOOL COMPANION *

Miss Aline Neal was selected as America's best teacher of 1947 by a board of outstanding educators in the annual contest sponsored by the Quiz Kids radio program (NBC, Sundays 4 P.M., EST)

MODERN teaching in elementary and high schools emphasizes the reading of better magazines in the classroom as a supplement to textbooks. This not only helps keep students informed about current happenings but also improves their reading habits. CORONET is especially well suited to this purpose because it contains an unusual variety of textual features, plus outstanding picture stories and illustrative material which fits in very well with the latest trends in visual education. Aline Neal

Duling Public School, Jackson, Miss. "*Best Teacher of 1947*"

Your Best Bet Is Coronet

* AS EVIDENCE OF ITS TREMENDOUS GROWTH IN POPULARITY, CORONET'S SCHOOL CIRCULATION DURING 1947 INCREASED 128%.